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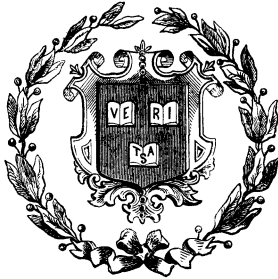
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HARVARD

Memorial Biographies.

VOL. II.



CAMBRIDGE:
SEVER AND FRANCIS.
1866.

“Ὅθεν δὴ ἐν πάσῃ ἐλευθερίᾳ τεθραμμένοι οἱ τῶνδε πατέρες καὶ οἱ ἡμέτεροι καὶ αὐτοὶ οὗτοι, καὶ καλῶς φύντες, πολλὰ δὴ καὶ καλὰ ἔργα ἀπεφάναντο εἰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους καὶ ἰδίᾳ καὶ δημοσίᾳ, οἴμενοι δεῖν ὑπὲρ τῆς ἐλευθερίας καὶ Ἑλλησιν ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων μάχεσθαι.”

PLATO'S MENEXENUS, § 9.

“Hence it is that the fathers of these men, and ours also, and themselves too, being thus nurtured in all freedom and well-born, have shown before all men deeds many and glorious, in public and private,—deeming it their duty to fight for freedom and the Greeks, even against Greeks.”

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CAMBRIDGE.

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HARVARD MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHIES.

1859.

GEORGE WELLINGTON BATCHELDER.

Sergeant 8th Mass. Vol. Militia, April 18 – August 1, 1861; First Lieut. 19th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 22, 1861; Captain, March 21, 1862; killed at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.

GEORGE WELLINGTON BATCHELDER was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on the 20th of December, 1838, and was the youngest son of Jacob and Mary Wellington Batchelder. He was a child of very delicate organization, and at several periods during his infancy and boyhood was reduced so low by severe illness that his recovery was regarded as almost miraculous. He possessed a sweet and happy disposition and a buoyant and joyous temperament, which caused him to be greatly beloved by all who knew him. Nearly all of his school days were passed under the instruction of his father, who, at the time that George entered college, was principal of Lynn High School, where his preparatory studies were completed. During this time he was a studious and thoughtful boy, and the commonplace-books in which he daily wrote, and which contain a sort of school diary, in connection with poetical and prose extracts, notices of passing events, etc., show the character of his mind and the uncommon interest which he took in men and events.

In 1855 he entered Harvard College, and here he was blessed, during the whole course, with the constant inti-

macy of a classmate and room-mate whose presence was a benediction, and whose public services and pathetic death are recorded in these volumes,— Ezra Martin Tebbets. In such society his college course became a period of great enjoyment, and he always looked back upon his classmates with pleasure and with regard. He preserved with interest all the papers and cuttings relative to college matters, which accumulated during the year or two after his graduation, and placed them in the charge of his mother, as objects of special care.

After leaving Cambridge he returned to his home, which was at that time in Salem, Massachusetts. Having enjoyed the benefit of a State scholarship, he considered himself bound to engage for a time in the occupation of teaching, and had written to his family just before: "I hope to show by my life as a teacher, and in any other profession in which I may engage, that I can appreciate the kindness and indulgence of my father at its true value." As, however, no opening immediately offered itself, he began the study of law in November, 1859, in the office of Messrs. Perry and Endicott in Salem. It is pleasant to his friends to look back on the enjoyment which this last period of peaceful life afforded him, and the generous kindness which he received from the legal gentlemen above named. At the same time he enjoyed his home and home comforts most thoroughly, and the sound of his cheerful voice and of his springing, joyous step was like sweetest music there. He seemed to be overflowing with joy, and the desire to impart this feeling to others was not wanting. He was eager to relieve distress when it was in his power to do so. He would seize a plate of food while the family were still at the table, and, before they were aware of his intention, would pour the contents into the basket of a poor child at the door, and returning, say with a smile, "There, mother, we shall never need that"; or, taking a shivering little one into the kitchen, would place her upon a chair

with her feet upon the stove, and with an injunction to "sit still until thoroughly warmed," at the same time not forgetting the necessity of relieving hunger.

In 1860 he was elected a member of the Salem Light Infantry, and entered with his characteristic earnestness and zeal upon his duties, engaging with ardor in the drill, determined to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection. During this year, he began in earnest to fit himself for the life of a soldier, long before the pressing need for his services in his country's defence was even anticipated; lying at night upon a carpet with but a slight covering, and with a pillow of wood for his head, and engaging in manual exercises calculated to increase his strength and augment his powers of endurance. He prophesied that the disaffection and disturbances in different portions of the country would result in civil war, which his friends, however, were slow even to fear.

When the crisis at last came, the commander of the Salem Light Infantry tendered promptly to the government the services of his well-trained little band. They were at once accepted, and the company was joined to the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment Volunteer Militia, and left Salem for Washington bearing with it the blessings and prayers of all true and patriotic hearts. George was at this time Second Sergeant of the company, and, with his elder and only brother, hesitated not to share its fortunes, though he deeply mourned the stern necessity of civil strife. "Were I going out to contend with a foreign power," he said, "with what different feelings should I meet the emergency." But the necessity that was laid upon him was no less binding, and he accepted it with a soldierly bearing and a patriot's spirit.

During his three months' campaign, which he afterwards describes as, "in comparison with the three years' service, but a mere militia training," his letters to his friends were frequent, bright, and cheering, giving constant evidence of

his deep love for home, friends, and country. He writes from New York: "Every day I am swelling with pride for Massachusetts, and the position which she has taken in this struggle; and she will not be behind other States in what comes afterwards, no matter how hard fighting there may be." June 24, the anniversary of the Class Day of 1859, he writes from the Relay House: —

"This morning I received a package from Boston, which I found contained a handsome sword and sword-belt from my classmates. The note which accompanied it informed me that four of my Class are already in active service. They will all receive the like present to mine."

Just before the return of the regiment, at the close of the three months' campaign, he says: "All our talk at present is about going home. . . . There is not a man in our whole regiment whose heart will not leap for joy when he sets foot in Massachusetts." Yet when this great joy had come to him, he lingered not long amidst home delights. Arriving in Salem on the 1st of August, he enlisted on the 3d of the same month in the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment, under Colonel Hinks, with whom he had already served, and Lieutenant-Colonel Devereux, his former Captain, for whom he had the warmest esteem. On joining his regiment at Lynnfield, he enjoyed the pleasant surprise of finding a friend in another superior officer, — Major How of the Class of 1859. He spent but three weeks with his friends before leaving Massachusetts, and devoted much of that time to the enlistment of recruits for Company C, of the Nineteenth Regiment, in which he was commissioned First Lieutenant. Upon receiving his commission, he spoke of his connection with the privates of his company, expressing his determination to attend to their comfort and welfare. "I *know* that I shall be kind to them," said he. "I used to pity the poor fellows sadly who received punishment when we were out before. It seemed hard enough that they should be obliged to leave

their comfortable homes for the hard service, without the addition of this discipline, and yet I knew that it was a necessary one.”

His regiment left Lynnfield for the seat of war on the 28th of August, and we must now gather from his letters, and from the testimony of officers and soldiers, the history of his short military career.

In a letter dated October 30, not long after arriving in Maryland, he writes : —

“ I don't know when I have come so near to feeling homesick as to-night, after receiving a letter from my sister. . . . I suppose that this would be properly called the ‘ blues ’ ; and as I don't choose to encourage such dismal visitors, I rise in dignified remonstrance. ‘ Avaunt, my cerulean friend ! ’ and stealing out through our company street, through the ruined graveyard upon which some of the tents are pitched, I turn into one of the tents of the men, and from an observation of their patriotic self-sacrifice and cheerful view of matters, I learn a lesson of patience and endurance. Brave fellows ! Most of them, at a personal sacrifice, have left loving hearts, hearts aching at their absence, to follow duty's call. I came among these boys — for many of them are but boys of from nineteen to twenty — a stranger, but now I call each one ‘ friend ’ ; and as such I know they look upon me. At any rate, it is my endeavor to deserve their regard, and it is worth having. Some of them are men in the prime of life, who enlisted, not from any love of martial display, but from a stern sense of duty ; and upon them the privations of war and the rugged duties of camp life press the most heavily : but to a man they resolve to see it out. And if this war were to last a lifetime, they would see the end. That is *my* determination now. No matter for the blues, let them come if they will. *I stay till the end comes.*”

“ BOLIVAR, VIRGINIA, March 22.

“ At nine, A. M., General Gorman's brigade started, and going to the rear of the town, to the side of a very high hill which commanded one of the most beautiful views down that most beautiful of rivers, the Shenandoah, we hung almost in mid-air directly above the winding road down which marched the different regiments ; and as the splendid bursts of music rose to our eager, listening ears,

softened by the distance, and again made doubly distinct when almost lost to us, by the ever potent echo which 'here does dwell,' embosomed in a thousand hills, — the steady, regular tramp of the marching thousands, and the momentary glinting of a musket barrel, brushed by some vagrant sun-ray, effervesced our spirits to such a degree that one of our lieutenants expressed the feeling of the whole party when he said, drawing a long breath, 'What a plaguy fool a young fellow is who stays at home from this war!' I wish that you and all the family could come out here, and, standing upon this same hillside, so far flatter my vanity as to declare, as I do, this the most splendid scenery in the world. At a height of a hundred and fifty feet, you glance up and down the Shenandoah, closely enwalled by chains of verdant hills, stretching on and on, apparently higher and higher as they recede, with here and there a peak far outstretching its humble neighbors, cloud-encapped at its summit, while Harper's Ferry, with the many-curved Potomac and Winchester Railroad, is all laid open to your view. To crown all, looking eastward, almost at the limit of vision is the well-known Maryland shore and the Potomac River, so long to us an impassable barrier."

" June 25.

" DEAR MOTHER, — Our regiment has been in a fight this morning, and we have lost quite a number of good men ; but I am all right, not even a scratch. I received your letter just after we returned from the fight, and was right glad to have it, although it contained the sad news of my uncle's death. My head aches badly from the terrible din of the musketry and the smell of gunpowder, so that I cannot write you more. Besides, I must write to the friends of the poor fellows who have fallen. Good by for to-day, mother. Rejoice with me that I am not a coward. I never felt better in my life."

" July 10.

" Poor Major How ! He died a soldier's death. He was the bravest, coolest man I ever saw, and his place cannot be filled in an action. He said, when he fell, ' Let me die *here*, on the field. It is more glorious to die on the field of battle.' He retained his senses perfectly to the last, conversing calmly and sensibly with those about him, dying at about eight in the evening. He expressed a wish that his body might be carried home, but it could not be

done at this time. He told me on the occasion of one of our alarms at Fair Oaks, I think on June 14th, that in case he were killed, he wished me to take his pistol, and keep it in remembrance of our friendship as classmates and fellow-soldiers. Although I do not need *that* to keep him ever in my recollection, yet as he expressed that wish of himself, I should be glad to comply with it."

During the summer months the friends of George were made aware, from pauses in his correspondence, and from an occasional allusion to a slight illness, that his health was impaired from the duties and exposures of the campaign; and they keenly felt the impossibility of doing anything to obtain relief or respite, in order that his strength might be recruited.

July 15, he wrote from Malverton, Virginia:—

"President Lincoln has been here, visiting the various camps and reviewing the regiments. The day on which he came to our division was the one which, on account of illness and headache, I marked with a particularly wide and heavy black mark. On this account I could not rouse up sufficiently to go twenty rods to see him, though ordinarily I would go to a much greater distance, for I believe in him most thoroughly as the man for this most trying hour in our country's history."

"August 3.

"It is absolutely impossible to get a leave of absence at the present time, from the fact that at the time of the retreat so many officers deserted their posts and went home without leave of absence. Much as I love my home, and earnestly as I desire to visit it, I will not return to it until I can do so without causing disgrace to my home and friends."

"September 1.

"My health and strength permitting, I hope soon to write to you, far beyond Centreville, the account of our great victory there, which God grant to our arms! I feel rather despondent at times. I am not at all well, and not nearly so strong as I was three months since, and sometimes I feel as if I must lie down, and give up trying to do anything *but be sick* for a short time; but I 'spunk up,' and have thus far held out, though no one can say how much longer I shall be able to do so. I usually keep in good spirits, however,

and hope for the best; and, sick or well, can always enjoy a letter from home, and am always thinking of the dear hearts there who love me so much, and whom I hold so dear.”

“September 4.

“On board the Atlantic, after leaving Newport News, I made a discovery. I found that Frank Balch, who, you remember, graduated as the first scholar in our Class, had enlisted as a private in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment. Him sought I out, and conversed about old times. He was very cheerful, and disposed to see only the bright phases of soldier life. But he looked much too feeble to bear the fatigue and exposures of camp life, and I am afraid that he will not endure it for a long time.”

His last letter was written on the day before the fatal battle of Antietam, his last on earth, and proves him a true soldier, kind, faithful, appreciating, and enduring to the last. His friend, Lieutenant Newcomb of his company, writes:—

“After supper, in the twilight of September 16th, George took my Bible, and, as well as I can recollect, read aloud portions of the nineteenth and ninetieth Psalms. Sweet was that evening’s communion: it was our last. The chief end of God’s providence is to teach men, and the value of his lessons is generally according to their difficulty. How golden the knowledge, how sweet the joy we may work out from this great sorrow. We had hoped for George a glorious future. Shall it be less bright because not wrought out in our presence?”

At the terrible battle of Antietam, George fell as his regiment was rallied for the last time. His friend, Lieutenant Hill of the same regiment, and, like him, a former member of the Salem Light Infantry, says, in a letter to his friends:—

“I have gathered all the facts concerning George’s death, and will give them to you in detail, knowing as I do how anxious you must be to know the minutest particulars. George was wounded by a fragment of shell which struck him just below the right knee, shattering the bone, and a ball also passed through the fleshy part of the same leg, just above the knee. The enemy was following

us closely at the time, and we were obliged to leave him on the field in care of James H. Heath, a young man of his company. The Rebels came up, and were about to take Heath prisoner, but George begged so earnestly to have him remain with him, that they allowed him to do so. Shortly after, the Rebels were driven from their position, and George was borne to a haystack by some of our soldiers, who represent him as cheerfully taking leave of them when they returned to the regiment. He was subsequently taken to the nearest hospital; but the fatigue of the previous month, together with the loss of blood, made him very weak. He fainted several times while being taken to the hospital; still, although suffering a great deal of pain, he was perfectly conscious till he died, thanked Heath for his kindness to him, and requested him, in case he died, to write to his family, giving him their address. He conversed freely and cheerfully until between three and four o'clock the same day (Wednesday, 17th), when he began to fail, and continued to sink rapidly till he passed quietly from the sleep of life to the sleep of death, being conscious to the last. His last words were, 'My mother, O my mother!' We all feel that in losing George we have met with an irreparable loss. How can we feel otherwise when, by his kind and cheerful disposition, his upright and honorable dealings with all, and his brave and unflinching courage, he has bound himself so closely to all of us. He well deserved the compliment I once heard paid him by a fellow officer, who said of him, 'He was the most honorable man I ever knew.'"

His superior officers testify to his uniform faithfulness and bravery; and one of them mentions the fact that he, with his classmate, Major How, ever held themselves aloof from the petty jealousies and disagreements which sometimes find their way among the officers of a regiment. Lieutenant Prime of his company writes:—

"I very well remember that, at the time of his introduction to me at Lynnfield, he made the remark that he hoped the acquaintance thus commenced would prove a pleasant one, and it raised an interesting question in my mind at that time,—'Shall we, who are probably to be companions for a long period, be friends, or shall we lead a quarrelsome and unpleasant life?' But this hope, so carelessly expressed, has been more than realized on my part, and I

have no reason to feel that it was not equally pleasant to him. He cheerfully shared all the privations and hardships which it was our lot to meet. When upon our long marches, more than once he has divided his last cake of hard-bread, and compelled me to take it; and at night if I had no blanket, I was welcome to half of his. In short, in all situations and under all circumstances he was to me 'a friend indeed.' We get comparatively few such friends; and it is hard, and, without a full confidence in the goodness of God, would seem cruel, to be obliged to part with them."

Since his death, one of his men has described in a simple way some little scenes from the past.

"I have thought how many times I have brought water for the Captain after a long day's march, and made him a cup of coffee, and straw to make him and Lieutenant Prime a little bed. They were about of a size, and would lie down together like two little kittens. I recollect one night, when we went to Harper's Ferry for the first time, we stopped near Charlestown, where John Brown was hung. We had no rations. The Captain said he would get us some; and he went away with Lieutenant Prime, and walked all over Charlestown, and came back with a large quantity of bread, coffee, and sugar. O, how the boys all cheered him, and said that was the captain that would look after his men!"

One of George's classmates, who had enlisted as a private, and a chance meeting with whom has been already described in his letters, speaks of that meeting as follows:—

"In going up the Potomac on the transport we were very much crowded. My company were in a dark room or hole, down two flights of stairs. You could hardly get about decks, so great the crowd, and some of the officers of the vessel who knew me had hunted for me in vain; but George sought me out. As I lay upon the floor, I heard his voice asking, 'Is Frank Balch here?' There was none of the stiffness of an officer in his greeting, and I knew at once that we met on the old terms. He seemed to me more sober than of old. His manner was as frank and as candid as ever, but more subdued. But one thing about him was certainly unchanged: his 'pluck'—for I know no so good word for it—was the same. He reminded me of the old times when he used to plunge

headlong into the struggling mass of football players, not to make a show of courage, as was the case with some, but with a most uncompromising determination to drive the ball to the goal. Yet that you know was a most disheartening time. We were retreating; we feared McClellan would resign as soon as we were in a place of safety; and the campaign in the West seemed almost as disastrous as that in the East."

That he bore constantly in mind his liability to pass suddenly from this earth, to him so bright and beautiful, we learn from the careful arrangement of his worldly affairs, and the anxiety he manifested to "set his house in order." As early as June 1, 1862, at the time of the battle of Fair Oaks, we find this entry in his memorandum, as if hastily written in pencil: "Bills which, in case of my death, I wish paid with money due me by the United States." Also, "My watch to be given to my brother Charles, my books to my father and mother, and after their death to Harvard College." And on September 16th, the day before his death, a statement of his affairs, with directions for their settlement, "in the event," as he says, "of my death in action." The beloved only brother, so affectionately remembered in the midst of danger, was at the date of the bequest serving his country in the Department of the Gulf. Being seized with fever brought on by fatigue and exposure at the battle of Baton Rouge, he breathed out his soul on the 9th of September, eight days before the death of George. Each of these brothers was spared the grief of mourning the loss of the other, and the knowledge of the double sorrow which awaited the loved circle at home. Kind hands tenderly conveyed their worn and mutilated bodies to their native city; and on the 5th of November, as the shades of evening were falling upon the earth, they were together gently laid to rest in a soldier's grave.

HENRY MAY BOND.

Sergeant 45th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), October 8, 1862—July 8, 1863 ;
 First Lieutenant and Adjutant 20th Mass. Vols. October 6, 1863 ; died
 at Washington, May 14, 1864, of wounds received at the battle of the
 Wilderness and from guerillas.

HENRY MAY BOND was born at Boston, April 3, 1836. His parents were George William Bond and Sophia A. (May) Bond. A gentle, conscientious, and affectionate boy, he was not much given to rough boys' plays, but he was manly, and not wanting on occasion in that energy and persistence which belonged to him in virtue of his Huguenot as well as Puritan descent.

Mr. C. K. Dillaway, who fitted him for college, writes :
 " When under my instructions he had, as you remember, an infirmity of the eyes, which rendered his progress very difficult and painful. Most young men would have been discouraged : he never was. From the beginning to the end, he allowed nothing to dishearten him."

But what struck one most in his character at that time was his love of home, and the entire frankness of his intercourse with father and mother, — not his own mother, she having died when he was very young, — adding to the love of parent and child that of intimate and dear friends. Going out into the world from that home, sweet and sunny with Christian love, he carried with him in its memory and teachings a shield against the many temptations which beset his impressionable nature.

He was fitted for Harvard College chiefly by Mr. Dillaway, and entered as a Freshman, in 1855, with his younger brother William ; the two brothers being chums in college, as they were to be afterwards comrades in battle. His warm social nature found much to enjoy in college life,

and his affections took deep root there. He was known and loved by the whole Class as "H. M.," simple-hearted, diffident of himself, generous, cheery, impulsive; but those who knew him best saw under his lighter qualities a sound judgment, a strong will, a conscientious regard of duty.

He had a wholesome and intelligent enjoyment of books, but he was not by nature a student, and his eyes moreover would not bear hard study. He had a strong love of music, and made it a source of enjoyment to himself and others, while to himself it seemed something more and higher. He was not witty, but full of off-hand gayety and contagious good spirits. There was a charming cordiality and heartiness about his manner. He was very fond of society, especially that of ladies, and was a great favorite wherever he went.

With a keen susceptibility to all the pleasures of the senses, he was perfectly pure and temperate. General Macy says of him, "He was the purest man I ever knew." He knew where to turn for strength. In his Junior year he joined the Church; his father's pastor and warm friend, James Freeman Clarke, becoming his also. He carried into his relations with the Church the same frank kindliness, the same hearty earnestness, that he showed in the other relations of life. His religion, like all else in him, was practical. Mr. Clarke summed it up in a few words, as "a simple honest purpose to do right and be right."

He was a thorough man, fresh and natural, made for the innocent enjoyment of this life and to make others enjoy it. He loved to do, and knew how to do, little kindnesses. He lived in the life around him, and not in the clouds. He had strong dislikes as well as affections, and was not above a good honest prejudice.

After graduating in 1859, he became partner in the house of Walker, Wise, & Co., booksellers and publishers in Boston. When war threatened, he with his brother William joined the Cadets, in order to prepare themselves to do their

part, and were with them when they garrisoned Fort Warren in the spring of 1862. He felt the disasters on the Peninsula as a call to battle, and he helped to raise Company B of the Forty-fifth, or Cadet, Regiment, and went through the Newbern campaign as its First Sergeant, his brother William being First Lieutenant in the same company. The arrangement was equally honorable to both, Henry giving up his claim to a commission in order that William, who had volunteered as a private, and been rejected on the ground of near-sightedness, might be able to go.

In what spirit he accepted this position may be seen from an extract from a letter dated Newbern, March 21, 1863.

“When I took my present position I really gloried in the thought that I was going to have a position where I could do a great deal of good to my fellow-men. But I feel that I have sadly neglected and lost that golden opportunity.”

But he had won the hearts of his men, and left stamped upon them the memory of a Christian soldier. As one of them said on his return to a friend of the family, inquiring about the Bonds:—

“Lieutenant Bond was a good officer and a brave man, and the men liked him; but Orderly Bond the men would follow anywhere. He was a brave man; and such bravery, Christian bravery!”

He was first under fire at Kinston. He writes:—

“I had sometimes expressed a fear that I might prove myself a coward in battle, but I was determined, if my *will* could effect anything, my friends should not be thus disgraced. The last few moments before going into the Kinston fight I felt perfectly calm, and was exhorting my men, whenever I got a chance, to keep cool and take a deliberate aim; my only prayer being, as we advanced into line of battle, that which I have heard our Mr. Clarke say never failed to be heard, ‘God help me!—help me to keep my self-possession for the sake of my men.’ I somehow felt as if my prayer was answered immediately; for I felt perfectly cool and fearless, although we were led into a nasty place, if there ever was one. . . . I could not help feeling a little pleased to overhear some of

my men say when I passed by their camp-fire at night, without their knowing that I was near, (*this is strictly private*, mother,) ‘Sergeant Bond fought bully!’ Pardon my seeming vanity in repeating this remark (which I dare say will not wholly please *you*), but it struck me with a sort of astonishment to hear that I had done anything to call forth the praise of such a plucky set of fellows as we have in our company.”

June 18, 1863, just before the expiration of their term of service, he writes: “Won’t we be a happy set of boys to get home again! . . . It will seem good enough to throw off the Orderly with a good kick into the bargain, and return once more to civilized life.” But the days of their stay yet to come were the hardest of all: fever was rife; all his officers were sick; but Henry was at his post, trying, as he says, “to keep ‘chipper’ myself, and to induce others about me to do so also.”

On his return home he too was prostrated by violent fever, but the early part of September saw him again at his business.

On September 17th he writes to his brother William that he has just seen Colonel Macy, and has been offered a first-lieutenancy in the Twentieth Massachusetts.

“The great question arises, am I really needed? It is much pleasanter and more agreeable to one’s feelings to hear the timid response *no*, and to try to think it a bold and sound answer. I wish, as I suppose every timid man like myself does, that somebody else would give me a satisfactory answer; but of course no one wants to send me to the war again who cares for me or whom I care for; so here I am almost astrand. . . . God only knows what a coward I am; but I have a great mind to go and accept the offer, for all that. That noble Twentieth deserves to be kept up and alive with the best material our country has to offer, and I don’t want to see it go down for want of good officers. But here, again,—should I make a good officer? You have told me very kindly what you thought, but I fear brotherly love gave *that* answer. I suppose, as mother said one day when I hinted that I might return to the army, ‘That is a matter which must be between God and yourself, Henry.’”

That unselfishness which, through his whole life, had made him sacrifice his own pleasure in minor things, now enabled him to sacrifice it in the greatest. He gave freely home, business prospects (for he was so situated that he was compelled to sever permanently his connection with his firm), the engagements of life, life itself. A Friend, writing after his death, beautifully expresses the nature and the motive of his sacrifice.

“Thou didst give us up and leave us behind, so great was thy love and so clear was thy duty. Kindle our hearts with the same fire, that we may say, with holy content, ‘Rise, bright immortal, to thy native place.’”

He rejoined his regiment near Centreville, October 18, 1863, and was the same day mustered into the United States service as First Lieutenant. He was most cordially welcomed by his brother officers, and assigned to Company H, commanded by an old friend, Captain Arthur Curtis.

October 26, he writes from near Warrenton : —

“Tell Mary to write a postscript, if nothing more, to a poor exiled soldier. I am, however, happy in the thought that, as far as I am able, I am trying to do my whole duty to my God and my country; and as pleasant as home scenes are, under the circumstances I am happier here.”

Soon came the Mine Run campaign, after which Henry was made Adjutant. His Colonel, afterwards Major-General Macy, writing of the appointment and of this campaign says: “I determined to make him Adjutant of the regiment, but not until I had seen him in the field and in command of a company during the most trying campaign (although a short one) that I had, or have ever experienced.” Henry thus describes the crisis of this campaign, — the time spent before the works of the enemy on Mine Run : —

“It was a most thrilling sight, though, to see the look of deter-

mination and resignation to their fate, whatever it might be, as they were drawn up in line of battle under the crest of a hill which screened us from the enemy's sight. We were drawn up in two lines, our regiment and brigade being in the second line. Colonel Macy called all his officers about him and told us to give our men to understand that, should the first line break, we were to press on through and over them; and we would have done it. We officers, all in front of our respective companies, called our men about us in a circle and gave our orders."

General Macy, after describing the terrible cold, the rain, the mud of that campaign, and the dreadful suspense of the time spent before the enemy's works at Mine Run, says:—

"During all this time Henry bore himself with even exuberant cheerfulness. . . . I can only repeat, that his constant cheerfulness, his perfect devotion to his work and duties, and his entire forgetfulness of self, endeared him to all; while in danger he exhibited that coolness and courage which is only the result of a strong character and a deep conviction of right and duty."

In his robust health, too, and in the powers of endurance which had earned him in the Forty-fifth the *sobriquet* of "the tough sergeant," he reaped the reward of a pure and temperate life.

For about one week in the middle of February he was at home, happy and well. It was the last time he was to see that home so dearly loved. Spring came upon the regiment in its winter quarters.

"April 26.

"This morning, as I was returning from battalion drill, my eyes were delighted with the sight of some beautiful little houstonias, also violets and saxifrages. Of course I gathered what I could of them as we passed along, and have been enjoying them in my hut ever since,—they call up to mind so many reminiscences of my beloved home. . . . My love cannot be taken from you at any rate; and I shall ever be with you in spirit, living on earth or not. I am in the best of health and spirits. Write whenever you can, and God bless you both."

To a friend and brother officer of the Forty-fifth he writes, April 13th: —

“As for myself, in the hour of personal danger, I am strong and courageous only in the faith that, should it please God to take my life while in the discharge of what I deem to be my highest duty here on earth, all will be well with me. Coward as I am by nature, I should be worth nothing either to my friends or my country without that faith in God, however short I fall of doing what I know to be right.”

In the terrible battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, Henry was wounded in the jaw. General Macy writes: —

“So faithful to what he considered his duty was he, that after receiving this wound, he sought me to report before leaving, subjecting his life to a thousand chances to do so, as he was walking through a storm of bullets. I however saw him coming towards me, and made a sign for him to go to the rear, which he did, and where I joined him in a few moments. Through two hours of such fighting Henry was of great service to me.”

He wrote this letter from the hospital at Fredericksburg, Monday, May 9, 1864: —

“MY DEAR MOTHER, — I fear, before you see this letter, you may hear from other sources that I have been wounded. But there has been no possible means in my power of sending word to you. . . . My right jaw-bone is fractured; to what extent, other than that it is not crushed into little pieces, the doctor could not tell. The ball entered my cheek and lodged against the jaw-bone. . . . I think I am very fortunate in my wound, when I look at the frightfully mangled bodies around me. I am debarred the privilege of eating at present (taking only liquids, such as beef-tea, &c.). I long for ice-cream to quench the fever; we fortunately have ice here, which is a great relief.”

Yet despite the fever, he would not touch a lemon given him by a dear friend who happened upon him while engaged in hospital duty, but gave it to those more severely wounded than himself. To this same friend he expressed

his regret that his wound should take him from the field when there was so much need of men. He never lost his spirits, and amused his wounded comrades around him by making wry faces at them.

On Wednesday, May 11th, about three, P. M., he left Fredericksburg in an ambulance for Belle Plain, some eight miles distant. At two o'clock the next morning they had only reached White Oak Church, a distance of about five miles. Here the ambulance was attacked by Mosby's guerillas. Henry was sitting on the front seat with the driver; Captain Mali and Captain Perkins of his regiment were inside, being very severely wounded. The order was given by the guerillas to get out and unhitch the horses. Before those who were able could obey, they were fired into. Henry then asked Captain Mali for his pistol; but before he received it he was shot through the body from behind, the ball entering between the shoulder-blades, passing just above the heart, and coming out through the left lung and breast.

He fell forward to the ground, and there he lay during the night. The horrors of that night let its own darkness cover. Captain Mali says, "I never felt so bad in my life before; both Perkins and myself being unable to move, and he lying dying four or five feet from us." Sergeant Dunn of the Massachusetts Fifty-sixth found him in the morning insensible from loss of blood; and though at first thought dead, he was at length placed in an ambulance, and had his wound dressed. His father, who had gone to the front to attend to the wounded upon the first news of the battle, met him about two miles beyond Belle Plain at ten o'clock that morning. He was taken on board a transport to Washington, and carried to the house of a friend. His father, warned by the surgeon that the time was short, said to him, "Whatever may be the issue, I know from your life and your letters that you are prepared for it." He replied, "I don't know as to that, father; I have always tried to do my duty." His father says: —

“ He then went on, as calmly as if I were visiting him and about to leave, to give me kind and affectionate messages for his friends. . . . He gave a most beautiful one for his mother, which I most deeply regret that I did not remember *verbatim*. He said she was the only mother he had ever known ; and had she been his own, could not have been more kind and loving to him, or have had his love more fully. After this I restrained him from talking as much as possible.”

He had wished for his mother's and his sisters' hands to dress his wound ; and his wish was, at least partly, fulfilled. His youngest sister and a favorite cousin were with him at the last. He knew them both and greeted them in his own cheery way. As always, he was thoughtful for others, and not for himself. Even in his wanderings he spoke only of the regiment or the wounded ; no word of his own sufferings, no word of reproach against his murderers.

There was hardly a hope from the first ; and on Saturday, May 14th, at ten minutes before two, P. M., he breathed his last.

His father writes, “ His life seemed to us a finished one, and to grieve for him we never could. We grieve and have grieved for ourselves.”

FRANCIS CUSTIS HOPKINSON.

Private 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 12, 1862; died at Newbern, N. C., February 13, 1863, of disease contracted in the service.

FRANCIS CUSTIS, the oldest son of Thomas and Corinna (Prentiss) Hopkinson, was born at Keene, New Hampshire, June 11, 1838. His father was Judge of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas, and resided in Lowell, Massachusetts, and there Frank passed his childhood. A playmate of his at that time says:—

“We used always to look up to Frank as being of a different make from the rest of us. As children, we all freely acknowledged his intellectual superiority. His tastes were more mature than ours, and his habits certainly more scholarly. While we were just beginning to appreciate Sandford and Merton, and Barring Out, he was deep in the Iliad and Odyssey, and used to talk to us of men and women with strange names, to the utter confusion of our minds. He first introduced me to the wonders of the Arabian Nights, and with the roughly illustrated double-columned book he lent me my recollections of that marvellous treasure-house will always be associated.

“Yet not only in his reading, but in his play also, he had methods of his own. He was always willing enough to join in our romping games, and would climb trees and run races with the best of us. But the play of which he was most fond was one which he had himself invented, and which for the most part he enjoyed in solitude. The game in question went by the name of ‘Champions.’ It was played with short sticks about as large as clothes-pins, which were named after the heroes of classical antiquity and mediæval romance. Tournaments and hand-to-hand conflicts used to be conducted at great length. The favorites among the sticks were sometimes clothed in armor and even stained with blood. The method of conducting a fight was to plant two champions in the ground a few inches apart, and then to strike them alternately with a large spike-nail. He who first fell was the conquered one, and usually

the blows were graduated in such a way as to secure poetical justice to the combatants. I have told the story as illustrative of the quick imagination that distinguished Frank from his childhood.

“Of his personal traits at this time I recall with pleasure a chivalrous generosity. He was far the most quick-tempered boy among us. But although he was quick as a flash to feel an injury, he was equally ready to forgive one.”

His was not a nature that sprang up quickly, because there was no earth. When the sun was up, it found him securely planted and safely grown. While fitting for college, in the Boston Latin School, he easily maintained that scholarly pre-eminence among his companions which was so marked in his childhood. One of his schoolmates says of him: —

“His genius and scholarship dazzled me. I remember the awe with which I received the announcement that he could cap over twelve hundred lines of Latin verse. We both belonged to the ‘Eagle Draughts Club,’ in which he excelled the rest of us, and to the ‘Franklin Literary Association,’ in which his debating powers excited the admiration of all and the envy of not a few.”

One bright July morning, in the summer of 1855, the writer of this memoir was standing with lexicon and grammar under his arm, in Brattle Street, waiting for the Cambridge omnibus to come and take him out to the dreaded examination. Foremost in the group of confident Latin-School boys, who went out in the same coach, I remember one dressed in pure white, *candidatus*, talking and laughing with a freedom from care which amazed my anxious mind. It so happened that he sat on the form directly in front of me all through the first day’s examination; and the ease and rapidity with which he disposed of his papers filled me with a kind of dismay.

He never seemed at a loss. That dark head of wavy hair never once sank with a fear or vacillated with a doubt. Long before any other had finished his papers, he was leisurely scanning the young men about him, his own work all

done. "That's Hopkinson," said one of his schoolmates to whom I gave the description soon afterwards. The more intimate acquaintance which ensued during our college course only deepened this first impression of his extraordinary gifts. The subsequent discovery of his amiable traits of character, however, made companionship a pleasure.

He did not take that high rank in his Class of which his ability and acquirements gave promise. This was due, in part, to a weakness of the eyes, which prevented regular and continuous study, and in part to a lack of the power or habit of concentration. Either he wanted the faculty of patient, long-continued effort in one direction, or he found in his college life no sufficient motive to put that power forth. His native ability could not have been more unquestioned among us, had he been nominally the first scholar of his Class, and still we never expected that he would rise to the first place. Yet he was a likely candidate for any prize that could tempt him.

We expected him to take the Bowdoin and the Boylston prizes, if he desired them, and he took both. The first was for Latin versification. The subject proposed was a portion of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters." He used to come to our room, while he was writing it, and I thought the poem never sounded so nobly as in his fluent Latin verses. He was strong in debate, taking front rank in the "Institute"; and his manly oratory always won for him admiration in the "O. K." The versatility of his talents may be inferred from the fact that there was scarcely a department of college life, literary, social, or political, in which he did not shine by his ready wit and wisdom. "Take him all in all," I have heard more than one classmate say, "he was the most brilliant man we had."

It is not to be supposed that one so lavishly endowed and so much admired could remain unconscious of his talents. He was not unconscious of them. He was "smart," and knew it, as he once said to me; laughingly adding, "Is that conceited?"

If it was, it was a harmless conceit, so far as other men were concerned; for it never interfered with his appreciation of others. He was scrupulously just to all men. "There was a deep kindness and charity about him, which speedily won my affection," writes a college friend. "He saw the faults and foibles of others with great clearness, and laughed at them, but never sneered. Never, in all my life, did I hear him say a bitter word."

There were but few who did not think his constant gaiety proved a lack of depth and strength of feeling. It was not so. Those who should know best know that, as there never throbbed a richer, nobler, more abundant nature, so there never was a heart of truer and tenderer sympathy, nor one in which all the ties of family love and social interest were more keenly felt and habitually recognized. But though Frank did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, not the less faithfully did it beat to the last for those who loved him.

Indeed, his filial love was something more than affection. It was his inspiration in the noblest resolve of his life. In the last days, when all his native graces glowed with a diviner light, caught from self-sacrifice, this filial tenderness showed itself in a wonderful insight, which taught him how to comfort one parent with whispered reminiscences of the other.

All his tastes, talents, and associations impelled him to the profession of law. Having graduated with honor in 1859, he became a student in the law offices of Horace Gray, Jr., and the late Wilder Dwight, Esq., of Boston. The story of his life at this time is well told in his letters.

"January 6, 1860.

"I write this seated in the office of Horace Gray, Jr., where I am engaged in studying law. As the statue is pre-existent in the block of marble, so in me may be discerned potential Kents and Storys, which is of course a gratifying reflection, 'besides vich,' as Sam Weller says, 'it's wery affectin' to one's feelin's.' In a

worldly point of view, I prosper. My Western pupil has withdrawn to his native wilds, and I don't expect to resume my charge of his intellect before March ; so that one source of income is withdrawn. But I get two hundred dollars a year for writing book notices weekly for the Advertiser, and am engaged to write anything I choose, editorial or otherwise, for the New York Evening Post ; and to write for the Atlantic every month at six dollars per page."

One of his letters, written at this time, contains a remarkable narrative of a conversation which he had with a friend of his mother's, — a woman whose gentle wisdom and frank speech had made a deep impression upon him. The conversation is too long to be given in full.

In discussing John Brown, he was tempted, by the enthusiasm of some anti-slavery ladies, into some rather decided criticisms upon his course of action. For this he was afterwards taken to task by his hostess, — though in a sweet, motherly way, — as showing a want of the sympathy and enthusiasm so desirable in a very young man. "I could hardly avoid laughing at my situation," he says, "obliged to defend myself from the charge of being cold-blooded, when I was striving daily to gain coolness and self-restraint ; when the fact was, not that I had no feelings, but was practising their control." He then entered into an earnest vindication of himself, avowing that nothing was so near his heart as the triumph of freedom, which was to be attained, in his judgment, by the success of the Republican party in 1860. He conscientiously objected to the acts of "that hardy old hero, John Brown," as likely to endanger that peaceful triumph, besides being intrinsically rash and violent. "But," he added with deep feeling, "my real longing for the triumph of the right is not less earnest and true, I venture to say, than your own" ; and he went on to state his intention of throwing himself "heart and soul" into the approaching political campaign.

He fulfilled his resolution.

"Really," he writes (February 16, 1860), "I am getting into the

political circles in a style that surprises me. Did I tell you I should go on my 'stumping' tour with letters from Governor Banks and all the notables here to all the notables out West? I shall probably be engaged in speaking for two months. Not steadily. Meanwhile, I am reading up desperately, hearing and sifting arguments on both sides. I shall prepare myself on either five or six points which I think will tell well in the canvass."

He went as delegate to the Republican State Convention at Worcester in March, 1860. In the fall of the same year he went upon his electioneering tour through the West, and spoke in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. His last and most effective speeches were in Brooklyn and New York City, where his apt and witty stories and quiet self-possession gave him both popularity and influence as a speaker. Mounting the steps of the New York Hotel, where "the Southerners most do congregate," he writes: —

"I made the only Republican speech, in all probability, ever listened to from that intensely pro-slavery locality.

"One man asked me if I approved of John Brown's raid into Virginia. 'No,' I said, 'I joined in the disapprobation expressed by the Chicago Platform.' 'What did I think of John Brown himself?' 'I thought he was a splendid fellow, and I wished there were more men in the country who had the same daring, though I should wish it to be proved in a different way.'"

He closes this letter with joyful prophecies of the success of the Republican party, and playfully quotes the threats of his opponents: —

"We have about a month before 'disunion and anarchy,' and balls coming down from the cockloft, etc., etc. In short, I expect there will be bloodshed and carnage."

How little he suspected the deadly purpose which underlay those threats, and which was so soon to display itself in the great Rebellion! He returned to his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts; resumed his legal studies, his literary labors, his social habits, as before. He wrote: —

“Do not fear that my head will be turned. . . . As a nearer approach to politics enables me more clearly to understand the dignity of the pursuit, I see plainly that the way to be good for anything there is to mind my own business first. No man has a right to embark in politics without the capital of knowledge and experience. We are apt, reading our newspaper reports, to forget that the principal part of an M. C.’s work is done in the committee-room. A very little study would enable me to talk glibly on the floor of Congress; but a representative is a working man of business, and the unhappy young men who enter Congress with the notion that fluency and even sense will carry them through with credit, soon find themselves sinking under the multifarious business intrusted to them. To be sure, they may choose to neglect that business, but in that case they soon find their true level and come out with neither profit nor reputation.”

He soon after entered the Law School at Cambridge, and had just finished his course there, when the call came for nine months’ men. He enlisted as a private in Company F, Forty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, — a company, in large part, manned and officered by Cambridge graduates. To friends who urged him to seek a commission he said, “No, I might not make a good officer, and I know I can be a private.”

That single sentence shows how great a change had been wrought in Frank since his resolution to go to the war. It was never before his wont to distrust himself. His abilities fairly used would have made him master of any science or position, and he had formerly seemed conscious of this. Now he voluntarily enlisted in a company commanded by a young man who was a Freshman in college when he was a Junior, and chose to be where he must obey rather than where he might command. I have on the same page of a photograph album two pictures of Frank, — one taken before and the other after his decision to enlist in the army. “Who is that young gentleman?” one asks, seeing the first; and then turning to the second, “But who is that *man* next him?” And the questioner will scarcely believe that both are pictures of the same person.

His regiment was ordered to Newbern, North Carolina, in October, and his first letters home show a resolute, manly cheerfulness. He has no complaint to make. Everything is as good as they ought to expect. He wants the newspapers regularly, and at once starts a plan for a reading-room in the camp. No time was given, however, for the accomplishment of his plan. Four days after his arrival at Newbern, his regiment, forming a part of Colonel Thomas G. Stevenson's brigade, set forth upon the Tarborough expedition.

This was a severe test of the new soldiers, and some fell out by the way and "died of fatigue, or were caught by the Rebel guerillas and so mangled as to be unrecognizable." Frank stood the march, however, without breaking down. He says: —

"I marched one hundred and eighteen miles over the worst ground, under a considerable weight, almost without sleep and with insufficient food. I have been so hungry that I seized eagerly on a sweet potato left in the mud and half covered with it, and ate it as I never ate anything before. . . . I suffered so from sleeplessness and hunger that it seems a dreadful dream, and my friends told me that my face was like an old man's, so that no one would have thought me young."

A fortnight later a comrade wrote of him: —

"His sufferings on the late march to and from Goldsborough must have been intense, such as would have compelled many a man to class himself among the sick and wounded. And his conduct at Whitehall too, where he fought bravely with the right-flank company, with which he had been marching, instead of seeking his own company, which he must have known was much less exposed to the enemy's fire, show the bravery of a true soul."

He plucked new confidence from the "nettle danger," and his letters at this time breathe a cheerful expectation of usefulness once more at home, as well as in the field. He would like to do a little political campaigning again.

“Don't fancy,” he writes to his brother, “from my anticipating work in the political field that I propose competing for any political prize. I acquired bitter experience at second hand out West, and shall keep my life clear of that. ‘I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, than such a Roman.’ But I am sure that, if I live till 1864, I shall grow furious at the old rascality, and shall want to do my part to cut it down, if I can spare a fortnight in New York.”

The next letter, dated January 20, 1863, is in a strange hand, though worded by the same tender and thoughtful heart, telling of sickness, following a chill he got, and which had brought him to the Stanley Hospital to be treated. The surgeons pronounced his disease a mild form of typhoid fever. He was already better; so he wrote his mother, “You spoke once of coming to me if I were sick. I really do not need you; and you would not be allowed to come.” He was carefully and kindly tended in his sickness by a Sister of Charity, and, when it was possible, by his attentive comrades.

Until within two days of his death, he had been considered safe from danger by his physician. But the treacherous fever suddenly assumed a fatal form. He died February 13, 1863. His sorrowing comrades gave him a soldier's funeral on the 14th, and followed his remains on their voyage to his Massachusetts home with letters of tribute to his character and earnest sympathy with his friends.

“We shall remember him as a leader among us, always recognized as such for his acknowledged talents, even though he was only a private. We shall delight to remember him as a true, fearless, resolute, patient soldier, setting an example of fidelity, bravery, and unyielding pluck. None will forget his generosity, and the many ways he devised to keep up the *morale* as well as amuse the company.”

He was himself always his own best biographer; and in one brief sentence, in which he pays a tribute to a friend broken down in war, he discloses the plan of his own life: “He has played a man's part and lived a man's life.”

The two phases of his own life and character are here exactly, though unconsciously, presented. Until the war, his life was hardly real. His "champions" were of wood, his heroes fabulous, his favorites fictitious; even his friends, a study for characterization; and he could hold off the deepest experiences of his own heart and view them with a dramatic purpose. He was eminently an artist. He played a man's part.

But when the war came on it rolled over him like a terrible prairie fire, trampling out flowers and grass, and leaving only the hard, burnt earth behind. Yet already a brighter, better growth was greening above the sod, when last we looked his way. We picked the first snowdrop of the season the day Frank's body was laid away in Mount Auburn. He had "lived a man's life."

"Believe me, dear friend," Frank wrote, "I am content with my work and cheerful at the thought of what lies before us as our share of the grand advance. I was never in better health; never, I hope, better prepared to die or to live, if my life is spared. I feel as if I had reached a halting-place in my life, as if it would close now with a roundness and completeness, not of achievement, but of being."

HENRY JACKSON HOW.

Major 19th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 3, 1861; killed at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862.

HENRY JACKSON HOW was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 22, 1835. His parents were Phineas and Tryphena (Wheeler) How. He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, where he maintained an honorable standing. His former instructor writes that, in a large class, he ranked among the very first in scholarship, having one of the highest parts assigned him at the final public exhibition. He entered the Class of 1858 at Harvard University, but left during his Freshman year, and returned subsequently to join the Class of 1859. It is said that the death of his mother, which occurred about this time, rendering the old scenes distasteful to him for a season, occasioned this abrupt departure from Cambridge.

Although How's college career was not especially brilliant, he was, from the outset, a marked character. The very name by which he was universally known, "Jack How," suggests the individual,—bluff, honest, and hearty. Many will remember him well as he appeared in those days, sauntering across the College yard to recitation, always the conspicuous figure of a group, often making boisterous merriment, and joining heartily in the general laughter. He was tall and well-proportioned, with broad shoulders, handsome features, curling hair, and beaming eyes, apt to be negligent in dress, and regardless of nice rules of etiquette. Whenever the Class met, whether at the social table or in the lecture-room, his ready wit found full expression. He was the personification of truth and honor, and an ardent admirer of all heroic virtues. Although at times rough, inconsiderate, and even positively rude, there was a deep tenderness in his nature

which was touched by the smallest act of kindness ; and he liked to be fondled and caressed like some shaggy Newfoundland dog. In many respects he was well fitted to be a social leader, and his tastes naturally inclined that way, rather than to pre-eminence in scholarship. But there was too much of the rough diamond about him to please the fastidious, and he drove the shafts of ridicule so deep that he sometimes made enemies among those who should have been his friends. His faults were those of a frank, impulsive disposition. He was bold and outspoken, and had too much pride to attempt conciliation where he had given offence. A proneness to exaggerate the merits and defects of classmates, want of appreciation of delicate and subtle traits of character, too great intolerance (if we may use the word) of conceit, affectation, sentiment, and those other weaknesses from which college students are by no means exempt,—these were his chief faults. He drew the line boldly between friends and enemies, and while he would always defend the former, he fought the latter to the death. He struck vigorously while the iron was hot, but lacked that quiet, persistent application which commands success. On the whole, his course at Harvard, although by no means a failure, did not seem to do him full justice, and was not, perhaps, a happy one. A singular combination of strength and weakness, a proud and generous nature struggling with adversity, one of strong will and equally strong passions, irregular, fitful, and inconsistent, constantly making good resolutions and often breaking them, Nature's image of a true man, but with feet of clay,—such was "Jack How," as he impressed his friends at college.

His character is well illustrated in an extract from a letter written to a classmate by a lady who had the best opportunities of knowing him :—

" You knew his noble character and great heart, and need not that I should call to mind the many generous and splendid traits that so endeared him to his friends. He was a good son and fond

brother. You know how warmly he was attached to his College friends. He never ceased to remember them lovingly, and talked to me often of a half-dozen of them. He could n't see the future without them, but would end every talk of them with, 'By and by we'll have . . . and . . . and the others to visit us, and won't I be happy?' You know his enthusiastic defence of his friends, at all times. He would hear nothing against one whom he called friend. You know, but not half, the deep tenderness of his nature, shown every day of his life. You know his strong affections. You know his earnest, bold, true, upright character, how he stood up for the right, how he kept straight in what he thought was duty, how ready he was to defend the weak. I can't speak of half the fine points we both knew so well. I think he was a true man, in the fullest sense of the word. As to his religious character, you perhaps know as well as I. He had deep religious impressions while at school, and connected himself with the Church; and we who knew him best feel that they never lost their influence over his life, as was particularly shown during the last months of his service for God and man. Many times worldly impressions were strongest with him; but they never destroyed the faith in his heart, I feel convinced. I would not like to have the impression given that he was altogether without religion. Faults he had, of course, but they were buried with him, and they were only the weaknesses of a noble character."

It may be added, in reference to this last point, that while at Cambridge most of his warmest friends were among those of strong religious convictions and irreproachable morals.

How studied medicine for a short time after leaving college, attending lectures in Boston and Hanover, and then, preferring a more active employment, connected himself with the hatting business in his native town, and was thus occupied when the Rebellion broke out.

With the fall of Fort Sumter, a new life was opened before him. Henceforth he determined to be a soldier. He raised a company in Haverhill, composed of one hundred and twenty-five, — one of the first, if not the very first, organized in Massachusetts under President Lincoln's proclamation, — and was unanimously chosen Captain. A promi-

ment citizen of his town says, that from the first the fullest confidence was felt in his capacity as an officer, and that he never in the least lost his popularity, nor did he retain it by compromising his dignity.

There were numerous delays before the company could be accepted by government; and it was not until the last of June that Captain How was ordered with his command to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, where he ranked as senior officer in the Fourteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. He conducted himself with marked ability; but after the arrival of the Colonel to take command of the regiment, an unfortunate controversy arose, and Captain How was superseded.

A letter written to Governor Andrew soon after this sets forth at length Captain How's own defence, and seems completely to exonerate him from blame. Were it not for the personal nature of the discussion, the letter might be quoted at length. The conclusion is as follows:—

“The substance of all this is just this. I was senior captain of the Fourteenth Regiment; I was at the head of a splendid company, and was considered the best officer in the regiment. This is not what I say, but what others say. I only say I did just what I thought was right, and just as well as I knew how. Now I am removed. It is unjust and wrong. So says every soldier and civilian who knows me.

“I enlisted as a private, but was chosen captain. If those whose opinion is worth anything should tell me that I had shown myself a poor officer, I would enlist as private again; but until then, if I should take position lower than I previously held, I should show a lack of pride unbecoming a soldier.

“Now all in one word. I want to be major of one of the regiments now forming. It is a position that I have *earned* by hard work, as captain of the first new company raised in this State, and as the subject of misfortunes for which I am in no degree responsible.

“It is a position that I know I can fill as well as many who are now of that rank. If the recommendations of the citizens of Haver-

hill would have any weight, it is at my service. Except those who had not the patriotism to enlist as soldiers, and are now working for position, every man will be willing to trust the reputation of the town with me. I want to *try* to fill this position; and if I fail, I will take a musket with zeal. I shall place on file the recommendation of several military men who know me well, and have volunteered their assistance. If there is still a place vacant, I hope my claim will not be overlooked."

This letter, bold and almost presumptuous in its tone, pleased Governor Andrew so much, by its manly earnestness, that he at once ordered Captain How to the command of the camp where the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment was in process of formation; and before the Nineteenth left the State, How was commissioned as its Major.

Major How fully redeemed his pledges to the State, and justified the expectations of his friends. Soon after the arrival of the Nineteenth Regiment at the seat of war, the affair at Ball's Bluff gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. General Lander, with whom he became an especial favorite, was wounded in this engagement. Major How earnestly pleaded for permission to lead a charge on the Rebels with the few men of the Nineteenth who were at hand; and when permission was finally given, he dashed upon them gallantly, and captured the only prisoners taken during that affair. Official reports and newspaper accounts alike gave him the highest praise. It is said that he received four balls through his clothes, and it seemed almost miraculous that he escaped injury.

He gave promise of rising speedily in the service. He was the model of an officer, — cool, courageous, and withal kind and generous. A letter, written by one who had good opportunity of judging, states that the humblest private never asked a reasonable favor at Major How's hands which was not readily granted, and adds, "It is no disparagement of our other excellent officers to say that none of them possessed so much of the old chivalric spirit we so

much admire in the olden times." The following extract is from another writer:—

"His personal appearance was in an unusual degree commanding. He made a brief visit to Washington last autumn (1861), and when there attracted much attention, being regarded as one of the finest forms that were to be seen on Pennsylvania Avenue, at that time a place where military men of all ranks were frequently seen. His conversation and correspondence gave evidence of his being guided by a true patriotic spirit, and that he was accustomed to reflection upon the stirring events in which he was taking a part. At an early day, in a letter to a friend, he said, 'The more I think of it (the war), the more I am convinced that it is to be no short or trivial war. Who is to say when we have fought enough? The South seems to be animated by the same feelings that prompted the heroes of the Revolution. They are fighting for liberty, they think; and if they think so, it is the same as if they really were. They seem to believe their cause a just one. Many a brave man must bite the dust before we have peace again. War is a sad thing, after all. I pity the friends who stay at home to mourn, more than those who go to die. I am ready to die in this cause. From the first, I gave myself wholly to it.' In another letter at a later time he says, 'I did not come to this war hastily: I counted the cost.' From what is known of him, it appears plain that he grew more and more into the spirit of earnestness, and that a clear comprehension of the nature of the struggle in all its bearings was being developed in his mind."

But the career of Major How was a short one. He went forth in the summer campaign of 1862 with the fresh and joyous army of McClellan, on their march to Richmond; but when that army returned to Washington, baffled and disheartened, he was not with them. On the 30th of June, while engaged in battle before Richmond, he received a musket-ball in the breast, and fell mortally wounded. It was late in the afternoon, and his regiment was about to make a charge upon the enemy. He walked several steps towards the rear, and insisted upon going farther, but was taken on a blanket to a place of safety. He lived about

two hours, during which time he had full command of his mind. One of his personal friends, Dr. E. G. Frothingham, Jr., thus describes the scene:—

“He shared with his men their victories: he now shares with a large portion of his regiment a soldier’s grave. Colonel Hinks, who was wounded at the same time, was brought to the side of the Major. With one hand clasped in that of his valued friend, Captain Merritt, he left a few messages for his relatives and friends, and as his last words said, ‘I know I must die. I am willing to die in so good a cause. Let me be wrapped in the flag presented me by my friends in Haverhill, and if possible let me be buried at home,’—and passed away as quietly as an infant.”

Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Colonel) A. F. Devereux, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, says:—

“A braver man never trod than Major How. It is not enough to say that he was brave. Many are that: but he was most unusually cool, brave, and gallant; I think, nay, *I know*, I never met quite his equal. His last words as they moved him were, ‘Let me die here in the field of battle; it is more glorious so.’ He has left behind an enduring fame and many a kind and endearing remembrance.”

The death of Major How made a profound sensation in the community. Although a subordinate officer among hundreds who held far more responsible commands, he had attracted such attention as does not often fall to the lot of a regimental major. In the neighborhood where he was best known, his devotion to the country afforded a conspicuous example; and, dying, as he did, in the darkest and most perilous moment of the war, he left a name to encourage the timid and wavering. His native town did honor to his memory. A series of eloquent resolutions were adopted by his fellow-citizens, which tendered to the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy, and requested his battle sword as a legacy to the town of Haverhill, to be suspended over the speaker’s desk in the Town Hall, and to be labelled “The battle sword of Major Henry Jackson How, who fell

in front of Richmond while gloriously defending the Constitution and flag of his country.”

With the following clear analysis of his character, this brief memoir may well be closed:—

“It is hard to put on paper anything like a true picture of Jackson How, and quite impossible to find any single epithet to describe him. His character afforded such a singular variety, that you never seemed to reach the end of it, but were constantly meeting with surprises, and the more frequently the longer and the better you knew him. My chum and I, in admiration of his looks as much as anything, were fond of comparing him to a lion; and now, as I look back upon him, I think the adjective ‘lion-hearted’ expresses most nearly what he was. To the traditional generosity of the lion he added, as we all know, and as the world knows since his death, more than the lion’s courage.

“A man’s ideal picture of his friend is often an unconscious reflection of his own best self, and in the only letter I have from How, written in the winter vacation of our Sophomore year, there is an illustration of this :

“‘I have received three letters from our friend. . . . Is n’t he a noble fellow! ‘The courage of a man with the gentleness of a woman.’ This is Mrs. Somebody’s ideal of a man. Is it not literally true of him? If not, I never saw the person to whom it could be applied. He is certainly very brave, (you know courage was my ‘favorite virtue,’) and as certainly he is beautifully gentle.’

“It was Jack’s great ambition as an undergraduate to excel in all athletic and manly sports. It almost broke his heart, — I write it seriously, — when he was judged not strong enough for a place in the picked crew of the ‘Harvard.’ He could have borne almost anything better than that.

“As to his mental ability, it was naturally great. He took no pains to acquire scholarship, and probably hated the Tabular View as much as any man in the Class. The *curriculum* he cared most for was the Delta. But for all that he was not indifferent to the humanities, and was passionately fond of certain favorite books. ‘Shirley’ he used to read through regularly once a term, and he would pore over a deep passage of Tennyson or Wordsworth with an avidity that would have won him signal Commencement honors

had it been turned in another direction. But the trait that most distinguished Jack was unquestionably his quick sense of the ludicrous. By all odds he was the best humorist we had. I was next him alphabetically, and the tedium of the recitation-room was brightened for four years by his drollery. I remember he used always to write his name in his text-books with an interrogation-mark thus, 'How?' He despised cant and affectation. For false sentiment and all nonsense of that sort he had no pity. . . . But his wit was of the evanescent sort that could not have been recorded and cannot be called back again. To appreciate it, one should hear it from his own lips, and they, alas! are stilled forever. Chivalrous, kind, unselfish, many of us loved him well. His gallant death was the very one he would have chosen for himself. By it the land has lost one of her noblemen."

MASON ARCHELAUS REA.

First Lieutenant 24th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 2, 1861; killed at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864.

MASON ARCHELAUS REA was the eldest son of William Archelaus Rea, — a merchant of Boston, — and Mary Frances, daughter of Moses Wheeler of Boston. He was born in Boston, October 23, 1837, and was prepared for Harvard by Mr. Tower, Principal of the Park School. He entered college with the Class of 1859, and soon gained the good-will of those with whom he was brought in contact, by his open and ingenuous character. His fondness for desultory reading interfered much with a close attention to the prescribed studies of his college course, although he learned from books much which was not to be had in the recitation-room.

Student life was not congenial to Mason Rea. Had he continued it, his life could only have resulted in mediocrity, because he was not suited for it by nature. To struggle against odds, to fight the elements, was his delight. "I have known him," says his college chum, "to choose a most cold and stormy day to walk to Boston and back — snow almost waist-deep — for the mere pleasure of a contest with nature in its most tempestuous form." Out-of-door life was his natural element: his study was his scene of drudgery. But when riding, walking, or boating, he was a different being, he was a man; his ideas flowed steadily and consistently; his life had a point to it; his thoughts were highly practical; his judgment was sound.

In the second term of his Sophomore year, his eyes — always weak — completely failed him; and by the advice of his physician, he gave up college life and went to Europe. After an extensive tour in England, and the west and north

of Europe, he returned home and decided to go into business with his father. To gain a thorough knowledge of his future occupation, he visited Bombay, Australia, Batavia, and Manilla; and on returning, after a few weeks' stay at home, he went on a second voyage to Madras and Calcutta, upon his father's business.

During his absence his father died; and when Mason returned to Boston in 1860, he found his prospects in business suddenly obscured. His duty was now to remain at home, and his sturdy manhood did much to cheer the mourning family. Whatever might have been his disappointment, he studiously concealed it, and by an assumed cheerfulness deceived casual observers as to the true state of his feelings; and, though too proud to solicit either advice or assistance from any one, he was on the alert to enter upon some congenial business.

When the war broke out, he was among the promptest in the struggle. "There is not one of us," he wrote (December 21, 1862), "who, rather than see that bright banner dimmed by dishonor, would not shed his heart's blood." From a "working member" of the Fourth Battalion of Massachusetts Militia, he became an officer of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, known as the New England Guard Regiment; and served honorably with it in the campaigns in North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, and Virginia. He was one of a few officers of the regiment who were "determined to see the war through, however long it might last," — and re-enlisted for another three years in the winter of 1863–64. He then obtained his first leave of absence since the regiment left Boston. Thus far, he had escaped from wounds, though fever had once kept him for several weeks from his command. He frequently said, during his visit home, that the regiment could not expect such immunity from the casualties of battle during the new term of service. Promotion had been slow, but another year would advance the survivors more rapidly. He was willing to take his chance, and was not afraid to die.

His first battle was at Roanoke Island, in the winter of 1862, when Burnside commanded; he was in action at Newbern, Kinston, Whitehall, Goldsborough Bridge, and elsewhere; his last battle was at Drury's Bluff, near Richmond, Virginia, under Butler. The siege of Fort Wagner was an episode in his career, and he there showed indications that he was especially adapted for service so difficult. When ordered to the front, he wrote (March 21, 1863):—

“We are expecting orders hourly to embark for the great trial of the war; and if I am fortunate enough to get out alive,—or with my right arm, for left-handed writing is sometimes hard to read,—I will give you an account of the battle of Charleston by an eyewitness; but never fear for me, for I shall come out all right; but if I should fall, remember 't is a soldier's honorable fate; I die for my country.”

He participated in the affair of August 26, 1863, when the enemy's rifle-pits in front of Wagner were carried by a well-executed assault, in which Lieutenant James A. Perkins was killed. The brigade to which Rea belonged was assigned to the assault of the fort some time later, and first made the discovery that the enemy had evacuated in the night.

In the battle of Drury's Bluff (May 16, 1864), the enemy made a vigorous attack upon Heckman's brigade, which occupied the right of our line, routing or capturing the brigade. This compelled Plaisted's brigade to fall back to a new position. A staff officer says:—

“When half-way up a hill, the Colonel seeing the enemy's colors about fifty yards in his rear, faced the regiment (Twenty-fourth Massachusetts) about, and, after giving them two or three well-directed volleys, drove them back. . . . Lieutenant Rea had just given the order ‘About face’ to his company, and was standing behind the centre at about three paces to the rear, when he was picked off by a Rebel sharpshooter; the bullet passing directly through his head, he was killed instantly. . . . Lieutenant Rea behaved splendidly in all the fights in which the regi-

ment was engaged, and was especially noticed by Colonel Plaisted (Eleventh Maine), commanding the brigade. . . . He had command of my company (Company I) during the entire expedition (i. e. the campaign in Virginia), and all the men are loud in his praise."

In this action he was senior first lieutenant in the regiment, and commanded two companies. It was not long since Brigadier-General Stevenson had written of him, with reference to promotion, as a "very good officer, far above the average. He has always conducted himself well in action, and does thoroughly everything he undertakes."

Mason Rea's was a decided character. He either loved or hated those to whom he was not absolutely indifferent; there was no intermediate phase of feeling. Physically vigorous, he had also a character strong and generous in manly sentiments, and he delighted to struggle against the current. Warm-hearted and affectionate to a fault, he showed his joy and his ambition in his very step, but concealed his sorrows and his disappointments. Thus, by a bluff exterior, he often deceived his companions into underrating his sensibility, revealing himself only to his intimate friends, and concealing his feeling from all others, sometimes by gayety, sometimes by sarcasm; any means requisite to this self-concealment seemed commendable to him. With such inveterate modesty, backed by a ready and determined mind, it is not strange that the mask should have been mistaken for the man. "I have known him," says an old friend of his, "to have been generous even to his own pecuniary distress, and to have put the object of his generosity on the wrong track by a sarcastic remark about the motives of generous people."

His remains were buried on the field, and in the summer of 1865 were removed to Hollywood Cemetery, near Richmond, on the north bank of the James, — looking down upon the scene of his last fight from the walls of the city, for the possession of which more blood was perhaps shed than for any other historic stronghold.

NATHANIEL BRADSTREET SHURTLEFF.

Captain 12th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), June 26, 1861; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862.

NATHANIEL BRADSTREET SHURTLEFF, JR. was born in Boston, March 16, 1838. His father, Dr. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, was the son of Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, who for many years was an eminent physician of Boston, but originally from Plymouth County, where his ancestors, as well as those of his wife, Sally (Shaw) Shurtleff, had dwelt since the earliest days of the Colony, having crossed in the first Pilgrim vessels. His mother, Sarah (Smith) Shurtleff, was the daughter of Hiram Smith, Esq., of Boston.

At the age of not quite four and a half years, Nathaniel entered his first school, and in two years was admitted to one of the public grammar schools of the city. His early boyhood was that of a bright and happy child, roguish and playful, yet withal well behaved, intelligent in mind, and sunny in disposition. He was exceedingly fond of reading, even before he was seven years old, finding pleasure in very mature books, and undoubtedly laying the foundation for much of his unusual command of language in later life. He received at the Adams School a Franklin medal in July, 1850, at the age of twelve years.

He entered the public Latin School in the following September. Nathaniel was marked among his classmates even from the start by the individuality of his character. He was most decided in all his prejudices and feelings, fluent of speech, combative in disposition, though more inclined to argument and the ready retort than to physical encounter; by no means lacking in courage, however, but relying more on his adroitness of speech, on his power of

sarcasm, of ridicule, and of specious logic, than upon mere bodily strength. One of his schoolmates says that he once saw him struck a challenge-blow fair in the face by the most athletic boy in the class, who had been taunted and provoked to the assault by others. He received the blow without flinching, though his face became crimson and his eyes nearly closed with passion and struggle of feelings; but though his voice quivered a little, yet with a few adroit words he saved his reputation from reproach, himself from a beating, and made the other ashamed of his assault.

Though a city boy, he was very fond of pet animals and of country life; and a letter written during a vacation at Wareham, when he was but thirteen years old, is comical from the earnestness with which he remonstrates against returning "to the gloomy, dull, and pleasureless Boston, leaving the land of promise for the land of woe, a paradise for a desert, the country for the city, in short, Wareham for Boston." In truth the boy was full of spirit, life, and frolic, keenly enthusiastic in all his pleasures and plans, having already a warmth of expression, half fun and half earnest, that contrasted strongly with the staid style of ordinary New England boys;—there was nothing commonplace about him. His disposition was affectionate and yet obstinate, hard to be driven, but easily influenced by any show of kindness.

At school he was a good scholar in a good class, was gifted with a remarkably retentive memory, took prizes for a translation from Ovid, for a Latin Essay, for Declamation, — a "third prize," followed the succeeding year by the highest, — and for the second time received on graduation a Franklin Medal. But that for which he was really famed at school was his talent for extemporaneous speaking. His instructor, Francis Gardner, Esq., whose experience of boys runs back over thirty-four or more successive classes, says, that not only for fluency, but for power as an impromptu speaker, for the ability to identify himself with his

subject, and carry into it all the enthusiasm of his warm nature, Nathaniel excelled any one that he has ever known. It is the usual custom at the Latin School to have upon "Public Saturdays" what are termed debates,—original discussions previously prepared by the boys, and spoken before the audience. Nathaniel created a sensation at the school by his oratory, and on one occasion, at least, electrified his auditors by a burst of genuine eloquence. Not only was his command of language large, his perception of the ludicrous keen, and his powers of sarcasm and ridicule strong,—but he had a fire and passion in his speaking that came from natural intensity of feeling. Well prepared, and with this school reputation, he entered Harvard College in July, 1855.

While at Harvard, his estimate of college rank was not sufficiently high to secure very patient and constant application to the studies of his Class; he was a quick and bright scholar, with a thorough foundation well laid, but he trusted much to his ability to use his powers on the spur of the call to recite. With a mind more than usually logical and analytic, with a strong love for argument, he yet was less apt at mathematics, and, perhaps, as suggested by a classmate, his characteristic temperament "*could* not take interest in anything so wanting in novelty, and the result of which was so predetermined." He was very fond of the debates in the "Anonyma" and the "Institute," and noted as a keen and telling speaker. He was also eminent among his classmates, and upon the scale of marks, for ability as a writer. His reputation in college was a marked one, but for some causes to be presently mentioned, not so distinguished as his friends had anticipated. He was very influential during the early part of the course; his fluency of speech and ardor and mobility of nature rendering him a very attractive companion. But later in his college life he became more and more absorbed in anxieties, pursuits, labors, and pleasures other than those of college. His inclinations and his

sense of duty led him more and more away from college scenes and associates, and his purely scholastic acquisitions and distinction were in consequence not what they otherwise would have been, and were expected to be, by those who best knew his abilities.

In the winter of 1854, while a boy yet under sixteen years of age, his attention was drawn by apparently slight causes to an investigation of the Roman Catholic belief. He attended Father Gavazzi's lectures in Boston, and heard the doctrines of purgatory, the intercession of the saints, transubstantiation, the infallibility of the Church, etc., explained, and then attacked by the reverend lecturer. With the boy listener, the explanations had more effect than the subsequent attempted refutation of the doctrines. He had never, up to this time, read a Catholic book, entered a Catholic church, or spoken to any Catholic of the state of his mind. Soon after, however, he obtained a Catholic Prayer-Book, and commenced its use, and about the end of the spring began to attend the Franklin Street Church, kneeling in the back part among the laborers, but never having spoken to a priest or educated Catholic. His summer vacation he spent in Maine, taking with him Cumming's "Lectures on Romanism," and, while reading it, very naturally for him, with his habitual love of argument, constantly espoused the opposite side.

During his visit in Maine he was examined by Rev. John Bapst, a Jesuit clergyman, and baptized at Bangor, August 19, 1854. Thereafter he was a Catholic from the heart, and, as he matured in years, with all the enthusiasm and strength of his nature. More particularly during the last two years of his college life, absorbed by religious investigation and religious interests, he kept in a manner aloof from his classmates, from whom he could have had but little sympathy, and devoted himself to controversial reading and discussion, and to active labors in Boston among the Catholic youth of the city. He consecrated himself to

a religious life with sincere intent, according to his faith, dedicated himself to the work of the priesthood, and, in the closing years of his life at Cambridge, looked forward with much longing to that which should be to him a quiet retreat from all conflicts, with entire abnegation of personal aims and ambitions, — the Novitiate of the Order of the Jesuits.

His inward experiences in regard to this important religious change may best be learned through an extract from his autobiography in the Class-Book, written at the time of graduation: —

“The most important event in my past life is my conversion to the Catholic religion, which was brought about by the lectures of Gavazzi and by the Know-Nothing calumnies of 1854, which inspired me with a spirit of inquiry, and ended in forcing my reason to accept and submit to the teachings of that Church which I had always been taught to despise. In August, 1854, after about eight months’ reflection, I was received into the bosom of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, at the age of sixteen years, by the Rev. John Bapst of the Society of Jesus. This step I have never regretted, although it has changed all my prospects in life.

“In reply to those who ignorantly or maliciously impugn my motives, I shall merely point to my future life; and if by becoming a Catholic I become richer, or attain a higher position in the world, than I should have done by remaining a Protestant, then let them judge my motives, but not till then. Meanwhile I shall console myself under their false judgments and detractions by the thought that it is not to them, but to God, that I am one day to answer for my motives and my acts. He knows my heart, and he knows if I have sacrificed liberty, position, the ties of family and friendship, to become an humble priest of the Catholic Church, in the Society of Jesus, where I shall be bound by perpetual vows of absolute poverty, chastity, and obedience to the will of my superiors: He knows if I have done this for any motive but to secure the salvation of my soul, and to do good to my neighbor. *Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.*

“My plans in life are evident from the above. I intend, immediately after graduating, to enter the Novitiate of the Jesuits, either in this country or in Europe, there to obliterate the past and prepare myself for a life of future usefulness. All I ask of my classmates is, that they will not judge my future by my past life, but will show towards me that charity which they all desire for themselves.”

Within a few days from his graduation at Harvard (in 1859), he left Boston for the Novitiate in Frederick City, Maryland. During his stay at the Novitiate, his frequent letters were very happy and affectionate. On the way, while in Philadelphia, he writes to his parents as follows : —

“To-day the Gospel at mass struck me forcibly : ‘ Unless a man hate father, mother, brother, sister, house, and lands for my sake, he cannot be my disciple. And unless he bear his cross he cannot be my disciple.’ Then comes the glorious promise of a hundred-fold in this world and eternal life in the next. What had St. Peter left? — a few fishing-nets. He had nothing else, yet what a glorious destiny was reserved to him, — to shed his blood for Christ ! ”

About three weeks after his arrival at the Novitiate, he writes to his mother : —

“In my meditation yesterday I considered how our blessed Lord left his dear mother, whom he had obeyed and comforted for thirty years, that he might do the will of his eternal Father. I thought of how much Mary, that most amiable mother who loved her Son not only as the ‘blessed fruit of her womb,’ but also as her Creator and Redeemer, — I thought how that most tender mother must have suffered on parting with such a son. Is there not much comfort in this consideration? For how can it be that a God who, to save sinners, left a mother like Mary, will not console and bless those mothers who, in imitation of his own dear mother, resign their children to ‘do the will of their Father in heaven,’ and to follow Jesus in preaching salvation to the nations? But it is unnecessary for me to write thus; for I am sure that you have resigned your Isaac cheerfully, and do not begrudge to God your

first-born whom he has demanded from you for a while, to return to you, if we serve him faithfully, for eternity."

A month later he writes : —

"You will this month, the first time for twenty-one years, pass your Thanksgiving day without me. Thank God on that day that he has dealt so mercifully with us all; and that, instead of calling me out of the world to expiate my sins in eternal torments, he has sweetly called me from it to the society of his dear Son, to be one with him as he is one with the Father. And so you will not have to mourn, as will some of your dearest friends, by a desolate hearthside, but you will rejoice that 'whereas your son was dead, now he livès,' — as he was once dead in sin, now he lives in Christ.

"The three months allowed me in which to get tired of the religious life have expired, and still I am here. O my dear mother, you must give up all hopes of my ever returning to the world, for I am assured that 'neither life, nor death, nor any created thing' shall separate me from Jesus Christ. Since I have been in this paradise, not only have I not had a moment of unhappiness, but not even of sadness. Those little fits of melancholy and sadness which even the happiest are wont to have in the world have not once troubled me. Not even the memory of my ingratitude towards our good God makes me unhappy, for all sadness is banished by joy, beholding what a Redeemer my sins have gained for me, and knowing, too, that 'there is more joy in heaven before the angels of God over one sinner doing penance, than over ninety-and-nine who need no penance.'"

The following is an extract from a letter written during Christmas week : —

"If I reject the luxuries of the world, it is not, I trust, like Diogenes, with greater pride than that with which the world makes use of them, but because I feel that they are not for me, though, perhaps, very well in their place. We celebrate this week the birthday of Him who, born in a stable, died upon a cross, and as he has left us no other model than himself, his poverty is as much a matter of imitation as his other virtues. Ought we then, who are named after him, Christians (and much more Jesuits), to aspire to a higher station than that of our Lord?"

From these letters we see the devout channel in which his thoughts flowed while at the Novitiate, and the earnest sincerity with which he had devoted himself to his work. In the month of February (1860) his health failed, in consequence of his severe personal discipline, the deprivation of the comforts to which he had been accustomed, and his hard labors and studies. By the advice of his spiritual counsellors he abandoned his purpose, at least for a time, and returned to Boston, to his father's house. He then entered the office of William Brigham, Esq., as a student at law, and took up again the threads of his former life. He resumed his very active labors with the Sabbath-school children, and among the poor of the city, and was especially interested in St. Mary's Catholic School in Endicott Street. Among other efforts in this cause, he delivered two lectures, — one at the Tremont Temple, on the education of Catholic children; and another at the Music Hall, on the history of the Society of Jesus. During this year he took an ardent interest in the state of the country, and in the political campaign, and worked zealously for the election of the late Hon. William Appleton as member of Congress from the Fifth District.

The following extract from an extemporaneous speech made in Faneuil Hall, at the great Union meeting held in February, 1861, will give some idea of his fervid oratory: —

“Virginia, startled by the guns of Lexington, gave us Washington; and shall we now say to Virginia, ‘Begone, we have no part with you!’ Never! while Concord and Bunker Hill remain on Massachusetts soil, never will we consent to part with the birth-place and home of Washington. Our Washington looks down upon us and approves our action this night. From yonder painted canvas he speaks to us. And he, brave John Hancock, whose name stands so boldly prominent on the Declaration, — he says to us, citizens of Massachusetts, ‘Thirteen States signed that Declaration of your liberties. Will you consent that of those thirteen

States, seven shall no longer have any part with you?' Go on, citizens of Massachusetts, and show that the old Bay State has still the spirit of '76, and knows that liberty without Union is an impossibility and a delusion! What can protect our liberties? Look at ancient Greece. The elegance and grace of Athens, the wealth of Corinth, and the strength of Sparta might have made one of the most glorious nations of antiquity; and yet, one by one, they fell victims to a monarch's sceptre. What would be our fate, — whether we should perish by intestine strife, or, one by one, fall victims to some foreign power, or a prey to the most powerful of our own number, — none can tell; but, sooner or later, we should find that, having thrown aside our Union, our liberty had followed. Webster demonstrated the impossibility of a peaceable secession, much more of a peaceable dissolution. He, though dead, still liveth! Yes, and until that canvas crumbles into dust, until these walls shall decay and perish, the noble form of Webster says to us, 'Preserve the Union for which I toiled and wept and prayed! Preserve the Union, and do not, do not disgrace my image, which has proclaimed it forever!' We can do little more. We can, by all the means in our power, try to induce our Congress to submit to us, the people, a plan of compromise. We shall have ample time to decide upon its merits, and to express that decision at the ballot-box. This is the last cry raised up by old Faneuil Hall, protesting against an involuntary exile. We do our best. We appeal to the hearts of men. But finally, we shall have to appeal to Him who has raised us up from thirteen small colonies to one of the greatest and proudest nations of the earth, — who, for eighty-six years, has protected, strengthened, and blessed us. We must turn to Him, and with our good old city of Boston cry, 'God of our fathers, as thou wert to them, so be to us!' We can do no more."

Early in 1860 he had joined the Independent Company of Cadets; and on the day after the attack by the Baltimore mob upon the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment, determined to serve his country in the field, he tendered his services to Fletcher Webster, Esq., to assist in enlisting the Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers for three years' ser-

vice, and opened recruiting papers for that purpose on the morning of April 22, 1861. In three days the list was closed, and in sixteen days the regiment was full, officered, and in camp. On the 25th of April he was elected by Company D as its Captain. The regiment remained in camp at Fort Warren nearly three months, constantly improving in drill and discipline. It arrived at Harper's Ferry, July 27th, and was placed in General Banks's division. They soon proceeded to Hyattstown, Maryland, where Captain Shurtleff was taken dangerously ill with malarious fever, and was brought home on sick-leave early in September. He returned to duty on the 14th of October, and devoted himself to the care of his company with all his natural energy. On the 26th of January, 1862, he was detailed as Divisionary Judge Advocate, and performed the duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of his commanding general until his regiment was transferred to Major-General McDowell's division. On the 11th of March, 1862, he was sent to Boston to recruit for the regiment, and returned in the latter part of April.

But as he enlisted the first in his regiment, so was he the first to fall. The sad circumstances of his death are best given in letters from Lieutenant-Colonel Bryan, at the time in command of the regiment, and from Lieutenant J. Otis Williams, of the same company : —

“On the night of Saturday, the 9th instant (August, 1862), the Third Brigade, General Hartsuff commanding, was ordered to take a position on the extreme right of General McDowell's corps. Whilst the Twelfth (the left regiment of the brigade) was crossing an open field but a few yards distant from some woods, which Generals Pope, McDowell, and Banks, with their escort, were on the point of entering, the enemy, seeing and hearing the horses, opened a sharp fire upon them. We happened to be immediately in the line of that fire, and, returning it at once, covered the retreat of our generals.”

Lieutenant Williams adds, that the regiment was then

ordered to lie down upon the ground, and that Captain Shurtleff "had just raised himself on his elbow to see that his men were protecting themselves," when a second volley came from the enemy concealed by a thick wood in front, and he received a ball in the neighborhood of the heart. He said, "I am shot! Mary! pardon!" He was tenderly raised by three of his men, but before they reached the rear he was dead.

"His loss to his company and the regiment is almost irreparable. As brave an officer as ever drew the breath of life, a true soldier and gentleman, he fell as falls the truly brave, patriot hero, shedding his life's young blood in defence of that sacred boon bequeathed him by his fathers."

His body was conveyed to Washington, there embalmed, and thence transported to Boston. He was buried (in accordance with his own request, made in anticipation of such an end) from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston, on the 16th of August, 1862, with a high mass of requiem, and was laid to rest at Mount Auburn with a soldier's honors and with heartfelt grief.

That the death of this young man, of but twenty-four years, was esteemed no common bereavement, was manifested in a public meeting of sympathy by the citizens of the ward, by the adjournment of the Superior Court until after the funeral, and by the numerous letters to his parents from distinguished and eminent citizens, expressive of the general sorrow at his sudden and early death. Perhaps this record cannot better close than with the following extract from a letter by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop:—

"His name is now enrolled where it cannot be forgotten on earth, and it will often be called up to inspire our American youth with ardor and heroism in the service of their country. I know how poor a consolation this is for the first sorrows of a father's and a mother's heart. God alone can supply strength for such an hour of anguish. Yet the time will come, when you will look back on such a death for your boy as better than any life which ever his rich promise and accomplishments could have realized."

EZRA MARTIN TEBBETS.

Private 5th Iowa Cavalry, September, 1861; re-enlisted, January, 1864; First Lieutenant and A. I. G. (U. S. Vols.), July, 1864; died in prison at Millen, Ga., October 30, 1864, of privation and exhaustion.

EZRA MARTIN TEBBETS was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, January 8, 1838, the son of Ezra Ricker Tebbets and Catharine Amory (Hood) Tebbets. He was the eldest of seven sons, his mother having been left a widow before he entered college. He was a member of the public schools of Lynn, in their successive grades, and was often pronounced by his teachers "a model scholar"; one of them declaring that while under his instruction he never once committed a fault or omitted a duty. His disposition was calm, grave, and retiring, with an even temper, faultless morals, and an ardent love of study. In school and college he was faithful far beyond the average of his associates; but to the honors resulting from his fidelity he was rather indifferent.

He graduated at Harvard College, in the Class of 1859, among the first scholars in his Class, in mathematics ranking first. He afterwards went through the course of Engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School, and then engaged in the practice of his profession as civil engineer in Iowa. But the Rebellion which put the nation in jeopardy allowed him no rest in his quiet pursuits. With his brother he enlisted as a private in a corps designed to become a part of Frémont's guard, and which, after several changes, was designated as Company E of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry. He was employed in the dangerous service of guarding Tennessee against the guerillas and marauders then infesting that Border State. In this capacity he was a daily wit-

ness of the truth of his own delineation of the horrors of civil war, in a college theme : —

“ War, even where the opposing parties are of different nations, has evils enough, — the widows and desolate orphans, burning villages, and fertile fields laid waste, bringing want and misery to hundreds. But when a civil war breaks out, the evil is increased a hundred-fold ; then all the ties that unite men are broken, brothers raise their hands against brothers, and fathers against sons, in deadly combat.”

With no means of distinguishing friends from enemies, at one hour the Union forces might be engaged in deadly conflict with hidden foes, among the forests and mountains, and in the next hour might enter a town to meet the same citizens under the Union flag, welcoming them to their hearths and their homes. Of this fact they were often assured by the negroes, who could give the names of men who had returned from a hot skirmish with the Iowa Cavalry, had hastily stabled their horses, washed themselves, and come forth to meet and welcome the men with whom they had just been in mortal combat. In conflicts of this discouraging character many months passed, in which, even in their victories, he could see nothing gained for the great objects of the war. On every side he witnessed the reverse of all he had hoped to find. He expected to meet an honorable enemy in fair fight, but he was compelled to witness the violation of the fundamental principles of civilization in the conduct of those who but carried the principles of secession to their legitimate result. In one of his letters he writes : —

“ A year’s residence at the South would convince any sensible man that the Rebellion is but the natural result of the state of society prevailing here. The speech of Charles Sumner on the barbarism of slavery is the truth, and nothing but the truth. I would rather help end the war in one big fight, than wander about here in search of guerillas, who will shoot at one from behind fences and trees. Some of them have been troubling our camp guard. One

had two fingers cut off by a man who approached his post at night ; a second had a ball put through his arm, and a third had his hat shot off."

Such was the singleness of his own purpose, that he witnessed with strong indignation the false patriotism that had secured honorable positions for speculation and fraud. He writes :—

"Many of the newspapers have much to say of the inefficiency of our cavalry. If you had seen the last lot of horses sent to our regiment the other day from St. Louis, you would have been surprised. Of the ten drawn by our company, not one was fit for the service ; one would not eat, another could scarcely walk, and the remainder will be in the bone-yard before the month is out. If the government will furnish us with such horses as Morgan steals, we will ride as fast and as far as his band."

Of the policy pursued in Tennessee he writes :—

"Two thousand good men from the plains and the Rocky Mountains, led by the right sort of man, such as can easily be found in Kansas or the Territories, with some flying artillery, with no wagons, but living on the country, would soon clear the State from guerillas. They would do more than twenty thousand of the troops who are now trying to catch the miscreants."

Of the sanitary provision for the army he writes :—

"There is more truth than poetry in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the sanitary condition of the army. Our company entered Benton Barracks with one hundred and one men. One man has been lost in action, three have died from disease, and one has been drowned. There are fifty-two left. Where are the rest? Discharged from the service for disability. If a soldier has a severe fit of sickness, his chance for recovery is rather small. The hospital under present management contributes little to his recovery. It would be far better policy for the government to cure and keep the enlisted men than to offer large bounties for recruits to fill their places."

He describes the Southern feeling in the following extract from a letter dated March 14, 1863 :—

“One decisive victory here at present would be the signal for the people to join our ranks ; for if they see clearly that we shall win, they are so poor that they would enlist for the sake of the pay. The people are praying for peace and something to eat.”

The utterly lawless condition of affairs in Tennessee, the want of discipline pervading both armies, the prevalence of intemperance, the growth of vicious habits of every description, at times produced in him a feeling of despondency, almost of discouragement ; and he wrote, December 12, 1863 : —

“I never had any taste for army life, and what I have seen since I enlisted has increased my dislike. I am not sorry that I enlisted when I did ; but when my term of enlistment expires, I think I will leave the army.”

But on reflection, the great object of the war, the downfall of oppression, and the vindication of the rights of man, furnished him a reply to the questions which weighed upon his mind. Though he was partially discouraged, the great work to be accomplished rose up before his mind in all its grandeur, and banished the feeling of despondency. At Donelson and Murfreesborough he had aided in the grand result. Through extreme toil and dangers innumerable, he had passed many months in the field for the suppression of guerillas. He had witnessed the triumph of our great commander at Vicksburg, a result he had constantly predicted, and had seen him invested with the supreme command. He had read the Proclamation of the President, giving liberty to the slaves. Accordingly, at the close of his term of service, he re-enlisted in the ranks, with his brother and the majority of his company, for the great, and, as he believed, the final campaign of the war.

After his re-enlistment, at his last visit to his home on furlough, when a friend earnestly remonstrated with him on his indifference to promotion, representing that the country needed the exercise of his higher, rarer talents,

which qualified him for any position in the corps of engineers, his reply was, "The country needs *men*, not officers; and though as an officer I should associate with men of a higher rank, they would not be men of higher integrity and virtue." He obeyed his convictions, and gave to his country a man. He again shared in the danger, toil, and privation of his old company, of whom one who knew them well writes, "There was not an evil man among them."

For a few weeks after his enlistment his regiment remained in camp at Davenport, Iowa. But this gave him no assurance of inactivity in the approaching campaign. He had studied well the situation and the men who were to make the great moves in the eventful game.

"General Grant," he writes, "will keep us all doing something this season. If the generals in the Army of the Potomac do not play upon him, he will clear Virginia of the Rebels. But Grant himself will be there, and he will watch so closely all whom he suspects, that they will be obliged to do their duty. I expect that Sherman will keep the cavalry busy this season. He believes in hurting the Rebels, and will go in for grand raids."

In the expedition from Atlanta, under Generals Stoneman and McCook, the Fifth Iowa Cavalry was attached to the command of the latter. The two columns marched southeasterly in divergent lines, having arranged a junction after two days. While McCook's column were engaged in tearing up the rails of the Macon Road at Lovejoy's Station, they were assailed by a superior force, and retreated towards Newnan on the West Point Railroad, where they met and were hemmed in by another body of Rebels, through whom the main body of the Union forces cut their way, and reached Atlanta with the loss of five hundred men.

Tebbets was captured at a point remote from the main body, whither he had ridden in haste to warn a friend on picket, who, without his knowledge, had but a few minutes previously been captured. This was on the 30th of July,

1864. The following is an extract from a letter written by Mr. B. H. White, the friend above mentioned, dated Nashville, October 30, 1864, after his escape from the enemy: —

“Our captors took from us whatever they wanted. Afterwards we were searched three times, the last time at Andersonville. There we were compelled to remove our clothing, which they examined piece by piece, and everything they found they kept, even photographs and letters. Those who were lucky enough to keep thus far extra clothing or a blanket were here relieved of it, and we were turned loose into the stockade with what we happened to have on our backs. But for some reason they left me a blanket and Martin a piece of canvas. Of the six hundred that were put into the stockade that day, at least half were without boots or shoes, and many without hat or coat. . . .

“There were confined in this stockade about thirty-two thousand men. Their condition I will not attempt to describe. If I should attempt it, you would scarcely credit me. . . . We were fed upon about half a pound of corn-bread, made of very coarse unsifted meal, or, instead, one pint of corn-meal of the same quality, two or three ounces of beef or bacon, a pint of cooked beans or rice; if the beans or rice were issued raw, we would get about half a pint.

“When our rations were issued raw, each man would get twice a week a pine stick of about one inch in thickness and two feet long. With this he was expected to cook a week’s rations, while all around us were huge pine-trees,—to be seen, but not reached.”

A brief journal was kept by Tebbets during his imprisonment at Andersonville, which will aid our conception of the scenes that were there witnessed.

“*July 30, 1864.*—Captured by the Rebels near the town of Newnan, Coweta County, Georgia. They took my hat, money, &c., and marched me, with fifty others, to town, and confined us in a warehouse.

“*July 31.*—Received a small quantity of bread and meat.

“*August 1.*—Searched to-day, but nothing was taken from me. At ten o’clock received a piece of bread as large as my two fingers. Took the cars and travelled twenty-three miles to Eastport, where we stopped all night till five o’clock, A. M. Searched again.

" *August 2.* — Took the cars for Andersonville, sixty men in a tight box-car, only one door open, with no water and with nothing to eat.

" *August 3.* — Reached Andersonville at noon; stripped and searched again, then marched inside the 'Bull Pen,' a nasty, filthy place of thirty acres, containing thirty thousand men; no filth removed; dead men carried out at all hours. After marching over the place, White and myself, with two others, found a place to pitch a tent; most of the boys have no shelter at all; drew some corn-bread and rotten bacon.

" *August 4.* — Not very well to-day; the trip on the cars disagreed with me. Weather hot and dry. The guard shot a man to-day for crossing the dead-line.

" *August 5.* — A shower, and very hot.

" *August 6.* — Not well to-day; took a good bath in the creek; got some coarse bread and a little meat; no appetite; very warm night.

" *August 7.* — Had a good night's sleep, notwithstanding the weather; took a bath and washed my shirt and drawers, the only ones I have. Pants well worn. Sent a letter home. Another man shot near the dead-line.

" *August 9.* — About noon rained very hard, washed down part of the stockade, and wet us all. No rations.

" *August 10.* — Drew half rations, bread and boiled beans. Could not eat the beans. Rained hard; in the afternoon drew some boiled beef with no bread.

" *August 11.* — Drew beans, bread, and beef.

" *August 13.* — A very hot day. A great many have died within a few days. Fresh beef, beans, and corn-bread.

" *August 15.* — The fever is abating which has for a few days prevailed in the camp on the subject of exchange. I dread the idea of a winter campaign in this hole. Not so many deaths for the last two or three days. One has no idea of the sights in this place. Horrible! Men ought not to be kept in this state on any conditions.

" *August 16.* — Fine morning; had a fair night's sleep, but sweat in my sleep.

" *August 17.* — Bad night's sleep; washed my shirt and drawers before daylight.

" *August 18.* — Think of selling my pen and pencil for a pail to

cook in ; it is hard to part with it, but then I must look to my health.

“ *August 19.* — Very hot day. Stayed in my tent most of the day ; very weak like the rest of the boys, can hardly carry a bucket of water.

“ *August 20.* — For breakfast, beans, crust-coffee, corn-bread, fresh beef, and bacon.

“ *August 22.* — Played chess. Some prisoners brought in, but not enough to equal the number of those that die.

“ *August 23.* — Very hot. Some prisoners escaped last night. Drew some molasses yesterday.

“ *August 24.* — Had a long talk on the chance for exchange ; still hope for one this fall.

“ *August 25.* — Hot day. Feel a little down-hearted once in a while.

“ *August 26.* — Draw raw rations now ; do not like it ; have not wood enough, and nothing to cook the rations in.

“ *August 27.* — Great excitement about exchange. All to be exchanged in two or three weeks. Wish it were true.

“ *August 28.* — Draw beef in the morning, the rest of the rations in the afternoon.

“ *August 29.* — A little down-hearted. The sights seen in this place are enough to sicken any one.

“ *August 30.* — Reports in regard to exchange contradictory. Rations good, but rather slim. Require some figuring to make three meals a day.

“ *August 31.* — Yesterday, one month a prisoner. Hope I will not have to stay more than another month. Wish I could eat some home-made bread and butter. I have bought a small kettle of three pints, in which we make soup.

“ *September 2.* — Sherman reported flanking Hood. In hopes we may be recaptured some time this month.

“ *September 6.* — Hot days, cold nights. Pity the men without any shelter, and there are thousands.

“ *September 7.* — Begin to move the men out, some say for exchange, and some, to enter another ‘ Bull Pen.’

“ *September 9.* — Still moving out the men.

“ *September 11.* — The good work still going on.

“ *September 12.*”

At this date, the journal is discontinued, although its writer did not leave Andersonville till the 19th of September. From this time till the 3d of October, the day of his arrival at Savannah, he was on his passage to and from Lovejoy, and wandering in the swamps, having escaped from his captors, though only to fall into the enemy's hands again in a few days. From Savannah he was transferred to Millen, where, on the 30th of October, just three months after his first capture, he was released by God from the cruelties inflicted by man. The best account of the intervening epoch is to be found in the narratives of his fellow-soldiers. Mr. White's account, quoted above, continues as follows:—

“On the 19th of September, eleven hundred were taken from the stockade to be exchanged for Rebel prisoners in the hands of General Sherman. Martin and I were among them; but when we arrived at the point of exchange, a place about twenty miles south of Atlanta, on account of some disagreement between the commissioners, only five hundred were exchanged; we were not of this number. I never saw such a disappointed, disheartened body of men as the seven [six] hundred who were turned back. Many burst into tears. We had travelled that day fifteen miles, all weak from insufficient food, besides many barefooted and sick. While going towards freedom we cared little, so that we could walk, but now we had a night's march before us without hope to buoy us up.

“Luckily, about dark it began to rain; in the darkness, Martin and I had got separated. I had watched two guards who were marching farther apart than five paces, as required by their orders. I saw there was a chance for escape. We were in a thick wood, but would in a few moments come into a clear country. I called for Martin, but got no reply. I gave my blanket to a member of Company E beside me, requesting him to give it to Martin; told him of my intention, and walked between the two separate guards and was free.”

The subsequent events of his unhappy experience are related in the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Lot H. Carley after his exchange, dated Annapolis, December 5, 1864:—

“Martin, being lame, fell back to the rear. White made his escape. The next morning the sick, Martin among them, were detached and put into the cars, reached Macon, where they remained two days, then started for Savannah. When about twenty-five miles from Macon he jumped from the car. The guard supposed he was falling, and attempted to catch him ; he did get hold of him, which eased his fall very much ; but as it was, he injured one leg badly by spraining his knee-joint. The guard on the top of the cars fired at him, but without effect. He started off into the woods and swamps, sometimes in water up to his knees, subsisting wholly upon green corn and such vegetables as he could find, for five days, when he found his strength was failing, and concluded he could never get into our lines ; he therefore went to a house, and gave himself up as a prisoner. He was taken back to Camp Sumter, where he remained about twenty-four hours, when he was again started for Savannah on the 1st of October, arriving on the 3d. One of the boys, having room, took Martin into his shanty. There was soon an opportunity offered him of going into the hospital ; but he concluded that the stockade was as good, if not better, than the hospital, and he preferred staying with those he knew. He seemed to hold his own very well, and perhaps improved a little while we remained at Savannah. I left Savannah on the 11th of October, and arrived at Camp Lawton, near Millen, Georgia, the same day. Tebbets came a day or two afterwards. After a few days I succeeded in obtaining an axe and some logs, and, with a man from the Twentieth Ohio Volunteers, built a shanty sufficiently large to accommodate six men. I was the only one belonging to my company fit for duty, being four in all.

“We all did everything in our power for Martin, but he seemed to fail very fast, for no medicine of any kind could be obtained. He continued to fail until the 30th of October, when he died in the morning about sunrise. He was lying between me and Brainard when he died. About two o'clock on the morning of his death I was up with him, but lay down again and went to sleep ; about four, I was awakened by his groaning, and got up to see what was the matter. He was lying on his face and never spoke after. He apparently did not imagine he was so near his end, although he seemed to make every effort to procure something that would help him, knowing he was failing.

“His body was taken from the stockade the same morning he died, which was the last I ever saw of his remains. I did not know where he was buried, but think it was near the depot.

“The day before his death we had a long conversation; he appeared confident of getting home by Thanksgiving. I was to go round to his home with him, and we imagined what a feast we would have.”

Thus he died, of privation and exhaustion, — almost of starvation, — after twice enlisting as a private in the ranks because “the country needed men, not officers.” His letter of appointment as First Lieutenant and Assistant Inspector-General of Volunteers in the Army of the Cumberland had reached regimental head-quarters two weeks after his capture, and he never saw it. He was the last of eight classmates who died in the service, and the only Harvard graduate who breathed his last amid the horrors of a Rebel prison.

STRONG VINCENT.

Private, Wayne Guards (Erie, Pa.), April–July, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel 83d Penn. Vols. (Infantry), September, 1861; Colonel, June 29, 1862; Brigadier-General Vols., July 2, 1863; died July 7, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2.

STRONG VINCENT was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, June 17, 1837. His father was Bethuel B. Vincent, at the time, and for many years after, a large iron-founder at Erie. His mother was Sarah A. (Strong) Vincent.

His school-days were like those of other boys until he was fourteen years old. He then took it into his head that he had had schooling enough, and so he informed his father, who replied, "Very well, my son, but nobody can be idle about me. If you leave school, you must go into the foundry." The boy was too proud to yield, and into the foundry he went. For six months he worked as a common laborer. Possessing remarkable physical strength, he did almost a man's work. At the end of six months his father transferred him to the counting-room, where he remained until about seventeen years old. By this time Strong had entire charge of the books, and was overseeing much of the labor in the foundry. He now thought that he should become a more successful worker of iron if he acquired a scientific education, and with that intent left home to enter the Scientific School at Hartford. Once becoming a student, he was desirous of possessing a regular collegiate education, and in a short time he prepared for and entered Trinity College. But he was not yet content. The reputation of Harvard had a charm for him, and after two years he left Trinity and came to Cambridge, in the fall of 1856. He had been so hurried in his first fitting for college, that

he deemed it better to lose a year, rather than enter the class corresponding to his class at Trinity, and therefore entered as Sophomore in the Class of 1859.

Vincent was a man of mark in his Class and in the College. His personal appearance was in his favor. There was not a student, from Senior to Sophomore, who did not on first meeting him seek to learn who he was. Physically he seemed fully developed. Of rather above medium height, he had a well-formed and powerful frame, and his face was remarkably striking and handsome. He looked many years older than he really was, and in every respect his mind corresponded to his body. One would have said, on hearing him converse, that he was twenty-five years old.

He was not a hard student. If the old recitation list were to be consulted, the marks against Vincent's name would hardly predict a life of such credit to himself and his College. And yet when the Class of 1859 graduated, if the professors had been asked to name those whom the College in after years would delight to count among her children, Vincent would have been high in the catalogue. He had, moreover, warm friends in all the classes, was president of one or two societies, and was chosen one of the marshals for Class Day.

On entering Harvard, Vincent had given up the design with which he first left home. A learned profession was more to his taste than the plain and practical life of an iron-founder. He determined to be a lawyer, and much of his reading while in college was with this view.

Graduating in 1859, he returned immediately to Erie, and began to study law in the office of a leading lawyer of the county. In two years he had become this gentleman's partner in business, was occupying a prominent position at the bar, was taking an influential part in the public affairs of the city and county, and stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. He took especial interest in the political campaign of 1860, espousing the cause of Mr. Lincoln.

The day after the President's first call for volunteers, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Wayne Guards. His motive was pure patriotism. It was a great sacrifice for him to leave his home, his family, and his brilliant prospects. The dreams that every boy has of a soldier's life, it is true, came back to him ; but at his age he could count the cost of military honors. The price was too great, and honors, such as had for him a still higher value, he was sure to obtain in paths of peace. Manhood and patriotism made him a soldier.

Some time ere this Vincent had been engaged to be married to Miss Elizabeth Carter of Newark, New Jersey. Telegraphing to her his determination to take up the musket, he told her he thought it best for her to become his wife immediately. She consented to his wishes, and he hastened to Newark, where they were married ;— not then to be separated, however, for Mrs. Vincent went with her husband to Pittsburg, whither the Wayne Guards were ordered, and the battalion did not leave that city.

When the three months' men were discharged, Vincent still thought that his services belonged to his country, and, taking an earnest part in raising the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, he was chosen and commissioned its Lieutenant-Colonel.

Just after leaving home he wrote to his wife: "Surely the right will prevail. If I live, we will rejoice over our country's success. If I fall, remember you have given your husband a sacrifice to the most righteous cause that ever widowed a woman."

The regiment reached Washington in September, and was assigned to Butterfield's brigade, Major-General Fitz-John Porter's division. A man of Vincent's ability did not long escape the notice of higher commanders ; and the position of lieutenant-colonel of a regiment being of subordinate importance, he was frequently called away on other duty, being employed much of the winter as brigade-inspector.

Vincent was before Yorktown with his regiment, and there was no soldier who worked harder in this siege than he. He was frequently in command of the pickets for two or three miles along the line, and often had charge of working parties in the trenches. Besides performing the duties for which he was detailed, he made the siege of Yorktown a study. He knew the position and importance of every work and every gun along our lines.

Marching up the Peninsula after the evacuation of Yorktown, the army reached the right bank of the Pamunkey. Here General Porter selected Vincent to take command of a small body of troops in a reconnoissance across the river in the lower part of King William County. The expedition took him some miles into the interior, but was bloodless. He merely learned that there were no armed Rebels there.

Reaching the Chickahominy, the regiment was encamped near Gaines's Mills, and for several weeks, with a few days' exception, did picket duty in the swamps through which the river flows. The exception, however, is a memorable one, — the battle of Hanover Court-House, — Vincent's first battle, though he had often been under fire before Yorktown. In this action the regiment suffered but little. The battle-field was not so deadly as the camp and picket duty to which they returned. Even the powerful frame of Vincent could not withstand the poisoning air of the swamps, and towards the latter part of June he was sick almost beyond hope of recovery.

He was removed to the tent of a friend living at army head-quarters, where there were more of the necessaries and comforts of life. He had not been there a day, however, when the camp at Gaines's Mills became the scene of a terrible battle. The sound of cannon and musketry reached the sick man's ears. Precautions were taken to keep from him the issue of the day; but when at night he saw the preparations for retreat, he learned all, and an old servant

told him the fate of his regiment. Over one half had been either killed or wounded, and the Colonel and the Major both lay dead on the battle-field. Vincent forced those who had charge of him to let him go. He compelled the servant to bring him a horse, and morning found him at Savage's Station, at the head of the remnant of the regiment.

But he took no part in the seven days' campaign. There is a limit to the power of strong will, of enthusiasm, even of frenzy; and for Vincent to command his regiment, or do any duty whatever, was now beyond this limit. He was put into an ambulance; and of what followed he afterwards remembered nothing, until he woke up half-way down James River on board a sick-transport. It was like awakening in a tomb. It seemed still to be a dream. He raised himself up, and saw in the long hull two hundred other cots, each with its burden. He saw the attendants gliding noiselessly about. He lay back upon his pillow again to hear unconscious mutterings and deep groans, and breathe that air known only to those who have breathed it, and by them never forgotten. It seemed as if it could not be true.

Vincent remembered always with the greatest gratitude the attentions of a kind lady upon this boat; and through measures taken by her, he found his wife and father ready to receive him on landing at New York. They soon took him to Erie, where he remained till the 1st of October, returning then to the scene of war. He found his regiment doing picket duty on the Potomac, near the mouth of Antietam Creek. It was *his* regiment now. He had been chosen and commissioned Colonel during his absence.

Both commander and men were rejoiced to be together once more; though sorrow was mingled with Vincent's joy as he looked upon the thinned ranks and war-worn flags. The regiment was soon strengthened by the arrival of recruits and convalescents, and during the pleasant October weeks he brought it up to its old standard of excellence.

The 11th of December found Vincent about to take his part in the battle of Fredericksburg. Before the battle the men of his regiment believed that he would prove a good leader. After it there was scarcely any position to which in their enthusiasm they would not have raised him.

He did not become actively engaged till the 13th. Lying upon the bank of the river opposite the city, he saw that he had a task before him that would require all his courage and all his nerve. His men were losing confidence and relish for fighting. When they crossed the river and passed through the town, out upon the shelf of land back of the city, across which they had seen all day such desperate charges of our men to the foot of the semicircle of fortified hills, — and all in vain, — they felt that the battle of Fredericksburg was already lost.

It was now that Vincent proved himself. A member of the regiment, in writing of this battle, speaks of the high and chivalrous sense of duty which caused their Colonel to seem almost reckless in the example he set, under the terrible fire the new troops issuing from the city drew from the enemy. Forming under this fire, the regiment advanced just before dark, and relieved troops in our front line. Here it remained for twenty-four hours. In the mean time the command of the brigade fell to Vincent. During the night he took advantage of a slight rise in the ground and caused the men further to protect themselves with earth thrown up by bayonets and dippers. On Sunday his troops suffered less than troops to the right and left, but it was a long day. No attack was made, and there could be no communication with the rear, for they were so near the enemy that it was death to rise from the ground.

Soon after sunset a message was sent out from the city for him to fall back as soon as he safely could. The men were immediately cautioned to be ready to rise and march to the rear. All knew the danger. The moon was shining brightly, and for an hour it seemed that it would be

impossible to retire without loss of life. But when the order first came the young commander had observed a few little clouds just appearing over the hills. Soon those near him, wondering why he did not direct the movement to begin, saw his anxious look fastened upon one of these clouds; and as by inspiration the whole brigade knew what he was awaiting. The cloud increased in size, came nearer, grew blacker, came where all wished it to come; and when at last the moon withdrew her face, for once unwelcome, the relief that came to every soldier's mind was inseparably connected with confidence in his commander.

The brigade fell back to the city unobserved, remained in the streets through Monday, and by Tuesday had recrossed the river and was on its way back to the old camp; Vincent relinquishing the command of the brigade for that of his regiment.

Many officers will remember Vincent's quarters near Potomac Creek, after the battle of Fredericksburg. He lived in the most homelike of tents; and, though he was not much given to visiting other officers, he had a way of drawing people to himself. He had much leisure, as the men of his regiment had been long in the field, and it required but little attention to keep them comfortable and in good drill and discipline, and his officers were competent and energetic. Therefore he was ever ready to extend a welcome to those who came.

As a general thing his companions were older than himself; for though Vincent was but twenty-five years old, he was already a little gray and quite stout; and this, with his decisive countenance and confident address, made him seem the compeer of men of forty. Among his associates were officers of the highest rank. He could adapt himself to all, — could talk with the politician on questions of history, with a general officer on military evolutions, or with a sporting man on the relative merits of horses, — and all respected his opinion.

The quiet life of this winter was a taste of the life Vincent would have chosen. He was a soldier from a sense of duty, not from mere love of the profession, although he undoubtedly had the same enjoyment in a reconnoissance or a battle that he had felt in earlier life on a deer-hunt. But it would have been sweeter to him to sit in the door of his home, surrounded by those most dear to him, and feeling himself trusted and honored by the citizens of his county and State, than to view from a general's head-quarters whole miles of tented fields, and be chief of all the thousands encamped before him. He was ambitious for distinction, and in any walk of life would have striven for the honors men pay to those who display great merit; but to him there were honors as real, if not as dazzling, to be gained in peace as in war. At the bar and in the Senate he would have sought his laurels.

An extract from one of Vincent's letters, written about this time, will be of interest. It shows his decided opinions, and reminds us of General Grant's instructions to General Sheridan in the latter's Valley campaign, far later in the war.

"We must fight them more vindictively, or we shall be foiled at every step. We must desolate the country as we pass through it, and not leave the trace of a doubtful friend or foe behind us; make them believe that we are in earnest, terribly in earnest; that to break this band in twain is monstrous and impossible; that the life of every man, yea, of every weak woman or helpless child in the entire South, is of no value whatever compared with the integrity of the Union."

For five or six weeks Vincent was president of a general court-martial, and later he was offered the position of Judge Advocate General of the Army of the Potomac. This he declined, partly because he did not consider the position equal to that of the command of a regiment, partly because he could not abandon his men, for whom he felt a fatherly in-

terest, coming as he did from the same neighborhood with them all, and believing himself to be responsible to their relatives for their welfare ; and above all, because he preferred to serve with troops. "I enlisted to fight," he laughingly said, when friends pointed out the advantages of the staff position.

In April, the troops broke camp for the Chancellorsville campaign. Vincent was in command of his regiment during the ten days, but was not actively engaged, losing in all but three or four men. After its defeat, the army returned to its old camp. The commander of the brigade was at this time mustered out of service, and the command fell to Vincent,— a change acceptable to officers and men. In another month the army commenced that long and weary march that was to end with the battle of Gettysburg.

On this march Vincent rendered signal service. By the 19th of June the Fifth Corps had reached Aldie. But little was known of the movements of the Rebels, and it was important to learn whether their main army was still behind the Blue Ridge. To ascertain this, General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry corps, was directed to engage their cavalry, known to be between Aldie and Ashby's Gap. This general requested that infantry might be sent to assist him, and General Meade, then commanding the Fifth Corps, gave him his First Division. The troop marched at three o'clock the morning of the 21st, reaching Middleburgh soon after daybreak. Two of the infantry brigades were left in this town, while the third, Vincent's, went on with Pleasanton.

The enemy was found a little way beyond the town, mostly dismounted and partially intrenched. An action immediately ensued. In it Vincent had an opportunity to display his generalship, since, after the first command, which was merely to attack and endeavor to turn the enemy's right, till the decisive moment of the battle, he was free to do what he thought best. That the decisive moment came so soon, was due to him. Half an hour after he was ordered to begin,

the enemy's right was running, and Vincent had captured one of six guns that were opposite to him.

This section of Virginia is remarkable for high stone walls, which divide the land into squares almost as regular as those of a chess-board ; and though the country is rather open, there are woods enough for the dark squares. The enemy made good use of these woods and walls, and so did Vincent. He had attacked in front with a crowded line of skirmishers, supported by two regiments, while to his own old regiment, the Eighty-third, he had assigned the part of knight in the game of chess. It had crept behind walls and crawled through woods till suddenly it appeared to the enemy in flank and rear, forcing them to retreat. The cavalry on the right were also successful, and a running fight was kept up for hours. The cavalry, of course, did most of the work in the exciting chase ; but half a dozen times, when the Rebels made a stand, the infantry came up in time to lend their aid in deciding a contest otherwise equal. The enemy was driven through Ashby's Gap. Vincent halted near Upperville, and the next day returned to the camp of the Fifth Corps.

He there received the thanks and commendations of General Meade ; and, what was more gratifying, knew that those who had fought under him felt that they had been superbly handled. The Blakely gun captured was a novelty, and attracted much attention.

From Aldie Vincent marched his brigade to the neighborhood of Gettysburg with the same promptness and in the same good order that ever characterized its movements. One incident, however, deserves mention. Crossing the Pennsylvania line, Vincent's excitement grew intense ; and riding up and down the column, he inspired the men with the same enthusiasm. Especially did he exhort the men of the Pennsylvania regiment to remember that they were to fight on their own soil.

The battle of Gettysburg commenced on the 1st of July,

about a third of our army attacking the enemy, who were in strong force some miles to the west of the town. We were beaten, and, being forced back through the village, occupied, late in the afternoon, a crest or ridge of hills, which was to be, during the next two days, the scene of the most terrific battle of the war. The enemy neglected to follow up their advantage; and when the hot July sun of the 2d arose, he looked down upon the backs of three additional columns of our troops, already arriving and deploying to take their part in holding the strong position that had been chosen for a defensive battle. Farther across a valley and beyond the town, he saw the faces of equal numbers of foemen hurrying forward and marshalling for attack. Two hundred thousand confident men were preparing for deadly conflict.

Vincent had marched twenty-five miles on the 1st, halting only at midnight to catch an hour's sleep in the street of a neighboring village. Daybreak found him deploying his brigade some two miles in rear of the crest which was to be the line of defence. Later in the morning the whole corps was massed on the left of the Baltimore Turnpike, a mile in rear of Cemetery Hill,—our most advanced position. An occasional picket shot could be heard, and now and then the report of cannon. Both sides were resting after the fatigues of the previous day. Gradually the artillery firing became more general. To a careless observer it would seem that the guns woke up and went to work like mortals, an industrious artilleryman beginning early, just as a thrifty shopkeeper takes down his shutters in advance of his less eager neighbors. Two or three hours later there was activity everywhere. By two o'clock the battle had begun. Towards the left there were volleys of musketry, and the quick and sharp *bang, bang, bang* of the light guns.

But those in reserve were troubling themselves very little about the front. Hundreds of little fires were blazing, at which men were boiling coffee and frying pork, while thou-

sands of soldiers were sleeping soundly. Vincent sat all the morning talking with groups of officers, who assembled, from time to time, under the tree before which was planted the flag that designated his head-quarters. There was the same attraction there that there had been in regularly organized camps,—the same kind and courteous greeting awaited officers as they approached,—the same enthusiasm and honest conviction of ultimate success reassured the confident and strengthened the wavering; and there was the same easy and careless conversation among the fearless and reckless. Vincent was the same everywhere. But he felt that the 2d of July was to be a great day, and, as he lay stretched out under the tree, he said it would bring him the commission of a brigadier-general.

Soon after three o'clock this quiet scene ends. Fifteen minutes later the temporary camp is deserted. The division is hurrying to the left almost on a run, to the support of General Sickles, who, with the Third Corps, is fighting desperately, far in advance of the crest designated as the line of defence. Two brigades were sent out by the right of Little Round Top, directly to the support of Sickles, while Vincent was sent with his brigade to grasp Little Round Top, and to hold the gorge between that hill and Big Round Top, it being feared that the enemy, turning Sickles's left, would pass through, and then sweep down in rear of our line along the crest. Vincent saw at a glance the fearful and responsible duty intrusted to him. His brigade must hold out to the last man; and he so made his dispositions that till the last man was gone the enemy could not sweep through.

Upon a bold spur which ran out to the front and left of the hill,—and which will hereafter be known as Vincent's Spur,—he posted two of his own regiments, and a third, which was for the time added to his command, his right connecting with a battery of artillery near the top of the hill. The wall of loose stones these men began hastily to

build still stands as evidence that the position was well chosen. The enemy must cross a wide valley full fifty feet below, and, excepting toward the right of the line, the ascent was fearfully steep. On the left of these troops thus posted, and deep down in the gap between the two Round Tops, there is a growth of heavy standing timber, open and full of the boulders that abound in that region. Vincent had not men enough to stretch across and occupy the side of the opposite hill. He therefore threw back a fourth regiment at nearly right angles to the other three, the fire of which would take the enemy in the flank, should they attempt to pass around him ; while the fifth regiment he placed in reserve, ready to charge down into the gorge should the enemy be struggling through the trees and boulders there, or to rush, should that part of the line which seemed the weakest be hard pressed.

While these troops are thus preparing, a fierce battle rages a quarter of a mile to the right and front. Two brigades of their own division and another division of the Fifth Corps are struggling to hold a little mound at the left of Sickles's advanced position. But the enemy have determined to throw their whole force upon the right of our army this day ; and just as Vincent's brigade is formed, troops hitherto unengaged sweep round the little mound, and now a whole division is crossing the valley in three columns of regiments, and directing its march upon Little Round Top.

As they come through the swampy hollow, the battery on the hill opens, but onward they come with a boldness scarcely surpassed in history, excepting by that displayed by these same Rebels in their attack the next day upon Cemetery Hill. They charge up the hill. Vincent has dismounted from his horse, and climbing a huge boulder he stands out alone ten feet above his men, where his eagle eye can watch the conduct of all and scan every movement of the enemy. In tones as loud and clear as ever uttered by

man he calls out not to yield an inch. But this is his last command. As the first line of the enemy reeled and staggered down the hill under the deliberate plunging fire they met, Vincent was mortally wounded. Standing upon his lofty pedestal, he had been a mark for Rebel riflemen, who, not engaged in the charge, could coolly fire far above the heads of their own men. By one of these sharpshooters he is supposed to have been shot.

Before following him in his pain and discomfiture, as he was borne from the field, it would be pleasant to tell the story of the brigade whose success that afternoon was so much owing to what he had done, — to tell how again and again the enemy attacked the right, and then the centre, and how at last, finding the extreme left, numbers of them passed round the spur, and then, by the flank, up the gap among the trees and boulders, and how then facing to the front they charged again; of the conflict there, ending by a counter charge of the regiment that had been placed in reserve, led by an officer equally distinguished as a soldier and as a professor of a New England University, — Colonel Chamberlain, of the Twentieth Maine. But this must be left to others.

Vincent was taken to a farm-house two miles to the rear. It was found that a ball had fractured his left thigh-bone and passed up into the intestines. He was soon told that he could not recover. His only wish then was to have life and strength long enough to reach his home, that he might die there. On the morning of the 3d he was visited by General Meade's chief of staff, who had been his early brigade commander and an intimate friend. The General brought authority to place an officer, men, and horses at the disposal of the wounded man, and also the information that notice of Vincent's appointment as Brigadier-General was hourly expected by telegraph.

The interview was a sad one. Vincent could scarcely hope for the eight days the surgeons promised; and as the

friend hung over the cot, they both felt that it was a couch of death. Vincent talked calmly of death, of his wife, his unborn child, his parents and brother and sister, of the war, and of his country. It was hard for him to die, to be cut off so early, just as he was winning honors that would give so much pleasure to others; it was hard to give up wife and kindred and friends; and it was terrible to linger there alone in that wretched hovel with no dear faces about him. And yet he said he feared not death for himself. He had long been a professed follower of Christ, and felt prepared for future life. But on account of others, death came most unwelcome. The lives of his wife and child had been at stake, as well as his own, in that hard-fought battle. After a short hour the staff officer bade him the last good by, taking kind and loving messages to those at home.

Vincent had still hope that his father and wife would reach him, and thus was saved from that living death that he otherwise would have suffered while consciousness remained. The appointment of Brigadier-General was sent to him the day after he received his wound; but the officer to whom it was directed having been also wounded, it did not reach him before death.

Every kindness was rendered the dying man by surgeon and officers, so far as was possible at such a time; but it must be remembered that there was still severer fighting on the 3d, and that by the evening of the 5th of July both armies were miles away from Gettysburg.

Before his own gallant regiment marched away, however, the men gathered in great numbers that they might obtain a last glimpse of their beloved leader. The clothes which, dyed in his blood, had been cut from his wounded form, were eagerly seized by these devoted men. They cut the cloth into little strips, each man taking a piece to be forever a memorial and a saddest relic of the great Rebellion.

On the 4th Vincent fell into a drowsy state, from which he awoke only at long intervals. While asleep his face

wore a troubled expression, as if he suffered, but when awake he uttered no complaint. Finally, on the 7th he breathed his last. The body was taken to Erie, and there buried with military honors.

A little girl was born to Vincent two months after his death. The child lingered a year, and then left her mother, to mingle her dust with that of the hero of Little Round Top.

1860.

EDWARD GARDNER ABBOTT.

Captain 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), May 24, 1861; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862.

EDWARD GARDNER ABBOTT, eldest son of Hon. Josiah Gardner and Caroline (Livermore) Abbott, was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, on the 29th of September, 1840, and was the eighth in descent from George Abbott, who, forced by religious scruples and the troubles of the times, emigrated from Yorkshire, England, in 1643, and settled in Andover, Massachusetts. Edward's mother was the daughter of Edmund St. Loe Livermore, Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. Judge Livermore was several times a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and was the son of Hon. Samuel Livermore, King's Attorney in New Hampshire before the Revolution, and afterwards first United States Senator from that State.

As a boy Edward was active, sprightly, and high-spirited, of quick intellect, full of playfulness and life, and early manifested a more than usual fondness for all muscular sports and exercises. "His activity," says one who knew him from infancy to manhood, "suggested the idea of perpetual motion, and was the occasion to him of frequent bruises and broken limbs." With this exuberant vivacity and this passion for muscular superiority, there was united a great love of reading, especially works of imaginative literature and biography, which was fostered and gratified by the large miscellaneous library of his father. Before he was ten years old he had read through all the novels of Sir Walter Scott, besides the standard juvenile romances.

He was fitted for college at the Lowell High School, and the principal, C. C. Chase, Esq., thus writes concerning him: —

“ He left his mark upon my mind. He was a boy of great independence of character, of generous and honorable impulses, and of a high and chivalrous sense of honor. He was naturally impulsive, and fonder of being a leader than of being led, yet he possessed so much native manliness and so nice a sense of what it is to be a true gentleman, that his name holds an enviable place upon the records of our school. He was a diligent as well as a very ambitious scholar. He entered Harvard College without condition in 1856.”

One of Abbott's schoolmates, J. Davis, Esq., writes : —

“ As a boy he was always gentlemanly, and I do not recollect a mean act ever attributed to him by his schoolmates. While fitting for college he was very ambitious to stand well in his class. . . . I remember an incident illustrating his fortitude under physical suffering. We had in our school-house yard a tree with a limb broken off near its body, on which we used to swing by the arms and take flying leaps. Abbott soon excelled in this. One day he unluckily fell and broke his arm. It seemed but a day or two before he was back again at school, looking a little pale and with his arm in a sling, yet cheerful as ever, and in a day or two more, with his arm still in the sling, he was back upon the old limb again, showing what could be done with one hand. The arm was afterwards fractured a second time, yet not in the same manner.”

Besides these two instances, he broke his arm again, making three fractures within the same six months. These childish mishaps developed a contempt for danger, and a personal courage which amounted almost to rashness. This was well illustrated by an incident which occurred just before he was fifteen years of age. His parents had gone to the sea-shore for a few days, leaving Edward, his sister, and one of his younger brothers in charge of the house. It being warm summer weather, Edward slept on a lounge in one of the upper rooms, and carried up with him every night in a small basket the silver-ware in daily use. This basket he placed on the floor by the side of the lounge. A burglar, aware probably of the absence of Edward's parents, entered the lower part of the house

through a window which he managed to raise. After ransacking various other rooms, he entered the one where Edward was sleeping, and took the basket of plate and also Edward's watch, which was suspended from a chair. With these he went into the lower part of the house again. In his movements the thief dislodged some small article from the place where it rested, and the slight noise caused by its falling upon the floor was sufficient to wake Edward. He immediately missed the basket of plate; and, getting up, proceeded, without putting on any clothing, down stairs, where he found the robber engaged, by the light of a small lamp, in examining the pockets of some clothes which he had brought together from various closets for this purpose. The burglar saw the boy at the same instant, and, seizing the basket of plate, jumped through the window, which he had left open to facilitate his escape. Without a moment's hesitation, Edward sprang after him, and seizing him before he had gone more than a few steps from the house, a fierce struggle ensued. The boy was unusually strong and active for his age, and unencumbered by clothing, and clung to the man with resolute determination, shouting all the while for help. The latter was more anxious to flee than to engage in a contest with the boy, and finally managed to break away from him and escape, but without taking with him any of his plunder, which in the struggle was scattered all over the lawn.

In college Abbott took a very active interest in boating, and in his Junior year became a member of the University crew. In this and the following year he rowed in seven different races, being victorious in all but one. The training to which the crew subjected themselves during both of these seasons was very severe. The abstinence from wine, spirits, tobacco, soda-water, tea, coffee, and almost from water itself, the Spartan diet, the return to childhood's bedtime, the long walks, the two-mile runs for "improvement of the wind," the daily pull of six miles on the Charles, under the

merciless criticism of the bow oar (Harvard racing crews carry no cockswain), are trials and tortures for the impatient spirits of youth from which most students shrink, especially in the midsummer of the Senior year, when the pleasures of Class Day and the festivities accompanying the close of the College course hold out such strong temptations for self-indulgence.

No one underwent this severe training with more cheerfulness or pursued it more rigidly than Abbott. There was no fear that he would surreptitiously indulge in anything forbidden by the rules regulating diet and regimen. The only thing to be apprehended in his case was that he would overdo and "train" too much. He never spared himself, but threw his whole soul into the work. His example did much to infuse the same spirit into the others, and contributed in no small degree to their victories. A majority of the University crew, in both these years, were subsequently in the Union army, and to Henry W. Camp and Edward Abbott, who occupied corresponding positions in the Yale and Harvard boats in the College Regatta in 1859, was reserved the glory of dying for their country.

Notwithstanding his devotion to boating and muscular exercise, Abbott was a diligent student and held a good rank as a scholar, standing one year in the first quarter of his Class. His early love of reading he still retained, and few had so good a knowledge of general literature. He was fond of argument and extremely tenacious of his opinions. In fact, one of the most striking traits of his character, and one concerning which it is almost impossible to speak too strongly, was the persistency with which he adhered to every opinion or undertaking which he had embraced or begun.

Immediately after graduation he began the study of law in the office of Samuel A. Brown, Esq. Some idea of the energy and ardor with which he entered on the new pursuit may be gathered from the following extract of a letter from Mr. Brown:—

“ Edward entered my office in Lowell as a student at law in the month of August, 1860. He was then about twenty years of age. I had known him from infancy, but had never seen enough of him to enable me to form a very decided opinion of his abilities. While he was in my office he devoted himself with the greatest industry to the task of mastering what he intended should be his future profession. He secluded himself very much from society, and applied himself to hard and laborious study. From my present recollection, he was in the office from ten to twelve hours a day on an average. He was determined to excel in his profession; and the assiduity with which he devoted himself to his books was sure evidence that he would have succeeded. No medium or average position at the bar would have satisfied him. He had fixed his eye on the topmost round in the ladder of professional eminence, and was determined to reach it. He was self-reliant, had industry, perseverance, energy, and patience. He knew no such word as *fail* in anything he undertook. His judgment was very mature for a youth of twenty years of age. His mind seemed to be peculiarly adapted to unravelling intricate questions of law, and applying principles to cases. I considered him a very good lawyer when he had been in my office six months.”

But from these quiet pursuits he was aroused by the call to arms. Even before graduation he had expressed to a classmate and intimate friend from Mississippi, who subsequently became a general in the Confederate service, his intention, in case hostilities should ever break out between North and South, to take part in the struggle. When, therefore, the Rebellion was formally begun, this resolve was put into immediate execution. He was not actuated in so doing by any distinctively antislavery feeling or sentiment. His father was a prominent member of that wing of the Democratic party which had supported Mr. Douglas for the Presidency in 1860; and Edward, though not old enough to vote, entertained the same political convictions, and had taken a warm interest in the Presidential campaign. Throwing aside, however, all partisan feeling, he applied himself with such energy to recruiting a company, that

before the end of April he had obtained the requisite number of men. This company, called, after his father, who contributed largely to its equipment, the Abbott Grays, was composed of excellent material. It is worth mentioning, that, at one of their preliminary meetings, a stranger came in slightly intoxicated, and began to be very noisy and create quite a disturbance. Abbott ordered him to be put out; but the man being of rough and powerful aspect, the others hung back and hesitated a little. Abbott immediately left the platform where he was presiding, came down to the offender, and summarily ejected him. The confidence of his men was gained at once. They saw that their leader would ask them to do nothing that he did not dare do himself.

This company was mustered into service for three years, and assigned to the Second Massachusetts Volunteers (Infantry). They went into camp at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, on May 11th, eight days after the President's first call for three years' volunteers. This company being the first to arrive, Captain Abbott took command of the camp. A brother officer writes, that "at that early day Abbott had his company completely in hand. He was accurate and precise in all his orders and in the details of his duties. His company then was clean, neat, orderly, and soldierly in appearance."

The next company that arrived, coming, perhaps, from too indulgent friends at home, were disposed to chafe at the rigorous camp restrictions which they found already established. The new-comers had also some disturbances among themselves, and the two matters combined caused much disorder and confusion on the first night. Most commanders, with no more experience than Abbott, would have temporized, separated the two companies for that night, and remedied the matter next day by orders. But Captain Abbott did not hesitate an instant. He strengthened his guard and gave still stricter orders to the sentinels. He put some of the more turbulent offenders un-

der arrest; and, not content with the representations of the captain of the company that the men had no small arms about them, caused a thorough inspection to be made, that he might satisfy himself that such was the case. The officer from whom the foregoing account was derived says, "This, my first and still lasting impression of him was, that he was a firm, unflinching, thorough, exact, and persistent man, without a particle of compromise in his nature, when he was satisfied that he was right."

Concerning the strictness of his discipline the same officer says:—

"He tolerated no departure, not even of a hair's breadth, from his exact and literal orders, on the part of those under him. He expected the same treatment from his superiors, and he always obeyed in that spirit. He was just as rigid to himself in all the duties he owed to his command, as he compelled his command to be in all their duties to him, and that was to the very extent of both spirit and letter. I can say with absolute certainty, that, during my constant connection with him for fifteen months, he never neglected one military duty or act that he owed to his company that was possible to be performed; and, on the other hand, I do not think that any member of his company ever neglected a military duty without being punished for it."

Abbott's commission as Captain was dated May 24, 1861; and he was one of the very first volunteer officers of that rank in the United States sworn into the national service for three years. Three of Abbott's classmates, R. G. Shaw, H. S. Russell, and C. R. Mudge, were lieutenants in this regiment, while it was in camp at Brook Farm, and four more were subsequently connected with it. Of the eight, one half were killed, or died from the immediate effect of wounds received in battle.

On July 12, 1861, the regiment joined the command of General Patterson at Martinsburg, but was soon after transferred to that of General Banks. In October, Captain Abbott was ordered home to obtain recruits. While here the

news from Virginia was such as to indicate an impending battle, in which it was probable that his regiment would be engaged. He was very much excited at the thought of being away at such a time. He chafed so much and his impatience became so strong, that his father, fearing that he would go back to the field without waiting for orders, and perhaps thereby involve himself in difficulty, went to Major-General Butler, who was at that time in Boston, and obtained from him a military order commanding Captain Abbott to return to the field. He went back taking with him forty recruits, and arrived in Washington just after the battle of Ball's Bluff, in which, however, his regiment was not engaged. The Twentieth, with which his brother Henry was connected, suffered severely in this engagement; and the following letter from Edward to his father, written in the most hurried manner and with great blots and splashes of ink, rendering it in places almost illegible, exhibits in a striking manner the warmth of his brotherly love and his intense eagerness for the battle.

“ WASHINGTON, October 24, 1861.

“ We arrived here last night, just twenty-four hours after leaving Boston. I hope to be able to get transportation by canal, so as to join my regiment to-morrow night. The men behaved excellently throughout the entire journey, and gave me but slight trouble. . . . I am fearfully worried about Henry and the Twentieth. The papers said to-night that the wounded would be brought in by the canal-boat, and for the last half-hour I have been riding in a hack vainly endeavoring to find whether they have come or not. All think that Colonel Lee has been taken prisoner, and not killed; and I think it is so. But I am so nervous! What if anything should have happened to Henry! The thought drives me almost crazy. He may be here in this city and I not looking after him. I could never forgive myself if he were. He ought not to have gone to the war. If he did go, he should have gone with me. What is the matter with me? I never felt so nervous before in my life. It is too bad for me to worry you about it, but then I can't

help it. If anything has happened, I promise you you shall hear of it before you get this letter ; but nothing can have happened, I believe. I never knew how much I loved Henry until to-night. Please don't show this letter to mamma and Carrie, because it will worry them too much. I ought not to write to you, but I can't help it. Give my love to mamma and Carrie and the rest, and tell them I was terribly out of sorts when I went away, because I was afraid our regiment had been fighting and I was not there. I ask them to excuse it."

Another letter of Abbott's to a friend, written May 8, 1862, exhibits also his intense longing for battle.

"O, we have hard luck! We shall never see a fight. But we have travelled miles upon miles, bivouacked, passed night after night sleepless, been cold, hungry, thirsty, and wet ; and yet we are condemned to ceaseless inactivity for the rest of the summer, and are never to meet the foe."

But the time was nearer at hand than the young soldier supposed. In General Banks's retreat from the Shenandoah Valley, May 24 and 25, 1862, the Second Regiment formed the rear-guard, and marched in good order sixty-two miles in thirty-two hours, skirmishing with the enemy a great deal of the time. Abbott was in command of the two rear companies, and took part in the various engagements of the two days. At nightfall of the first day the regiment, setting fire to the abandoned wagons, left Newtown, followed closely by the enemy's cavalry. Abbott's company had stopped to rest and had taken off their knapsacks, when, by the light of the burning wagons, the enemy's cavalry were descried at some distance charging down upon them, the clattering of the horses' hoofs upon the hard road making them seem much nearer than they really were. Abbott drew up his company in line by the side of the road down which the enemy were galloping, and made his men bring their pieces to the "aim." All, with the nervous excitement natural to troops for the first time in action, waited with intense eagerness for the subsequent command. But

Abbott, seeing that the enemy were not near enough yet, ordered his men to bring their pieces back to the "ready." Again they brought their pieces to the "aim," and again were ordered back to the "ready," and it was not until the third time, and when the enemy were directly opposite them, that the command to "fire" was given. By this time the coolness of the Captain had infused itself into the men, and so simultaneous was the discharge of their pieces that it seemed like a single report. It was effectual in checking the advance of the enemy; and though their officers could be heard endeavoring to urge on the men, they could not be brought to another attack. At Bartonsville, some miles beyond, they made another attack and were again repulsed by the companies of Captains Abbott, Cogswell, and Underwood. At Kernstown the same companies repulsed an attack by infantry. At Williamsport, where they arrived about nine, P. M., May 25th, Captain Abbott was put in command of five companies, to hold the Virginia bank until the wagons and all the *débris* of the army had been put across the river. Although they met no enemy here, the disposition of his command to hold his position and repel any attack that might be made was spoken of in terms of high praise by officers under and above him who never before or afterwards were brought in contact with him.

Concerning this retreat Colonel Cogswell, who was then a captain with Abbott, writes as follows: —

"Captain Abbott's company and my own were deployed as skirmishers, and moved back and through Newtown under some little fire of artillery and cavalry, which we had just there met. I remember perfectly how regularly and coolly Captain Abbott deployed his company, insisting even at that time upon the exact movements as prescribed by the tactics; and, though there was some considerable excitement, gave his orders and conducted the movements of his skirmish line in the exact phraseology and according to the exact directions of the book. . . . We reached Winchester about two, A. M. Captain Abbott's company was skir-

mishing in retreat; and during that whole night,—with the enemy pressing thicker and faster and closer upon him, having to retreat very slowly and stubbornly in order to gain time for the passage of troops and wagons (the wagon train was seven miles long),—and this, too, being his first engagement, an important trust being devolved upon him, and having been on the march since sunrise of the preceding day,—no one would have known, except by the shots and the unseasonable hours, but that Captain Abbott and his company were on drill.”

In the battle of Cedar Mountain (August 9, 1862), where Abbott fell, his company had been deployed to act as skirmishers to precede the regiment. The chaplain of the regiment said that he should never forget the firm voice of Abbott, as he said, “Fall in, men,” and the alacrity with which they responded. The company kept on before the regiment until they reached an opening by the side of an orchard, where General Gordon first made a stand and planted his artillery. They afterwards went forward across a valley and up a steep ascent into the woods adjoining the wheat-field where General Crawford’s brigade had been badly cut up. Abbott’s company, still acting as skirmishers, dashed through the woods, and were immediately engaged in a most animated and dangerous contest. The men would lie down and get behind the wheat-stacks and advance from time to time, firing as a good opportunity tempted them, or as their captain gave the command, but mostly in obedience to commands. Here it was that both captain and men showed to the best advantage. Abbott, though requiring his men to lie down after firing and after each advance, sought no shelter for himself, but was always on his feet, a conspicuous mark for the enemy’s fire. Now he ordered his men to rush forward with three cheers for the Second Regiment,—then to fire,—then to lie down; and thus he passed two thirds across the field. At last he ordered the company to fall back slowly and in order. This was done. While this was going on the regi-

ment had formed in the field at the edge of the woods, but remained there only a short time, again seeking the shelter of the woods. The Lowell company fell back to the regiment. The hardest fight seems to have been when the regiment reached the woods, and there it was that Abbott fell, shot directly through the neck. One of his company, a man named Page, seeing him fall, went to him and asked, "Captain, are you wounded?" Abbott, with difficulty, replied, "Yes." Page then inquired, "Can I do anything for you?" But Abbott was unable to reply, and in a few moments he was dead. Page said he could have lain down and died beside him.

At the time of graduation and when he entered the army, Abbott was a model of manly strength and beauty. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, lithe, erect, and straight. There was an elasticity and springiness in his gait, as he walked, that indicated a superabundance of physical energy. As he was not naturally broad-chested, but of rather a slender make, the great development of the muscles of his arm and chest resulting from his protracted training had not had the effect, as is sometimes the case, of giving an appearance of clumsiness to the upper part of his body. There was but little superfluous flesh about him, and he combined strength and activity in unusual proportion.

In his countenance there was a severe gravity, which gave him the appearance of being older than he really was. Though not in the least misanthropic, he seldom laughed or smiled. There was a certain dignity in his manner, which, while it inspired respect, forbade any undue familiarity, and his intimate friends were comparatively few. He had a high idea of the military virtue of subordination, and was always obedient and respectful to his superiors in command; but this deference was purely of a soldierly character. As a man, he felt himself the equal of any one.

He could not rest satisfied with anything done indifferently or even moderately well, but always aimed at per-

fection. For this he spared himself no labor or pains. It was incomprehensible to some how he could devote himself with such energy and become so completely absorbed in matters not of the highest importance. This intense, grave earnestness with which he threw his whole soul into every work that he undertook gained for him among some of his companions of the Harvard crew the *sobriquet* of "Crazy Abbott." But his madness was that which inspires heroic souls, and stimulates them to great actions.

He could do nothing by indirection, but proceeded to everything in the most direct and straightforward manner. He was born to command by sheer force of nature, and not by any arts of conciliation. He never sought popularity. On the contrary, he was of an ardent, impetuous nature, of strong likes and dislikes; but he abhorred deceit of every kind, and was somewhat fastidious in his tastes. Moreover, he was absorbed in his own pursuits, and self-relying to a remarkable degree.

In the last letter he ever wrote to his father, just a week before his death, he thus concludes: "I wish to tell you how deeply affected I feel by your kindness in this and all other matters; and I promise you that, with God's help, I will never do anything to cause you to be sorry for it or ashamed of me." These words indicate the thorough manliness of his nature and show his principle of action.

The testimony of Abbott's superior officers is full and explicit as to his excellent soldierly qualities. General Gordon, the first colonel of his regiment, says:—

"His military history was without a blemish, from his first manly interview with me in my office in Boston until I looked upon his dead body upon the fatal field of Cedar Mountain. Of the fourteen officers killed, wounded, and prisoners out of this single regiment in this action, none behaved with more conspicuous gallantry than Captain Abbott. . . . He died as a true soldier should, with his armor upon him. I saw him when he fell. I was proud that I

had done something to educate him to the profession he so much, so peculiarly adorned."

General Andrews, the successor of General Gordon in the command of the regiment, says that

"His voice in giving his commands to his men in the thickest of the fight was as cheerful and calm as if on parade. From the commencement of his connection with the regiment, he ever showed himself prompt, efficient, and remarkably faithful in the discharge of his duty. His company was distinguished for its neat, soldierly appearance, and was in every respect fully equal to any that I have seen in the volunteer service."

Colonel Russell, then a captain in the same regiment, says, "that in drill, discipline, neat and soldierly appearance, and in *esprit de corps*, Abbott's company was the best in the regiment." His men, too, in their turn, respected and were proud of him; and when they saw that the strictness of his discipline was not merely arbitrary, but aimed to make them a model company, and that he was rigidly conscientious towards them, — when they knew that his whole pay and more too was spent for their benefit, — and when they witnessed his coolness and bravery in action, — then respect and admiration ripened into a warmer feeling; and had he survived the battle of Cedar Mountain, there is nothing that they would not have suffered or dared for him.

For the profession of arms Abbott seemed peculiarly adapted; and had he escaped the bullets of the foe, would have achieved high military distinction. As one of his friends wrote of him, "He was a born commander, cool, intrepid, self-reliant, indomitable, and took to the leadership of affairs as naturally as an eagle takes to the air." He had a physical frame inured to hardship, with a courage equal to the leadership of a forlorn hope, a resolute will, and a tireless tenacity. Few have fallen in the war of greater promise. But his "leaf has perished in the green."

It was less than thirteen months from the time that the regiment left Brook Farm to his death. Excepting the skirmishes in Banks's retreat, the battle of Cedar Mountain was the second in which he was engaged; and at the time of his death he was not yet twenty-two.

“ He only lived but till he was a man ;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.”

Two days after the battle Abbott's body was recovered; and his face, even in death, wore a singularly placid expression. At the request of many citizens and friends in Lowell, his parents, who before the breaking out of the war had removed to Boston, waived their preference for Mount Auburn as the place of his interment, and it took place at Lowell. The same hand that sprinkled the waters of baptism upon his infant face committed his body to the earth. A monument, inscribed with his name and a brief record of his services, and bearing also the names of the soldiers of his company from Lowell who fell with him, marks his last resting-place. By his side lies the body of his brother Henry; schoolmates, classmates, fellow-martyrs, and loving brothers, — even in death they are not dissevered.

HENRY LIVERMORE ABBOTT.

Second Lieutenant 20th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July 10, 1861; First Lieutenant, November 8, 1861; Captain, August 29, 1862; Major, May 1, 1863; killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

HENRY LIVERMORE ABBOTT, Major of the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, fell, mortally wounded, while commanding his regiment, in the battle of the Wilderness, on Friday, May 6, 1864, at the age of twenty-two years.

He was the second son of Hon. Josiah G. and Caroline (Livermore) Abbott, and was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on the 21st of January, 1842. He entered Harvard College at an unusually early age, and graduated in the Class of 1860. While in college he gave a good deal of time to athletic sports, both in the open air and in the gymnasium, and to miscellaneous reading. His mind was already of an active, inquiring turn, and he gave occasional proofs of such acuteness of intellect, and of such capacity in argument, combined with modesty and firmness, as led his classmates to entertain high expectations of his future distinction. His cheerful, amiable, and genial disposition, and his frank and courteous manners, made him a very general favorite.

He began to study law as soon as he left college, and he was so occupied when the Rebellion broke out in the spring of 1861. He immediately joined the Fourth Battalion of Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, as a private, and served with it for one month at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. In July of the same year he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant upon the recommendation of Captain Bartlett, and attached to his company of the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. While the regiment was in camp at Readville, Massachusetts, his rapid

progress in learning his duties, and his extreme assiduity in performing them, attracted the favorable notice of his superior officers. It was observed particularly that he was patient and untiring in his efforts to teach his men the importance and dignity of the duties of sentinels. From the commencement to the close of his military career, his high estimate of this honorable function of the soldier was one of his distinguishing traits.

He went with his regiment to the field in September, 1861, and on the march and in camp did faithfully all that fell to him to do. He was present at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and bore himself manfully all through that trying day. He was one of the five officers who assisted Captain Bartlett, at the close of the engagement, in the difficult and dangerous exploit of causing a crazy boat to make sixteen trips by night across the Potomac, thereby saving eighty men from captivity. He remained with Captain Bartlett and Captain Tremlett on the Virginia shore while the men were crossing, and crossed with them in the last trip.

His regiment suffered heavily in officers as well as men in the affair of Ball's Bluff; and some officers, who ranked him, sent in their resignations at about the same time. It thus happened that the young Second Lieutenant came into command of his company before he had been many weeks in the field; and, by a singular chain of circumstances, he was never transferred from it, and continued to command it till he became Major of the regiment.

In camp at Poolesville, Maryland, where his regiment passed the winter of 1861-62, Lieutenant Abbott was distinguished for regularity and precision in the discharge of his duties, for attentive care of his men, and for promptness and accuracy in every matter of battalion drill. He had great fondness for the study of tactics, and natural aptness for it, and he rapidly attained an unusual mastery of the school of the battalion.

He was one of the very few officers of the Twentieth who

did not apply for leave to go home in the first winter of the war. He was with his regiment in the valley of the Shenandoah in March, 1862, and went with it to the Peninsula at the beginning of the following month. He bore his full share of the fatigues and exposures of the siege of Yorktown, and always had his company in the best condition, and held it ready for duty at the shortest notice. On one occasion, when his regiment was engaged in supporting an engineer reconnoissance before the enemy's "One Gun Battery," he displayed a gallantry and a control of his men which will long live in the memory of those who were looking on.

He was present with his regiment at the battle of West Point, where the command was not actively engaged. On the 31st of May, when the lamented Sedgwick met and crushed, with ten regiments of his division, the left of the enemy, as it swung round the beaten left wing of our army at Fair Oaks, Lieutenant Abbott commanded and fought his company with the brilliant bravery which was always afterwards his acknowledged characteristic. He shared with his men the fatigues and anxieties, the hard marching and hard fighting, of the seven days; and at Glendale, on the 30th of June, while cheering and directing his men with voice and gesture, in a peculiarly exposed and trying position, he was shot through the arm which held his outstretched sword. But his wound did not dispose him to leave the field. He continued to command his company till the end of that sharp action, and commanded it again the next day at Malvern Hill. When our weary army reached the James River, he went home by direction of the surgeons, but he came back to his post before his wound was fairly healed. His absence was felt by officers and men in a way which showed their deep sense of his worth. The march across the Peninsula was a peculiar episode of the war. It brought officers and men very closely together. Fatigue and anxiety pressed heavily upon both body and

mind, and the strain was such that those who bore it well, and as Lieutenant Abbott bore it, were recognized as of the truest temper.

A few days after his return he received the news of the death of his brother Edward, senior captain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, who was killed at the sanguinary and disastrous battle of Cedar Mountain on the 9th of August. The brothers had grown up together; they had gone to school together; and at college they had been classmates and room-mates. The difference in their ages was less than sixteen months. The tie that united them had been very close, and the survivor mourned bitterly for the gallant brother whom he had lost.

Lieutenant Abbott marched with the army from Harrison's Landing down the Peninsula to Yorktown and Newport News. At the latter place his brigade was embarked and carried to Alexandria. He was with it on the march towards Centreville and at the battle of Chantilly, and while it covered, last of all the infantry, the retreat of Pope.

In the Maryland campaign he was seized with typhoid fever, and obliged to quit the field for a while. He soon returned to his regiment, and was with it on the 11th of December, 1862, when it cleared the main street of Fredericksburg. The Twentieth was most conspicuous that day, as it was the only regiment engaged in the street fight. It crossed the river in boats, and formed under the bank of the farther shore. Then it advanced, in column by company, up the main street leading from the river. Abbott (then captain) led the column, with his company of sixty men divided into platoons. The fire of the unseen enemy was extremely hot, and the men fell fast. Captain Abbott displayed the noblest courage on this worst of days. He fought his company till night ended the carnage. He lost thirty-five of his sixty men in this affair, which lasted only two hours and a half. The strain was as hard as troops can have to bear, because they could not see their enemy,

and because the regiments ordered to support their advance, by moving up on the right and left, could not be made to go forward ; and the Twentieth advanced alone, and fell in heaps under a fire that came from every house, from garret to cellar, upon their front and both their flanks. The officer commanding the brigade, in his official report of this day, after stating that he ordered the Twentieth to clear the street at all hazards, used the following language : —

“ I cannot presume to express all that is due to officers and men of the Twentieth Regiment for the unflinching bravery and splendid discipline shown in the execution of this order. Platoon after platoon was swept away, but the head of the column did not falter. Ninety-seven officers and men were killed and wounded in the space of about fifty yards.”

In the great attack of December 13th the Twentieth had the extreme right of our line, and advanced on the enemy's works under an enfilading fire of artillery, till it approached the rifle-pits, when a withering fire of musketry was opened upon it. The conduct of the regiment in this exposed position was so admirable that it received strong commendation in the official report, — commendation the more noteworthy, as it contrasted their steadiness with the wavering and ultimate retreat of neighboring regiments, which were unable to bear the tremendous fire to which they were subjected. Captain Abbott, in this attack, was in command on the extreme right, and he and the regiment met with a heavy loss, for his valued lieutenant, Alley, was shot dead. Sixty men fell in this attack, making one hundred and fifty-seven of the three hundred and seven which the regiment numbered when it crossed the river.

When General Hooker commenced the movement which led to the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, General Sedgwick caused his command, the Sixth Corps, with the Second Division of the Second Corps, to cross below Fredericksburg. Thus the Twentieth, which belonged to the Sec-

ond Division, came once more under the orders of the gallant soldier who commanded that division all through the Peninsular campaign and at Antietam. Abbott was with his regiment in all the movements made by General Sedgwick, and marched with it through the streets of Fredericksburg, passing the graves of the many gallant soldiers of his company who fell there in the previous December. He saw the storming of Marye's Heights, and was with his regiment all the long 4th of May, when the brigade of which it formed part deployed as skirmishers, and, covering a front of nearly five miles, alone held the city of Fredericksburg, and held it till the following morning, when the troops recrossed the river.

In the forced marches which preceded the battle of Gettysburg, Abbott displayed the greatest efficiency in checking the evil of straggling. It was largely owing to his exertions that his regiment arrived on the field without the loss of a single man. In the bitter fighting which followed, he was of the faithful few who first checked and finally repulsed the fierce onslaught of Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps. The artillery of the enemy was massed in front of the Second Corps, and the concentrated fire of more than one hundred guns was poured upon it for two hours. Then came the majestic advance of their infantry. Regardless of the gaps made in their ranks by the fire of our artillery, they moved steadily forward. The fire of our infantry was reserved till the faces of the enemy could be distinctly seen. Then Lieutenant-Colonel Macy, commanding the Twentieth, opened a fire which was so rapid and well-directed that the enemy in front broke and scattered. They rallied to the right of the position of the Twentieth, and there the collected masses, looking like an acre of men, made a desperate rush, and effected a partial lodgement in the line. Then came the very tug of war. Troops from the right and left, the Twentieth among the latter, hurried to the spot, and formed a half-circle round the gap into

which the enemy was pushing. The colors of the Northern regiments and the battle-flags of the Southern troops waved thickly in this valley of death. Northern and Southern soldiers fought gallantly and fell thickly here, and the victory was with us. Few of the Southern troops who charged our lines got safely back. Of those who were not killed, the majority threw down their arms, hopeless of retreating safely under our fire.

In a letter written in the following September by Abbott to Captain Mason, one of the best officers of the Twentieth, who was disabled by a wound received in this engagement, the following passage occurs:—

“In the midst of the execution of the order to form line to the right, I looked round and saw several companies on the centre and left going to the rear. I immediately suspected the truth, that the order had been misunderstood to be one to go to the rear, with the object of forming a new line not outflanked by the Rebels, who had occasioned the first order by breaking in and putting to flight the gunners some few rods on our right. . . . I knew that one’s voice could not be heard, but that an example could be seen. So I immediately rushed at the head of my company to the critical spot, and got there just in time, for there was hardly a soul there, and several Rebels were already over the fence, and their masses were thick close behind it. Two thirds of my company were killed or wounded here. But reinforcements shortly arrived. Our regiment soon reformed line under Macy; but he was shot just as they marched, in perfect order, up to the critical spot. Their gallantry here is attested by the number killed,—one third as many as the wounded. Most of our dead were found at this spot close to the Rebel lines.”

The close of this action found Abbott in command of his regiment, with two officers only to assist him. Colonel Revere had received his death-wound the day before, Lieutenant-Colonel Macy had lost a hand; and of the ten officers and two hundred and eighteen men who went into action, but three officers and one hundred and sixteen men remained unhurt.

When the Army of the Potomac fell back to the neighborhood of Warrenton, in October, 1863, the Second Corps formed the rear-guard, and did much marching and some fighting. Abbott (then major) was at that time in command of the Twentieth. As the Second Division, to which the Twentieth had been attached from the beginning of its history, approached Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, the enemy, in line of battle, were seen sweeping down upon the flank of the marching column. They were advancing in three lines, as at Gettysburg, and extremely near, and the movement was so sudden and unexpected, that the position was critical in the extreme. But the troops preserved their presence of mind, and promptly threw themselves behind the railroad embankment, parallel to which they had been marching. The advance of the enemy was magnificent, but their repulse was terrible. Major Abbott waited till they were within a few paces, and then delivered a fire that crushed the line in his front. The regiments on his right and left were equally successful. The enemy, who belonged to the corps of A. P. Hill, fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground, and our men, following them up, seized five guns and brought them off. Two of them, the first that were taken, were secured by a company of Abbott's command.

Abbott was present with his regiment at Mine Run, at the close of November in the same year. His regiment, deployed as skirmishers, and covering the front of the whole division, there drove in the enemy's line of skirmishers so rapidly that they did not stop to reload after their first fire. The following morning his regiment took its place in the great storming column. The work before them was known to be awful. For eight hours they bore the terrible suspense of expectation, to the suffering of which every soldier knows that actual battle brings unspeakable relief,—and then learned that the attempt would not be made.

At the battle of the Wilderness, on the 6th of May, 1864, his regiment was taken into action by its colonel. The division was sent forward at about seven, A. M., to support General Birney, who was then pressed hard by Longstreet. Major Abbott was second in command, and rode on the flank of his battalion with a cheerful look. It was remarked of him at the moment, that he rode into the fight with a smile on his face. The battle raged very fiercely, and the dense trees turned white as the streams of bullets stripped them of their bark. Colonel Macy fell, and was carried to the rear. The command devolved upon Major Abbott, who was still unhurt. An advance was ordered, and he was gallantly leading on his faithful veterans, when a bullet struck him down, and he also was borne to the rear, mortally wounded. He survived for a few hours. His devotion to his men was shown in his last suffering moments, by a direction that all the money he left should be used for the relief of widows and orphans of soldiers of his regiment.

It is shown by this brief record that Major Abbott had been present at almost every one of the considerable battles of the Army of the Potomac. Clasps and medals cover the breasts of many European soldiers who have never approached the merit of his services. Many European generals die in bed, at a good old age, who have never had more than a fraction of his experience of marching and fighting. The worth of military service is to be estimated, not by rank or length of years, but by the extent and variety of dangers bravely faced, and the amount of good done. Judged by this standard, Major Abbott deserves a very high place among the heroes of the war. At an age when most men are completing their education, or serving their apprenticeship to their future calling, this young veteran was wisely forming and bravely leading soldiers. That his rank was no higher when he fell was owing only to his youth, and to his humble grade on enter-

ing the service; but it is safe to say, that more than half our generals could have been better spared by our country and our army than this remarkable officer. He had been in so many bloody battles, and so often stood unharmed, hour after hour, in the midst of his brave men as they fell in heaps, that it seemed as if there were really ground for hoping that he was reserved to render his country the same rare services on a large scale that he had long been rendering on a comparatively small one.

His company was always the pride of the regiment. Composed of brave and intelligent men, mostly natives of Nantucket and Cape Cod, commanded at first by the brilliant soldier whom our people now admire as Brevet Major-General Bartlett, with Brevet Major-General Macy and Major Abbott as his lieutenants, it constantly bore the highest reputation, and rendered the most gallant and efficient service. It gave to the regiment from its ranks the lamented Alley and four excellent officers besides. The soldiers were worthy of their officers, and the officers were worthy of their men.

Major Abbott was long in command of his regiment, at different times; and the high tone which he inculcated, the discipline he maintained, and the instruction he imparted, combined, with its gallantry in action, of which he offered so bright an example, to give it the name of having no superior in the Army of the Potomac. His merit was appreciated wherever he was known, and his reputation was spreading in the army. He was recognized throughout his corps as a model commander; and that corps was the sturdy Second, which was reported long after his death to be the only corps in the army which never had lost a gun or a color. General Sedgwick, who knew him well, declared with emphasis that he was "a wonderfully good soldier"; and his division commander, General Gibbon, pronounced his military services and ability to be of the highest order, and declared that in him he had lost the best regimental

officer in his division. The knowledge of his extraordinary merit had even reached General Meade, under whose immediate command he had never served ; and when he heard of Abbott's death, he turned to General Grant, and spoke of the departed in strong terms of praise and regret. His corps commander, General Hancock, in a letter written nearly ten months after his death, used the following language : —

“He was perhaps more widely known in the army than any officer of equal rank, and was an officer of great promise. . . . His reputation was built upon a solid foundation, and the closest scrutiny could not diminish it. . . . Had Major Abbott lived, . . . and continued in the profession of arms, he would have been one of our most distinguished commanders.”

From the beginning of the war to his death, Major Abbott was a diligent student of his profession. His mind was well adapted for grasping and for retaining its principles and its details. He made himself thoroughly familiar with the school of the soldier, of the company, and of the battalion, and with the army regulations and the articles of war. He informed himself, by methodical reading, of the military systems of other nations, and was constantly adding to his knowledge of the great campaigns of history, especially of those of Napoleon. He took especial delight in tactics. He loved to think about movements, and to talk about them, and found great pleasure in discussing difficult questions, and in seeking to discover the simplest and most rapid methods of putting troops into every position which the chances of war might make desirable. He saw troops more clearly with his mind's eye than most men with the eye of the flesh, and he manœuvred them rapidly and accurately in fancy. His perfect familiarity with all such matters gave him a singular command of his men. It was his habit to form his line in places where there seemed hardly more than room for the men to stand, and then to drill them in battalion movements, with such inge-

nuity and precision and nice calculation of distance, that men collected from all the neighboring camps to look on and wonder. He would also sometimes draw up his battalion as a brigade, and drill it skilfully in evolutions of the line. He devised some very rapid and beautiful movements, executed by breaking ranks and re-forming on the colors. He taught his men to perform these movements so perfectly, that at a review of the Second Corps, in April, 1864, in presence of General Hancock, General Meade, and General Grant, he won great applause by causing his regiment to break from the line, change front in any direction at a run, and to form square from line at a run, and commence firing from every front as fast as each man took his place. These movements were not mere embroideries, — pleasing at parade, useless under fire. Besides the general advantage of teaching officers and men to be rapid, ready, and precise in every movement, they had the particular and practical advantage of being serviceable in action. Probably none but a steady and highly-disciplined regiment could be trusted with the execution of such movements under fire; but in the surging, swaying battle of the Wilderness, where flanks were constantly exposed and turned, the Twentieth repeatedly changed front by breaking ranks and re-forming at a run on the colors. They thus had the triple advantage of rapidity, and of exposing to the enemy no company flank, and no rear of a marching company.

Major Abbott was the strictest of disciplinarians. His care of his men, his regularity in the discharge of his duty, and his justice, were so well understood that he seldom had occasion to be severe; but his men knew perfectly well that he never hesitated to be severe if the occasion called for it. He compelled his men to exercise the most scrupulous cleanliness, not only in their arms, equipments, and uniforms, but in their persons. He was careful of their health in every way. He never grew careless about routine matters, as so many able officers do. He was al-

ways prompt at his roll-calls, regular and thorough in his inspections. The rifles of his men were kept in a condition that would appear incredible in description. His early regard to the performance of the duties of sentinels never left him. In his last camp, near Brandy Station, when the third year of the war was nearing its end, he was as attentive to this matter as if his men had everything to learn. It was his daily habit closely to supervise the inspection of his camp guard, and to catechize the whole guard in their duties before they marched on.

His strict discipline, his perfect familiarity with his duties, and his conspicuous gallantry, made his men respect and prize him. His readiness to share all their privations and exposures and fatigues, his watchful care over them, his gentleness and cheeriness as he moved among them when off duty, his sympathetic letters to the families of those who suffered, filled them with the truest and best affection that soldiers can feel for their officers. He never gave his men any unnecessary work, never *worried* them in any way. He was never nervous, never gloomy, and never permitted any gloomy talk within his hearing. His men "thought everything of him," and well they might. The hardships of a soldier's life are almost immeasurably lightened to those who serve under such an officer. An army officered by such men would be irresistible. What bound can we set to our regret and mourning for such a man?

Major Abbott's character was one of singular maturity and completeness. He was as free from petty vices as he was conspicuous for capacity and fearlessness. The forced inaction and monotony of winter quarters or hot summer camps never tempted him to dissipation in any form. He did everything in his power to put a stop to profanity and card-playing among his men. He set the example of every virtue he strove to inculcate. It is hardly necessary to add, that those guilty of drunkenness always felt the weight of his heaviest displeasure, for, next to cowardice, nothing is so

destructive to the soldier as drunkenness. He won the love of his brother officers as completely as he did the devotion of his men. Their affection and their admiration went hand in hand. He was always helpful, always ready to relieve any comrade of whatever work might press too heavily upon him. The effervescence of youth had quite departed from him, and left in its place the clear spirit of a generous, mature, and vigorous manhood.

He had far more *esprit du corps* than was usual in our army. He was perfectly devoted to his regiment always; and to his company, while he was a company officer. He declined promotion at first, rather than be transferred from his company, and he never left it till he rose to the rank of a field-officer. No temptation could induce him to leave his regiment to perform the easier and safer and more agreeable duties of the staff. It was wonderful to see the effects of his influence in giving high tone to the men who rose from the ranks to be officers. His example was copied, his instructions were heeded, and a band of gallant, true, accomplished officers was formed around him, to take the places of the many who had gone beyond the shining river, and to sustain and extend the reputation of his steady regiment.

In the correspondence that he has left, —

“Those fallen leaves that keep their green,
The noble letters of the dead,” —

may be found constant proofs of the remarkable qualities of his mind and heart. His letters are wonderful productions for so young a man; for besides showing the warmth of his attachments, the freshness of his sympathies, the clearness of his views, the strength of his convictions, and all the manliness and modesty of the man, they show his pride in his regiment and his sensitiveness to its honor, the extent of his knowledge of military principles and military history, the vigor of his thought, the extent to which his mind was occupied with the consideration of the largest military problems, and the great advances he had found

time to make while becoming a consummate master of tactics, into the wider domain of strategy.

Such, and more and better than he has been described, was the young veteran, whose last day on earth began with furious battle, of which he, the survivor of so many battles, was not to see the end. His body was sent to Massachusetts and buried in the cemetery of his native city, beside the remains of his brother Edward. On the lid of his coffin were engraved the words, *Sans peur et sans reproche*.

Two years have passed since the fearless, blameless young soldier fought his last fight. The cruel war is over; Peace sits once more under her olive; and the time has come when, in the fields of Virginia,

“ Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila . . .
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.”

The drum no longer beats the roll-calls of the Twentieth; the smoke of battle no longer envelops its brave officers and sergeants and privates; its colors, torn and stained, are safely fixed in the rotunda of the State Capitol. The memory of the horrors of the war is passing from our minds and hearts, but it is not so with the memory of those whom we learned in those dark days to prize the highest. There are many hearts which will not cease to cherish the memory of Henry Abbott so long as memory holds her seat. Those who knew him knew that his growth in the last four years of his life was almost beyond belief. His career, short as it was, was long enough to prove that his early death deprived his country of one of its most faithful and most precious champions, his State of one of its most worthy sons, his companions in arms of an associate beyond praise. No name holds such a place as his in the hearts of the surviving officers and soldiers of his regiment. And so long as the American people shall rejoice in the blessings which the war was waged to secure, so long will their best gratitude be due to those who were so faithful and efficient in their service as he.

NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL BARSTOW.

Second Lieutenant 24th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 2, 1861; First Lieutenant, December 28, 1862; died at Newbern, N. C., May 22, 1864.

NATHANIEL SALTONSTALL BARSTOW, son of Gideon and Nancy (Forrester) Barstow, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 28th of July, 1839. He was the youngest of a large family, which remained in Salem but a few years after his birth, and then went to Detroit, Michigan, where they remained several years. The family returned at length to Massachusetts, and resided for some time at Dedham, where he attended the school of Mr. C. J. Capen. He was a bright, sensitive boy, easily ruled through his reason and affections. He was quick at his books, and fond of reading, especially of poetry and ballads. His memory was ready and retentive, and the cultivation it received in childhood made it quite remarkable in after years. He was fitted for college, together with his friend Caspar Crowninshield, by the Rev. Mr. Tenney, at Northfield, and entered in July, 1856. He remained at the University until January 19th, 1858, when he took up his connections and received an honorable discharge. He soon after studied some months at Stockbridge, with the Rev. Mr. S. P. Parker, with some intention of rejoining the University, which purpose he never carried out. At college he took no high standing, but imbibed a taste for historical, philosophical, and even theological reading which was somewhat remarkable for a youth of his years. He had some fondness for the classics, but little for mathematics and the more precise studies. He also excelled in physical exercises, and was a good boxer, rower, and walker. In 1860 he entered the law office of Charles F. Blake, Esq., in the city of Boston. His mind was logical and well fitted

for the study of the law; and this quality, united to his great power of memory, rendered this pursuit easy and agreeable to him, and gave earnest of future success at the bar. He was thus occupied when the war broke out, — not twenty-two years of age, in many ways young even for those years, but full of promise for the future.

Barstow's temperament was not easily fired by the promptings of ambition or the dreams of military glory. He coolly reasoned to himself with that clear logical habit of mind which had always marked him, — a boy in so many other respects, — that it was a part of his duty as a citizen of the Republic to defend those principles which were now assailed. "I go," he said to his mother, "of my own free will, not because I am ashamed to stay at home, but others have gone to defend my rights, and I think I ought to go." His sole military education had been a month's garrison duty at Fort Independence that spring, in the Fourth Battalion of Massachusetts Infantry, commanded by Major Thomas G. Stevenson, who afterwards was Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and fell a Brigadier-General in the battle of the Wilderness.

Serving with Barstow at the fort were many of those who were afterwards among the bravest and brightest soldiers whom their State or their College produced. Among them were some of his most intimate friends and classmates, — names whose fuller history in this volume forbids more than a mention in this place. There were his classmates Henry Abbott, Charles Mudge, Henry Russell, and Caspar Crowninshield, his dear friend Tom Robeson, Wendell Holmes, and a host of others. Living together in this little fort, hearing the daily beat of drums and rattle of arms within, and the rumors of war from without, each one's thought found a quick response in some other breast. Many, eagerly grasping at the first opportunity for duty, came up to town, while the battalion was still at the fort, and joined the Second Massachusetts. Among them Bar-

stow would fain have been. He would gladly have followed his friends Mudge and Robeson. He even obtained the promise of a commission, and came to Boston for the purpose of joining them, but found on arriving that his mother, through the absence of his brothers Simon and George, who had already joined the army, would be left entirely by herself. It was a sad disappointment to him to surrender his commission ; but he saw his duty clearly, and beheld with regret the Second pass on its way in the path of duty and honor which he so fervently yearned to tread with them.

A summer passed, and at its close his old commander and friend Colonel Stevenson began to raise the Twenty-fourth Regiment. Affairs at home were changed, and Barstow was one of the first applicants for a commission, and was (September 2, 1861) appointed Second Lieutenant in Company C, then commanded by his friend Captain Robert H. Stevenson, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. During the recruiting season Lieutenant Barstow was chiefly in the western portion of the State, where he had lived and studied, and whence he brought many good men into the ranks of the regiment. After his company was filled, it was sent with three others to Fort Warren to guard prisoners of war. There it remained until the early days of December, when, with the rest of the regiment, it took the field, and was encamped at Annapolis with the other regiments of what was afterwards known as the "Burnside Expedition."

While the Twenty-fourth was at Annapolis, Barstow's old friend Lieutenant Tom Robeson of the Second Massachusetts, then an officer of the Signal Corps, was sent thither for the purpose of instructing certain officers of the Burnside expedition in the duties of that corps. Two officers were required of the Twenty-fourth. A quick wit, a retentive memory, and a ready command of language were requisite. All these Lieutenant Barstow possessed in an eminent de-

gree. There was something fascinating, too, in the new system of communicating by the waving of colored flags, imparted only under solemn oath of secrecy. There were the best and swiftest horses supplied by the government to carry the messages of the generals; the two orderlies, with their bundles of flags and posts and field-glasses; and, above all, there was the companionship of his friend Robeson. Lieutenant Barstow at once obtained the detail. Singularly well fitted for his new position, he at once mastered all the minutiae of the secret art, and sailed in the early winter in a little schooner called the Colonel Patterly, with some dozen companions,—the entire corps of signal officers of the expedition,—their destination hidden in a sealed packet which their skipper was forbidden to break until he should be many leagues from shore.

It is needless to narrate the storms, the gales, and the miseries of the expedition off those perilous and shifting sands of Hatteras in the depth of winter. When the majority of those tempest-tossed vessels, which the providence of God, and not the design of man, preserved from utter destruction, had at length assembled within the narrow sand-spit,—and men, recovering from the apprehension of their own danger, began to question as to the fate of their comrades,—the little coasting schooner containing that half-score of signal officers was nowhere to be seen. Great anxiety was felt for them, but it was not until a week had passed that the little craft at length cast anchor among her consorts. She had been driven out to sea by the violence of the wind, and had just beat back. The storm had not, however, chilled the spirits of her inmates, and it seemed as if they had come, not from the bleak ocean, but from some pleasant garden, to cheer their disheartened friends among the sands. Barstow's spirits were always buoyant, and he related the perils of the passage with as much gusto as though he were describing a yachting voyage. Though the mast might go by the board at any min-

ute, he had still an eye for the ludicrous, and a cheeriness which nothing could discourage.

He was at once transferred to the flag-ship of Commodore Goldsborough, commanding the naval forces in the Sounds, to afford the means of communication between the land and naval forces, — a distinction which shows how fully he had mastered his difficult art. Let him now speak for himself.

“ OFF ROANOKE ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA, February 9.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER, — My last letter left me on board the schooner Colonel Patterly, having just arrived in Hatteras Inlet. From thence I was transferred on board Commodore Goldsborough's flag-ship, to act as signal officer on his staff. I cannot describe to you the change from the dirty quarters and short rations of the schooner to the elegant cabin and table of the Commodore. Our mess consists of the flag-officer, Captain Case, and three naval officers. The day after we came on board, the expedition sailed: the weather was fine, and the fleet, as it steamed up the Sound, presented a grand sight. Towards night we anchored within ten or fifteen miles of Roanoke Island, waiting for morning, to commence the fight. Captain Case ordered Tom Robeson, who is also on the Commodore's staff, to be ready to go on board the gunboat Southfield at daybreak. I went to bed, and about twelve o'clock the flag-officer's servant awakened me to go on deck and signal to General Burnside. Early in the morning we got up, and went on board the Southfield. The day proved stormy, and we were unable to engage the enemy; but the next day proving fine, we stood in, the Southfield leading the way. At half past ten the action commenced, the force of the enemy consisting of eight steam gunboats, supported by two forts and a battery. At first I felt as though my last hour had come, for I was stationed on the roof of the pilot-house. Every minute I expected to be hit; but in quarter of an hour it all passed off, and I paid no more attention to the shell. All day the firing continued, the transports remaining in the rear. At five o'clock the flag-officer signalled to Burnside to land, we covering the landing; and before dark most of the troops were ashore. The Commodore then ordered the fleet to close with the batteries. Then the firing was tremendous; the shell were rained into the fort,

but the men stood to their guns like heroes. Then it was I had the luckiest escape of the day. Several times the shell came very near us. I was standing on the pilot-house, when a round shot from the fort struck at my feet within six inches of me. An old man-of-war's-man fell with a splinter in his head; and he remarked, as he put his hand up to his temple, that it was a 'Damn good shot, sir.' It now being night, we drew off, and I assure you we felt quite gloomy; we had silenced none of their batteries, and all our gunboats had been hit, some of them disabled, and many lives had been lost. We had indeed landed the army without losing a single man; but we knew that on the next day a battle on shore would have to be fought for the possession of the island. Early in the morning we stood in and engaged the strongest battery; but we drew off soon, for fear of hitting our own men. As we lay at anchor, we heard the roll of musketry and report of field-pieces. But towards night we saw the United States flag run up on their batteries. Then the blue-jackets gave three cheers, and the Commodore ordered an extra allowance of grog all round. In the evening we learned that Burnside was completely successful, having captured two thousand prisoners and fourteen cannon."

Lieutenant Barstow was also engaged in the brilliant affair of destroying the enemy's fleet by Captain Rowan. Of this he says:—

"We had the other day a short but desperate affair at Elizabeth City; the fighting was mainly hand to hand, and little quarter was given or asked. One boat-load of Southern sailors was pulling towards the shore, when one of our gunboats exploded a nine-inch shrapnel amongst them, and only one man escaped out of the twenty or thirty in the boat.

". . . It is pleasant to hear the Captain talk about his home and his children, and how glad he shall be to see them when the war is over, and what a pride he takes in them all. The old sailors say it is worth five dollars to hear the Captain's voice in a fight. To show how considerate he is during the battle: I was standing near him, and a shell came whistling over our heads. I nodded, but the Captain did n't budge an inch. Seeing that I felt rather ashamed, he turned to me and said, 'No man can help dodging; I dodge my-

self? I watched him through the action, and he was the only man that did not dodge."

From Roanoke Island General Burnside and the fleet turned to Newbern, which was captured after a brisk engagement. Lieutenant Barstow was during this action with Captain Rowan, who had succeeded Commodore Goldsborough in command of the Sound Squadron.

He continued in his duties as signal officer for about a year, serving in all the active operations of the army in North Carolina with energy and bravery. Upon the Goldsborough expedition he served as signal officer upon the staff of his friend General Stevenson. During this time the exposure to the damps, chills, and heats of the insidious marshes of North Carolina was by degrees undermining a naturally strong constitution. He often had attacks of fever, and could no longer take the vigorous exercise of which, especially in the saddle, he was very fond. When duty called he was careless, or rather utterly neglectful, of his own health. The seeds of the disease which finally overcame him were taking root. In the spring of 1863 a small redoubt on the side of the Neuse, opposite Newbern, garrisoned by some hundred men, was attacked by an overwhelming force of the Rebels, who poured upon it a whirlwind of grape and canister, literally tearing to shreds the canvas of the tents and riddling the barracks. Lieutenant Barstow was then signal officer of this outpost; and while all others were crouching behind the works, shielding themselves from the force of the tempest, it was his duty to signal by his flags to the main forces on the other side of the river. The coolness and bravery with which he performed this difficult undertaking won him great praise.

With the exception of two or three short visits at home, he continued in and near Newbern until that fatal disease, which had already taken strong hold on his constitution, finally overcame him. As the duties of a signal officer were now more severe than he was able to perform, he resigned

that position, and was appointed Assistant Commissary of Musters. At about the same time he was commissioned First Lieutenant. Higher rank he might have attained by returning to his regiment; but he felt himself better suited for staff duty, and preferred serving where he could be of most use, even at a sacrifice of rank. At one time he was detailed at Little Washington, first as Judge-Advocate, afterwards as Assistant Engineer. "I am at present," he writes, May 15, 1863, "putting up two earthworks, one to mount a hundred-pounder Parrott and three long thirty-twos, and the other a *tête-de-pont* on the redan principle. It makes one brush up the mathematics." He became attached to North Carolina, and, although offered positions at other places, continued at Newbern, fated soon to become a city of the dead under the terrible scourge of the yellow fever. Although this disease was not recognized at the time of his death, his weakened constitution rendered him an easy prey before the plague had approached any other. He was ill for about ten days, and died on the 22d of May, 1864. His disease was then thought jaundice; "complicated," wrote his friend Colonel Thomas J. C. Amory (so soon to follow him in death), "with typhoid fever." He breathed his last, not on the battle-field nor from the scathe of shell or bullet, but through the hostile malaria of that unwonted climate, more deadly to him than any lead or steel. It is not difficult to imagine that, with his almost romantic attachment to the heroes of the past, and his love of the ballads of old times, full of deeds of bravery and deaths of knights on the battle-plain, he might well have desired that another kind of death might have been his. Yet, however this may be, his friends will remember that his life was as much a sacrifice, his death as noble and as honorable, as that of those who fell when the artillery was roaring and the bullets singing their requiem.

In Lieutenant Barstow's character was to be found an agreeable and rather peculiar intermixture of the boy and

the man. In many things his mind exhibited great maturity, while in others it had all the characteristics of early youth. He was especially fond of historical and philosophical reading. His knowledge of history, particularly of English history, was extensive and accurate. His powers of reasoning were excellent. His memory was extraordinary; he was not only able to repeat long ballads, of which he was very fond, but could even recite pages of prose which he had not seen for years. Macaulay was his favorite author; and it was his delight to deliver from memory his long and finished periods, with an emphasis which no one who has heard him can forget. His comrades of the mess-room will long remember how he enlivened the dulness of many a winter evening by reciting Thackeray's "Ballad of the Drum," or some stirring lay of Aytoun. Napoleon was his favorite hero. When a boy of ten, he would carry about a life of the Emperor under his arm, and read and reread it, and refuse to part from it. Among the volumes of a deserted library at Newbern he came upon Napier's "Peninsular War," and he was wont to descant to his friends on the strategy of the campaigns in Spain and the greatness of the hero of Austerlitz. He was a delightful companion. Many a time it has been the fortune of the present writer to sit with him long into the small hours of the morning, listening to his pleasant and genial voice. Yet of worldly affairs he was singularly ignorant. He had little experience of men. He was without ambition almost to a fault. About making or keeping money he had very little idea. He spent readily what he had, and waited impatiently for the next pay-day or the next remittance from home.

His friend and kinsman Governor Andrew writes of him:—

"I used to be struck with the cheer, the friendship, the fresh and lively feeling with which on his visits home he talked of the army, of his life in the service, of his favorite friends, of his own regiment, and of its rival the Tenth Connecticut, of his commander, his du-

ties, and his pursuits. He was very communicative, always gave us, when he called, many personal anecdotes amusing and jocose, but never ill-natured or critical. Being attached to the Signal Corps, very soon after his regiment marched, in which there was little chance for promotion, he thereby lost the chances of his own regiment, according to the rule always observed among Massachusetts Volunteers. He was one of quite a number of men from Massachusetts whose very fitness, by education and ability, to do staff duty, and work requiring a certain superiority of general training and a certain quickness and expertness of mind, hand, and eye, and a certain faculty of independent work, stood in the way of their lineal advance. . . . In a certain sense he was younger than his years, as it seemed to me, when compared with many of his companions. And he showed that feature in ways which made him attractive and interesting. I thought he had qualities which, as he matured in age, would have developed in him more of a man than would be found in many others who developed decidedly earlier in some of the ways of the world. I always found him quick to perceive, ready to observe and to comprehend, exhibiting a bright, reliable, and active intelligence. He was one of the boys who went out in the Massachusetts service whom I really loved."

His young, open, and generous nature won him the love; not merely of the Governor of Massachusetts, and his fellow-officers, but of many others less known and honored. The writer has seen the tears running down the cheek of an old negro-woman, with whom he sometimes lodged in Newbern, as she told of him and his ways. He had scarcely entered on the path of life; but those steps which he had trodden showed him full of generous promise, when he was cut off by a cruel disease in a dangerous and inhospitable land.

THOMAS BAYLEY FOX.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 14, 1862; First Lieutenant, November 1, 1862; Captain, June 6, 1863; died at Dorchester, Mass., July 25, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 3.

THOMAS BAYLEY FOX, JR., fourth and youngest son of Thomas Bayley and Feroline Walley (Pierce) Fox, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 1, 1839. He was a healthful, bright, happy child; affectionate, thoroughly good-tempered, requiring only the mildest government, fond of play, and equally fond of books. The peculiar activity and bent of his mind were shown in an artless inquisitiveness about subjects not apt to attract the attention of a sportive lad, an amusing fondness for argument, and a fanciful ingenuity in the contrivance of amusements for himself and his companions. He would say, in the most decided tone, that "he meant, when he grew up, to go to college, study law, and plead the cause of freedom." From this almost instinctive choice of a profession, made when he was hardly beyond infancy, he never for a moment swerved. It shaped his whole intellectual career, and colored all his tastes and pursuits. The unfolding of his mental and moral character was a natural and harmonious growth. He received most of his elementary instruction in two of the excellent public schools of Dorchester, to which town his father removed in 1845. The following familiar letter from the then principal of the High School, Mr. William J. Rolfe, correctly describes Thomas's diligent and promising boyhood, while it has a further interest as indicating how he and others were unconsciously fitting themselves for a future then undreamed of.

"Tom was, on the whole, the most remarkable boy in that very remarkable group of boys who formed the first class in the

Dorchester High School. He was not the quickest scholar of the group. He had to work as hard as the average of boys to get his lessons. He was good in both the classics and the mathematics, but showed no marked aptitude for either. But as a writer and a speaker he soon gave indications of extraordinary promise. Many of his school compositions were admirable, both in plan and execution. They were singularly free from the usual extravagances and affectations of the school-boy's first attempts at writing. . . . He expressed his best thoughts, and expressed them in the best words; and a fine instinct taught him that the simplest words were the best. . . .

“He was a born orator. In all my experience as a teacher, I have never known his equal as a speaker. He declaimed with the same simplicity and earnestness with which he wrote. All his conduct and demeanor at school was equally natural, unassuming, and unpretentious, yet marked by a manly earnestness and dignity beyond his years. He was beloved and respected by all, teachers as well as scholars. He was as pure in heart, as frank, and truthful, and artless, as a child; yet as brave, as chivalrous, as heroic in spirit, as when he fought at Antietam.

“Tom and ‘Henry W.,’ as we used to call him, Adjutant Henry Ware Hall, Fifty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, [whose memoir will be found in this volume,] and ‘Charlie Humphreys’ (Chaplain C. A. Humphreys, Second Massachusetts Cavalry), were three out of seven boys who, in June, 1853, formed a school debating-society, which was kept up with remarkable spirit and ability for three years, or more than one hundred meetings. Here these boys were unconsciously preparing themselves for the parts they were to play in the drama of life and of history, ten years later. The first debate in the society was on the question, ‘Is it our duty to obey the Fugitive Slave Law?’ These three boys took an active part in the discussion, after which the question was decided in the negative by a very strong vote. A few months after this we find them debating the question, ‘Whether slavery or intemperance is the greater curse to this country?’ Tom leads the affirmative, and the merits of both the argument and the question are decided by vote to be on that side. Later, we have the trial of H. W. Hall, an alleged fugitive from South Carolina, before the United States Commissioner (me), and Tom is counsel for the defendant, who had been duly

blackened for the part he was to play. The Commissioner decided that there was not sufficient evidence to justify the giving up of the negro to the claimant. Had he decided otherwise, there would have been a rescue. Again, the society becomes a State Senate, and here, too, with Hoosac Tunnel, the Liquor Law, and the like, is again the Fugitive Slave Law. Soon we find this is the question for debate, 'Is a man justified in obeying a law of his country which he believes to be morally wrong?' And 'T. B. Fox, Jr. and H. W. Hall' are the regular disputants on the negative. All the leading political questions of the day were discussed in this little lyceum. . . . The majority of the members had a decided taste and no small talent for theatricals; but from first to last, debating and oratory were the main work of the society."

The lyceum, referred to in the above letter, led to the formation of the "Pickwick Club," an association of Dorchester young men for mutual improvement. Of this society Thomas was an interested and active member. One of the best of his juvenile performances was an oration on "The Youth of Great Men," delivered at the request of his associates, July 4, 1857. The maturity of his thoughts, the chaste beauty of his diction, and his sincere eloquence impressed all who listened to him on that occasion. The tone and spirit of this fraternal Club, including, as it did, a majority not yet of age, may be inferred from these facts in its history. Thirteen of the twenty-seven active members, and nine of the twenty-two honorary members, joined the Union army. Four of the former and three of the latter died of wounds or sickness. Among those who became soldiers were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains, three adjutants, and one chaplain. Two of these, as already intimated, have their names inscribed, with prefixed stars, on Harvard's roll of honor.

In 1856 Thomas entered college, one of four graduates of the Dorchester High School who passed the examination unconditionally, and took foremost places in their Class. Of this happy portion of his life, his most intimate daily

associate from childhood and nearly to the hour of his death (Rev. C. A. Humphreys) writes thus:—

“ You have asked me to give some account of Tom’s college life. How can I compress four years into as many pages, especially four such years, so full of experience and growth? Our preparation for college was more broad than thorough; so in the first year we had no stock to fall back on, except a good will to work. Tom took a good stand in the first year, but in the second he was sixth in rank; and in the third, he was second in his Class, and obtained a scholarship. He was very faithful in his studies, trusting less to memory than to a clear insight into principles. In deportment he was perfect, gaining the respect of all his instructors. He was very fond of literary societies, and was a leader in all of those with which he was connected. He was especially fond of speaking in debate, and was a very formidable opponent in an argument. This was only the unfolding of a desire and purpose entertained for years to devote himself to the study and practice of the law. He was a natural orator, and spoke with elegance, calmness, and deep impressiveness. His elocution was rich, full, and clear, and brought him one of the Boylston prizes. His pieces for declamation were generally chosen from the great parliamentary and forensic speakers, Burke and Webster being his favorites. In his oratory he prevailed as much by his face and figure as by his voice and gesture. He had a bright, flashing eye, and a commanding presence, a form full of dignity, and a face full of truth. He was chosen Class Orator, and embodied in a production of great simplicity and earnestness the best feelings and hopes of the Class. What shall I say more, except that among his classmates he was universally loved and respected?

“ It seems to me that this simple statement better befits Tom’s character than the loftiest eulogy. You will please accept it from his college chum.”

These concise but suggestive sentences leave hardly a word more to be said of four years full of enjoyment and marked progress. The allusion to the slight stress Thomas laid on any success he had already gained, points to a trait in his character which relieved it of all boastfulness, ego-

tism, and self-conceit. He did not believe in genius and natural abilities as substitutes for persevering diligence. A few sentences in his Class Oration expressed the decision of his clear good sense and described his own deliberately chosen methods and purposes: —

“Some years,” he said, “must elapse before the best of us can make any perceptible advance in our new life. We shall be strongly tempted to rush rashly forward into notice. The hardest lesson men have to learn is to sacrifice a present to a future good; but if any one has reason to reserve his powers, it is a scholar. He knows that every great work is matured in silence, and long seclusion must ripen the mind which brings it forth. When we are laying the foundations of professional success, how can we hope to reach its height if we allow our attention to be called away and become absorbed in other objects, if we are enticed by public applause to seek it too soon, or if we waste our energies by turning them to many directions before we have ever concentrated them in one? As many fail from premature efforts as from the lack of any effort at all.”

Notwithstanding his fondness for literature, there was nothing about him of the ascetic or the recluse. He was quite an enthusiast in his love of manly sports, vindicating some of the roughest of them as a salutary discipline for the body. He welcomed the establishment of the Gymnasium, and took a leading part in word and practice in the formation of the public sentiment of a Class which left the nurture of Alma Mater as remarkable for its muscle as for any of its other qualities. His own physical system was trained by exercise to toughness and strength; and, without losing anything of the dignity and grace of his carriage, he added great firmness and power of endurance to a fine but somewhat sensitive constitution.

Immediately on graduating he began the study of his chosen profession. He spent a few months in the offices of ex-Governor Andrew and A. G. Browne, Esq., and then entered the Law School in Cambridge. It was said of him

by one of the professors of that School, "He will make just as good a lawyer as he chooses to be." The truth of that remark was indorsed by every one who noted his determination to win eminence at the bar. As two of his brothers entered the army soon after the commencement of hostilities, Thomas was led by his strong preference for the pursuits of civil life and the wishes of his kindred to resist, as long as he conscientiously could, the patriotic impulse to follow them into the field. The critical condition of the national cause in the summer of 1862 convinced him that it was his duty to abandon, for a time at least, and perhaps forever, his long-cherished hopes and plans, and give himself to his country, where the services of her loyal young men were then most needed. As soon as his resolution was known to his classmates and friends in the Second Massachusetts Infantry, to which one of his brothers already belonged, they sought, with success, to obtain him for a comrade. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, August 14, 1862, and joined the regiment soon after the battle of Cedar Mountain. Just before leaving home he made a few unstudied remarks at a "recruiting meeting" in Dorchester. One of his sentences is worthy of repetition, as indicating his own feelings and motives. Saying that the hour for mere enthusiasm had passed, and that the hour for obedience to principle and for action had come, he closed his modest little speech with these words: "Hereafter, if our lives are spared, should our children's children ask what we did for our country in this its great crisis, a blush such as never should be seen on an old man's face would come upon our faces if we were obliged to answer, — Nothing."

His military career lasted only eleven months, but it was crowded with dangers and hardships. At the outset his whole strength was taxed in the march, full of privation, when Banks's division was cut off from the main army. His endurance while marching, entirely on foot and without the

partial relief from riding which others were obliged occasionally to seek, during those terrible weeks, was a proof of his physical vigor, until then undiminished. His first battle was that of Antietam. After that conflict the Second Massachusetts was encamped on Maryland Heights. Here, having had no chance to become gradually acclimated, he was attacked with a slow malarious fever. This sickness took him from active duty for a few weeks, most of which he spent as a convalescent at Frederick. He returned to his post in season for the ensuing campaign, and fought in the battles of Chancellorsville, Beverly Ford, and Gettysburg. Rising in rank by regular promotion to fill vacancies, he was commissioned First Lieutenant, November 1, 1862, and Captain, June 6, 1863.

Colonel R. G. Shaw expressed to the Governor of Massachusetts a desire to have Captain Fox for the Major of the Fifty-fourth (colored) Regiment. But this fact was not known until the classmates and friends had both fallen. Had they lived, and had the promotion been offered to Captain Fox, his belief in the policy of emancipation and in the capacity of the negro as a soldier would probably have induced him to accept it, notwithstanding his strong attachment to the Second Massachusetts.

In his letters he made but few references to his own feelings, none whatever to his conduct in times of peril, and declined to dwell upon the horrors of war. He left, as had always been his wont, his actions to speak for him; and it was from others, not from himself, that those who were most interested in his well-being and his well-doing, learned of unswerving fidelity. His scholarly tastes were never weakened, and it may be almost said that his scholarly pursuits were never intermitted. He asked to have sent him, whenever opportunity offered, standard books, arguments on the grave questions of the day, and works on government. His Horace and his Shakespeare were always a part of his accoutrements. Whatever anticipations he may have had,

should his life be spared, bore reference to his chosen profession ; but they never made him impatient or discontented, or caused him to shrink from the obligations of the present. It was his way to give himself wholly to the special work on hand. Writing on the eve of an expected movement, and referring to a wish he had entertained for a leave of absence, he said, "I have little hope or desire to get home now."

His ability, coolness, and determination as a soldier were shown in the closing scenes of his service in the field. On the afternoon of July 2, 1863, the division to which his regiment belonged was moved from the right to reinforce the left of the line. In the evening the command was ordered back again, and the regiment set out for the intrenchments it had before occupied. Before reaching them, the scouts in advance reported them as held by the Rebels. The regiment was manœuvred with great skill and promptness by its young commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Mudge, so as to be prepared for an attack, and a company was sent out to reconnoitre. It returned without bringing sufficiently satisfactory information. The night was dark, the situation critical, and it was absolutely necessary to discover the exact position and force of the foe. In this exigency, Captain Fox was directed to push forward his company, and at all hazards to find and ascertain the numbers of the enemy. Deploying his men, he advanced rapidly and silently until he met and captured some of the hostile skirmishers, and carried his company nearly up to the opposing line of battle. This demonstration drew a heavy fire, under which, the object of the reconnoissance having been accomplished, he fell back. The regiment at once threw up new defences, facing the works it had previously built, and waited for the day. Early the next morning the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-seventh Indiana were ordered to advance across the open meadow, and take the position now held by the enemy on the other side. It seemed certain destruc-

tion, but the order was instantly obeyed. The attack was at first successful; but the heavy fire of the outnumbering foe, intrenched behind breastworks, trees, and rocks, compelled the two regiments to fall back to save themselves from annihilation. How near the Second came to this fate is seen in the fact that, in a distance of about four hundred yards, and in about twenty minutes, out of two hundred and ninety-four men and twenty-two officers, it lost one hundred and thirty-four killed and wounded.

Captain Fox was near the centre of the meadow, endeavoring to rally his men, when he was hit in the left ankle. The wound was serious, but was not thought to be fatal. In a few days he was able to reach home, weak and weary, but so cheerful and uncomplaining that his appearance at first disarmed all anxiety as to his recovery. A sad change took place; the hurt was found to be more severe than was at first supposed; the previous strain upon the nervous system had been too great; fever, accompanied by delirium, supervened, and the fine constitution which he carried into the war, worn and shattered by the labors and exposures of one short year, refused to rally from the deep prostration. At four o'clock in the afternoon of July 25th he died, unconsciously and without a struggle, of sheer exhaustion. And yet *he* is not dead; for how fittingly may the true words spoken at the burial of his body be repeated here:—

“The life that was still is, but broader, purer, nobler. Let us not weep for our own loss. He has only exchanged this transient life in mortal flesh for an eternal life in immortal memories and undying affections. His shrine is now in our own hearts. His fitting monument is his remembered life. Let us not weep for him. He fought for his country; who could leave a brighter record? He died for his country; who could wish a better epitaph?”

HENRY WARE HALL.

First Lieutenant 51st Illinois Vols. (Infantry), December 24, 1861 ; Adjutant, September 30, 1862 ; killed at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864.

HENRY WARE HALL, son of Nathaniel and Sarah Elizabeth (Coffin) Hall, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, March 21, 1839. His childhood was rich in promise. Uncommonly attractive in person, he had a correspondent charm of bearing and disposition. He won all hearts by his gentle and confiding ways. Nor were these characteristics less prominent as he grew in years. The moral lineaments of the child were clearly traceable in the youth, in a natural and healthy unfolding ; and a growing manliness of thought and character was combined with a retained childlikeness of temper and disposition. As a single illustration of this, it may be related that, his father being from home, during his boyhood, for a continuous space of eighteen months, and his mother left with himself and three younger children, so far from taking advantage of this larger liberty, he voluntarily abridged his pastimes that he might take his father's place in such cares and labors as he was competent to share ; making himself, with no persuasives save those of his own heart, the most devoted of sons. "I can see him," says a visitor at his home during that period, "as, each noon, he came whistling from school, his books strapped together and slung over his shoulder, — in a few minutes to be out again, at work on the grounds, whistling still, a living picture of simple, healthy, hearty happiness," — a happiness drawn from deeper fountains than he knew.

He obtained his preliminary education at the public schools of his native town ; showing more and more clearly the possession of superior mental faculties. What he was

in this respect, his teacher, the principal of the High School at that time, thus testifies : —

“ He was the brightest and quickest of his class. He learned readily and rapidly, and retained what he learned better than most who acquire so easily. His recitations in Latin were the best I ever heard ; and in all his recitations he had an easy, confident way, which I recall very vividly.”

From the journal of a school debating-club of which he was a member, it appears that the favorite themes for debate had relation to great national issues, upon which he and the rest would so soon be called to stake their lives ; while it also appears that his name was invariably recorded as taking the side of universal freedom and abstract right. Not that this shows in him any truer regard for these than they had, who, for ends of debate, took the opposite side, some of whom nobly proved, in the final event, how dear to them was the cause of freedom and of right. “ But,” says his teacher, who was president of the club, “ Hall, I well remember, always, in the debates, took the side of his convictions. He chose to do so, and we allowed him ; though, it being an exercise for intellectual training mainly, sides were taken irrespective of convictions.”

He entered Harvard College in 1856, with an unconditioned acceptance, and took early and easily a highly respectable rank among his classmates, — a rank which, it is due to truth to say, he failed to keep permanently, through a temporary dominance of indifferent and careless ways, causing thereby the only disappointment he had ever brought upon a single heart that knew him. At the close of his Sophomore year it was thought best by his father, — a judgment which he himself cordially approved, — to transfer his academic relations to Antioch College in Ohio. Offering himself, with no loss of time, for admission to the Junior Class of that institution, he was readily accepted ; and there, emerging from the shadow, in a noble reasser-

tion of his better self, he honorably completed the collegiate course, graduating with distinction, and enjoying in eminent measure the good-will and affection of fellow-students and officers. A professor in the institution at that time writes: "He always interested me. He impressed me from the first as one having a prodigious amount of latent manhood and strength and worth."

The ensuing fall and winter were spent at home, in an uncertainty as to the calling he should adopt. There was no such decided bent of taste or conscious aptitude as to make the choice an easy one. He leaned at first to a business calling; partly in distrust of his abilities for any good success in a professional career, and yet more, as was undesignedly indicated rather than expressed, that he might more surely thus become a pillar of pecuniary dependence to those who, he foresaw, might have need of such aid. Meanwhile he made the best possible use of this intermediate season, by a diligent application to such general studies as would be available for any calling. He determined at length upon the law; a decision entirely his own, and yet coincident with that of those who knew him best; his mind, as all saw, being eminently judicial in its cast and tone, — clear, broad, discriminating, just, — while the accompanying moral qualities were of a high order. In the same exercise of independent judgment which determined him in the choice of a profession, he made choice of the West as the sphere for its exercise; influenced in part by the impressions he had gained at Antioch College in intercourse with some of its representative minds, and especially by the hope of finding there a certain largeness and liberality of thought and action. And so, with a single letter of introduction, stating simply his name and connections, — the writer knew no more, — to a lawyer in Chicago, Illinois, he left home, March, 1861. Obtaining at once a position as student with the gentleman to whom he bore his letter, he gave himself without reserve to the work before

him. "I have kept in the office all summer," he writes, "a thing the like of which I have never had to do before, my summers hitherto having been largely spent in recreation. But I don't know that this has been less pleasant for it, though one gets a little tired sometimes, this hot weather, and longs for sea-shore or country." He did not add, — what was true, — that almost the only recreation he allowed himself, through those heated months, was in the drill-room. For a call was sounding, at which, as he felt, all personal considerations and plans and prospects were to be subordinated and set at naught. His letters best tell his state of mind at this time. He writes to his father, August, 1861: —

"For some time I have been debating whether it was not my duty to offer my humble services in aid of a most righteous cause, which calls most imperatively, as it seems to me, on every man who has not others dependent on him, to fight in its defence. Illinois is greatly in need of troops. Recruiting goes on slowly. I feel that the call which the Governor made last week was to me, and have made up my mind, subject always to anything at home which shall seem to forbid, to join the army. I should have gone long ago, but I felt it as much a duty to go in the best manner as to go at all. So I have waited, and very impatiently sometimes, till at last I think I can go, and in a way to give you as little solicitude as may be. I go probably the last of this week to Camp Butler, near Springfield, with three others, all of whom I know very well, and who, I am sure, are all you could wish, and we shall constitute a fellowship of mutual aid and care."

To another relative he writes, a few weeks later: —

"I suppose you have heard already that I have made up my mind to go to the war. It was no immature decision; but from the first I have been thinking strongly of it, having belonged to a Home Guard ever since the war began. I feel that I am doing the right thing in this, and since I have heard from home I have felt so all the more. . . . When I signed my name to the muster-roll, I

had a feeling that at last I had been able to do one thing which was of service to some one else than myself."

An intimate associate, at this time, in Chicago, writes his recollections of him thus: —

"He had that peculiarly quiet and unassuming manner which is impressive by its very retirement. Yet his high sense of honor, his thorough scholarship, and an inexhaustible supply of genial humor made him a most welcome guest in our circle. It was in those days, after the election of President Lincoln, when all men were taking sides on great vital issues; and in the frequent discussions among us, his mature judgment and irresistible wit often came in, with unanswerable power, in behalf of universal freedom. . . . On the first alarm of war he entered, as a private, a company organized in Chicago; and there, giving all his leisure to military tactics and drill, he acquired the information and skill by which he afterwards made his company one of the best that ever came from a Western prairie."

In November, 1861, he himself writes: —

"I never thought of going otherwise than as a private, until the position was offered me without my seeking it. Now I hope to secure it; but if not, I shall fall back into the ranks, somewhat disappointed certainly, but ready to work and fight with just as true and firm a zeal as if I wore a sword and shoulder-straps. . . . It has been hard work, this recruiting, though full of useful experiences. I don't think I ever passed two more unpleasant months; caused by hopes and fears about the regiment, and by having my motives suspected. But I'm glad I've been through it, distasteful as it is. It has strengthened my conviction in the ultimate best success of truth and honor, and made me more independent and self-reliant, I hope and believe."

He left Chicago, February, 1862, proceeding with his regiment to Cairo, where it was assigned to the army of General Pope, then moving against New Madrid. The regiment saw its first field service before that place. Writing thence, on the eve of an expected battle, he says: —

“I am perfectly well, and all ready for anything that may turn up. That the issue of the battle here must be a bloody one, and fatal to many, we all know. Who will be taken and who left, none can tell. I shall try to do my duty, and leave the rest in the hands of God.”

Later, he says : —

“I should write more than I do about the politics of the war, so to speak, if mind and time were not so occupied by other things. Father may be sure that I sympathize with all he says and feels. I’m fighting for the preservation of the Union, but I want to feel that I am fighting for the cause of freedom too, as opposed to slavery ; and I think the cause of Union and freedom has come to be one.”

Passing down the Mississippi to Island No. 10, and returning to participate in the advance on Corinth, his regiment was afterwards stationed at Decatur, Alabama, as an outpost of Rosecrans’s army. In the fall of 1862 he received the commission of Captain, which he declined in order to accept the adjutancy of the regiment, which had also been tendered him. From Decatur the regiment passed to Nashville, engaging, in the division under Sheridan, in the battle of Stone River, the advance to Chattanooga, and the battle of Chickamauga.

“On the field of Stone River,” writes a fellow-officer there present, “when a part of the command was exposed to a deadly rain of bullets while not actively engaged themselves, some one called out to take shelter behind a building near by. Hall instantly checked the impulse to do so, by crying out, ‘Never ! don’t have it said we got behind a barn.’”

In the battle of Chickamauga he was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He wrote, a day or two afterwards, while within the enemy’s lines : —

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — The fortunes of war have mixed me a new cup. I’m wounded and a prisoner. I supposed I must lose a leg, but the surgeon says he shall try to save it. . . .

Give my love to all, and don't be down-hearted about me, for, believe me, there 's no reason for it."

The following is the testimony of Surgeon Magee, of the Fifty-first Illinois, who was taken prisoner with him :—

"On the 19th of September, after the regiment had participated in a gallant charge, driving back the Rebel lines, the third man brought before me was Adjutant Hall, with a severe gun-shot wound through the knee. After a consultation on his case, the conclusion was that amputation was the only safe practice to adopt, and I at once notified him to that effect. He pleasantly replied, 'I would like very well to keep my leg, but I suppose I can do duty in the Invalid Corps without it.' The next morning he was placed on the table for the operation ; but after a more thorough examination, I decided to make an effort to save the limb. . . . Our supply of rations was only sufficient to last to the fourth day after our capture, when we had to resort to the use of boiled wheat, stored in the building we occupied ; and this was the only thing between us and starvation for the succeeding time. I can see now the Adjutant eating his boiled wheat from a tin cup, with an iron spoon, interlarding the exercise with pertinent remarks, which would set the whole ward of wounded men in an uproar of laughter. During his imprisonment, though in almost hourly intercourse with him, I never heard from him a desponding word. He always expressed his firm conviction in the final success of our arms and the ultimate triumph of the cause of freedom. He seemed to have at that time but one source of trouble, and that was the thought of the anxiety his parents would suffer on his account."

On receiving telegraphic intelligence of his state, his father went to him at Chattanooga ; finding him, bravely happy, in his hospital quarters, and cheering all around him by the sunshine of his presence. As soon as sufficiently restored, he left for home ; the journey, in its earlier stages a peculiarly trying one, applying new tests to his manhood, and bringing it into clearer relief. He remained at home five or six weeks, in the quiet enjoyment of its affectionate intercourse, impressing all who saw him by the

manly grace and modest dignity of his bearing. The teacher of his youth, before referred to, who chanced to meet him at this time in Boston, writes : —

“ I could hardly realize at first that the noble and beautiful (no other word will do) man before me was the slender boy I had known at school. I do not know how to express the deep and singular impression his face made upon me ; an expression pure and almost saintly was blended with that of the true knight and heroic soldier.”

He left home while yet lame, declining the offer of an extended furlough, and reported at the Paroled Camp at St. Louis. Waiting there, in patriotic impatience, he was at length exchanged, and hastened, with overflowing gladness, to rejoin his regiment, then advancing in the campaign through Georgia under Sherman. About a month afterwards, on the 27th of June, at Kenesaw Mountain, he was ordered to lead his regiment, at the head of an assaulting column, against the enemy's works ; and while in front of his men, with waving sword, cheering them on, he fell by the showering bullets of the intrenched sharpshooters. The body, recovered under flag of truce the next day, was found within a few feet of the Rebel works, pierced by eleven balls. It was taken within the Union lines and buried there. Colonel Bradlee, of the Fifty-first, but on that occasion commanding the brigade, after relating, in a letter to his father, the circumstances of his death, says : —

“ His loss comes nearer to me and pains me more than any that has ever fallen on us. He was in many respects the foremost man among us, and in capacity and cultivation had few equals. He was a natural leader, and his courage was equal to any man's ; and these qualities made him especially valuable as an officer and companion.”

In a letter to his Lieutenant-Colonel, then absent from injuries, Colonel Bradlee writes : —

“ No death among us has touched me like Hall's. He was the

most gallant man I ever saw, and a splendid fellow in all respects. His conduct in this affair came as fully to the heroic as anything I can imagine. The Rebel officers whom we met under a flag of truce to recover our dead said, 'He was a very gallant fellow.' They had noticed him before he fell, and promised to get his sword and return it to me, as a mark of respect for his bravery."

The following testimony comes from the most intimate of his associates in arms:—

"During the three years and more of our intimacy, associated with him as I was in recruiting expeditions, in camp, in the march, on the field, I never knew him, however great the provocation, use a profane or passionate or hasty word towards a soldier, while at the same time he stood high as a disciplinarian. Though fresh from the retirement of the student, and accustomed to the refinements of social life, he at once, by his noble sincerity and disinterested honesty, won the admiration and respect and love of those unpolished but brave men from the Western farms, who fought with him at New Madrid, Farmington, and Stone River, and wept at his supposed loss at Chickamauga. A rough, swearing teamster of his regiment, in telling one of his capture and probable death, said, with tears, 'I would n't have cared much if it had been any other man.' His good nature and original humor made his society universally desirable; and many a wet bivouac, dreary tent, and ill-supplied table were made endurable by the sunshine of his disposition. He flinched from no duty, no hardship, no responsibility, no danger. From the time he entered the service till his death, he was never off duty a day, excepting when compelled by a severe wound at Chickamauga. While a line officer, in all the long, weary marches, he was never known to ride; sharing, by choice, the fatigues and exposures of the men, and with the endurance of an old campaigner. . . . He spoke of the chances of death with feeling, but with no superstitious forebodings. He had frequently said to me, that should he be killed in battle, he would rather be buried on the field, than that his body should be taken home for burial; and it is as he preferred. He sleeps where he fell."

He sleeps where he fell. The hands of living comrades prepared for him a soldier's grave, and laid him there, as

they found him,—save the ring from his finger and the lock of hair, for a mother's keeping. There, in far-off Georgia, among the mountain solitudes, broken now but by the voices of nature, which echoed the uproar of that deadly strife, away from the scenes of his childhood, away from the graves of his kindred, watched over but by the eye of Him who has received his martyr spirit to spheres of nobler endeavor,—there he sleeps.

CHARLES JAMES MILLS.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 14, 1862; First Lieutenant, August 17, 1862; First Lieutenant 56th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 22, 1863; Captain, July 7, 1864; Captain and A. A. G. (U. S. Vols.), July 25, 1864; Brevet Major, January, 1865; killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., March 31, 1865.

CHARLES JAMES MILLS was born in Boston on the 8th of January, 1841; being the son of Charles H. Mills, a Boston merchant, and of Anna Cabot Lowell, daughter of Edmund Dwight, of Boston.

During boyhood he was never long separated from his parents, and after thorough preparation at the schools of Mr. T. G. Bradford and Mr. E. S. Dixwell, he entered Harvard in July, 1856. During the College course he joined heartily in the sports common among students, and was nowise behindhand in study. A part at Commencement, on graduating, gratified his parents' wishes and his own ambition. When the Class of 1860 departed from Harvard's halls to make good the boast of its song,

"Side by side we've sought for honors,
Sought the front in every fray,"

no more honest, earnest, warm heart entered upon the world than that of Charlie Mills. Younger than the average of graduates, he had not yet made choice of a profession. For mental training and useful occupation he entered the Scientific School, and undertook the study of Engineering. He also devoted much time to computations for the Nautical Almanac.

In April, 1861, came that great blow to the nation which left no young man cause for hesitation as to duty or occupation. Mills was soon interested, and, on hearing of the Bull Run disaster, became devoted to the cause. From that period until August, 1862, his time was employed in

vain attempts to procure a commission. The first effort was signalized by a characteristic trait of magnanimity. A friend, who had gone through the Bull Run campaign in the ranks, was an applicant together with himself for a vacancy in the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers. On learning this, Mills at once withdrew his application, on the ground of his friend's previous service. Disappointments seemed only to redouble his zeal. A trip to Washington in February, 1862, was fruitless; and in May he enlisted as private in the Fourth Battalion Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, which was discharged by the government a few days after. In July he was appointed a recruiting officer for the Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, and after much labor and expense failed to secure enough men to obtain a commission. "If I don't get any commission at all, I shall go off somewhere, perhaps enlist. I won't be seen at home," were his words.

At last, on the 14th of August, 1862, perseverance received its reward, and he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Volunteers, which had just immortalized itself at Cedar Mountain. The evening of August 17th found the young lieutenant with his regiment at Culpeper, in temporary command of Company D. "The regiment, both officers and men, seem in excellent spirits," he wrote; "the true Devil-may-care spirit pervades them, though of course they feel the loss of their comrades severely."

His introduction to the field was of the rudest, and his experience of one month most discouraging to any nature less undaunted. Joining his regiment on the afternoon of the 17th of August, he set off at midnight of the 18th on that disastrous retreat of Pope which culminated in the second Bull Run. He wrote: —

"August 19. — We marched about two miles in blissful ignorance of our destination, except that it is somewhere in the rear, there being rumors of a fight, in which every one, with characteris-

tic and gloomy calm, assumes that we have been thrashed. However, soldiers always grumble, I suppose."

"August 20. — I began to appreciate how little an officer has to eat on the march. It is rather ridiculous."

"August 23. — We were aroused by the pleasant process of having our wood shelled by the Rebels. I must confess it was highly disagreeable. . . . We could not raise anything to eat but a few unripe apples."

"August 24. — Last night one of the officers said he wished he was dead, or a prisoner, or with the wagon train, he did not much care which; and I think we all felt pretty much the same way then. Now that we have *feasted on mutton*, we feel better!"

"August 25. — We then, after an ear of corn apiece, sought our couch on the grass. This marching without knapsacks, sleeping on the ground without blankets, and starving, is beginning to tell very severely on men and officers."

"August 26. — Joy of joys! Two wagons arrived, one with rations and one with officers' bedding. I suppose you know that letters are cut off. The Waterloo of this war will, I think, be fought in a few days in this neighborhood. You have no idea how heart-sick one feels at a mail's arriving with nothing for one in it. I am very much struck with the difference of the feeling about the Rebels here and at home. I hear no bitterness of feeling expressed towards them by officers or men. They want to thrash them in order to end the war and get home, but do not seem to hate them in the least."

"September 2. — Completely used up; could n't have marched a mile farther. This starving takes a man's strength down awfully."

"CAMP NEAR KENLYTOWN, MARYLAND, September 4.

"I hope you duly appreciate the magic of the word *camp*. It means tents, food, washing, clean clothes, the presence of my valise, and, in short, all the comforts of what now appears to me a luxurious, in fact, Sybaritic life. I feel so rejoiced thereat, that even the present disastrous state of affairs sits comparatively lightly on my mind."

On the same day Mills was detailed as Acting Adjutant. He wrote: —

“ I should as soon have thought of being ordered to act as Major-General. It is a very arduous and important post. One advantage is, that I have a horse,—an immense blessing on the march which we shall have to-morrow.”

Mills had now suffered whatsoever of hardship a campaign has to offer, except a wound. His enthusiasm had been toned down to steady pluck. One great battle, and he would be a veteran among veterans. During the early part of the battle of Antietam he passed safely through a heavy fire, but was finally shot through both thighs. After a perilous hobble to the rear, in a storm of bullets, he reached a field hospital. In two weeks he was at home, passed two months in bed and for four months more used crutches. He was never able to dispense with the use of a cane. His wounds had left the bone uninjured, but a branch of the sciatic nerve had been injured. It was becoming evident that he was lamed for life, though it is doubtful if he ever fully admitted the fact. His commission as First Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts, bearing date August 17, 1862, had been issued; but in April, 1863, the War Department sent him an honorable discharge for disability, in pursuance of the policy then adopted towards officers severely wounded.

In May, 1863, he accepted an appointment as Secretary of a Scientific Commission which met in Washington to determine upon the merits of inventions offered to the Navy Department. This occupied his time till August. His whole thoughts meanwhile were of the time when he should be able to resume his place in the field, and of his friends who remained in the service.

“ If the Secretary keeps his promise, I shall at once be restored. . . . I am perfectly determined that, as soon as my leg is well, I shall prefer the army very much to any other profession, as long as the war lasts.”

After Gettysburg:—

“ We certainly have paid very dear for our success. Boston, as

usual, has her fair share to mourn. However, as I remember Wilder Dwight quoting the night before Antietam, *apropos* to the same subject, 'Men must work and women must weep'; there's an end of it."

In August, 1863, he returned home, improved in walking, and quite able to ride. Soon after, he was offered the position of Adjutant of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, then organizing. He accepted the place, and, in spite of lameness and much suffering, was able to show himself in camp at Readville, through the winter of 1863-64, the thorough soldier he was.

His original intention had been to accept an appointment on the staff of Brigadier-General Gordon, but the presence of several warm college friends in the Fifty-sixth induced him to remain with this regiment. New duties in no way weakened his pride in the Second and his love of his comrades of 1862. In January, 1864, that regiment returned on veteran furlough, and he "had the great and glorious satisfaction, together with Abbott, Shelton, and Gelray, also cripples, and formerly officers of the Second, of riding along with the Second." "It was the proudest day of my life," he adds.

In March, 1864, the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts joined the Ninth Corps at Annapolis. On the 20th of April, Brigadier-General T. G. Stevenson took command of the First Division, and detailed Mills as his Acting Assistant Adjutant-General. His excellent qualities as regimental Adjutant, his method and accuracy in books and accounts, together with his strict enforcement of discipline, rendered him eminently fit for the place. While still a First Lieutenant, he was retained in this capacity by three successive generals.

The duties were arduous, but were rendered pleasant by the friendship and commendation of the admirable soldier who commanded the division. On the 23d of April the Ninth Corps set out for the front; and, in spite of unusual labor, Mills was able to write, "Well, my mind is

relieved, I can stand the marches." On the march to the Rappahannock, the tired indifference of the young infantry officer disappears.

"The march from Washington here, over ground every foot of which is now classic, and with a good deal of which I have my own associations, was very interesting. I find that the facts that the grass is green instead of burnt up by August suns, and that I ride instead of walking, give me quite a different idea of Virginia, which I have begun to think is quite a nice place, after all."

"*May 3.* — The whole army is to move to-morrow, A. M. We are to flank Lee by the left, I think, and have every hope of success."

The exhausting march of thirty miles made by the Ninth Corps, on the 4th of May, nearly broke him down; but on the 7th he announces:—

"A great and glorious battle yesterday, at the end of which, to my astonishment, I found myself unhurt. It seemed very unnatural, I assure you, and somewhat agreeable. It was little more than a drawn battle; but, in conjunction with other movements, I rather think it answered every purpose of victory."

On the 10th, General Stevenson was killed, and Mills wrote:—

"Imagine our horror and grief. There was not the slightest hope. Why in Heaven's name could it not have selected some other spot, and even taken one of us. His loss is irreparable to the division and his friends. He was the most gallant, brave, and thorough soldier, the most kind-hearted, considerate, generous-spirited man, and one of the most agreeable companions, I ever knew. I always liked him; and, in the three weeks that I was with him, became very, very deeply attached to him. He did everything for me that man could do, and always thought of my lameness."

"*May 12.* — It is uncommonly disagreeable to rally running men under a hot fire, and I had plenty of it."

"*May 15.* — To-day is Sunday. I wish I could have a quiet Christian Sunday with you all at home, away from all this weary fighting and slaughter. . . . We are gradually using up the Rebs,

but it is slow work. In the ultimate result I have every confidence. . . . I like General Crittenden much."

"May 18. — We made a fruitless attack on the enemy's works. Shelling is trying to the nerves, but seldom very dangerous. It's these venomous little bullets that we are afraid of."

"June 3. — It is about six o'clock of a beautiful evening, and the day's fighting is over. The siege of Richmond has begun, they say."

"June 11. — We have plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, for the first time during the campaign. I don't think we shall finish this campaign for some time yet."

"June 19. — I wrote you a line yesterday just to say that I was safe, after the toughest time yet. These night marches are very pleasant when there is a moon, except for sleepiness; but when they are continued through the next day, they are frightfully exhausting."

On June 17th he says:—

"Just before sunset the charge was ordered, and, in the midst of a frightful flanking fire of grape and canister from the battery on our left, in addition to the severe musketry fire in front, was made. They took the works, however, at the point of the bayonet. I was up all night, getting things to rights again, and was under more and worse fire than ever before, but, thanks to a merciful Providence, escaped. *Pro patria mori* is all very well, but it is a contingency to be avoided if possible; and the more battles one goes through, the less inclined one feels to come to grief."

From that time until the 30th of July the division lay in the works before Petersburg; head-quarters being constantly exposed to random bullets and mortar-shells.

"July 30.

"We have made a well-planned, but frightfully disastrous and unsuccessful assault, which has used up about half the division. Don't think that I have given up yet, for I have n't, but it always takes me some time to get over even a victory."

On the 3d of August, command of the division was assumed by Brigadier-General Julius White, whom Mills soon found reason to respect and admire. After passing

safely through the successful actions of the 19th and 22d of August, he was assigned, owing to the breaking up of the First Division, to head-quarters Ninth Corps, as Assistant Adjutant-General. He had previously received promotion as Captain in his regiment, and as Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, from the War Department, in accordance with nominations sent in two months before. "I was never *désillusionné* when I went out before, but became so pretty rapidly this time," is his conclusion as to the effect of the summer campaign.

Passing unhurt through a very hot fire in the fight of September 30th at Preble's Farm, he enjoyed quiet until the 18th of October, when he was assigned to the head-quarters of the Second Corps as Assistant Adjutant-General. His gallantry and coolness at Hatcher's Run, on the 26th of October, established his reputation at once in the Second Corps. At last, in the latter part of November, a long-desired leave of absence was obtained, and the memory of all sufferings drowned in the delights of home. After a stay of thirty days he returned; but in the latter part of January, 1865, was sent home again under a severe attack of illness.

Those last days at home were among the brightest of his life. A brevet as Major for gallantry in action reached him then, when such rewards are sweetest. On the 23d of March he set out for the army. At Fortress Monroe he proposed to remain a day with a friend, "but soon after breakfast, hearing that there was fighting at the front, rushed down to the wharf, and luckily found a steamer just starting with despatches, and came up on her." The last campaign of the Army of the Potomac had begun. Wounded at Antietam, Major Mills had passed safely through the battles of the Wilderness, two at Spottsylvania, North Anna, Shady Grove, Bethesda Church; June 17th, at Petersburg, — the mine, the siege, the Weldon Railroad; Preble's Farm and Hatcher's Run, October 26, 1864; besides skirmishes.

On the 31st of March, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, Virginia, on the same spot where he had been exposed to the fire of a Rebel battery the year before, he fell. Major-General Humphreys, on whose staff he was, thus describes his death:—

“ I rode a short distance to a small hollow, from which I could, unseen, as I believed, observe the operations that were going on under my direction ; but in a few seconds I was conscious that some one by my side had fallen. Turning towards him, I received the last look of recognition from your son. So fatal was the shot, he could have felt no pain.”

A solid shot had struck his side, and he must have dropped dead from his horse. The funeral took place at the College Chapel in Cambridge. His body lies in the cemetery at Forest Hill.

Thus passed to the other world one more pure and noble soul. Those who knew him best know how his character deepened and strengthened throughout his term of service. From principle and conviction, rather than from enthusiasm, came his determined perseverance, his controlling fidelity ; and, as if springing from the same root, his naturally strong affections quickened and grew tenderer. Life was never worth so much to him, but it was worth most as part of the price to be paid for his country.

Of his worth in the field, the esteem of the general under whom he served speaks most eloquently. The words of General Humphreys bear testimony to a reputation in the Second Corps, of which Mills's modesty never permitted his becoming conscious. “ His gentle manners, intelligence, manly courage, and other noble traits, had already won my affection, and his loss has caused me sincere sorrow.” General White, his old commander in the First Division, Ninth Corps, says truly of him : “ Gentle as a woman, brave as the bravest, fervent in patriotism, frank, genial, truthful, and benevolent, he sleeps wrapped in a mantle of glory,

his memory fragrant with all that is sweet in the poetry, the romance, and the truth of a patriot's life and a patriot's death. If his pure spirit can have witnessed the unfolding of the flag over every foot of American soil, and over four millions of slaves set free, which was the immediate result of the contest in which he fell, I think he would rejoice at the sacrifice of his earthly hopes so far as they related to all else."

But dearer than all praise of the soldier, to those who love him, is the memory of the pure heart, the tender affection, the magnanimous generosity of Charlie Mills.

CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE.

First Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), May 25, 1861; Captain, July 8, 1861; Major, November 9, 1862; Lieutenant-Colonel, June 6, 1863; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE was the son of Enoch Redington and Caroline A. (Patten) Mudge. He was born in New York City, on the 22d day of October, 1839. He studied for several years at the private school of Mr. Thomas G. Bradford, at that time a favorite teacher in Boston; and went thence to Harvard College in the summer of 1856, joining the Class of 1860. The most salient point in his college career was, beyond question, his exceeding popularity,—a popularity of an unusual and very flattering nature, which made him an especial favorite in his own chosen circle, and also left him perhaps nearly the only man in the Class who could be sure of a kind word and friendly deed from every member. In his case, this popularity was founded upon a remarkable unvarying kindness of nature. An instinct assured each classmate that there could be no chance of a word of harshness or of sarcasm from him. It was his nature to appreciate the good traits of every one. Each comrade felt that Mudge saw the bright side of his character, and recognized all his best qualities. He had many accomplishments, too, of a nature highly esteemed by young and old. He had a good voice and ear, and sung with spirit from an inexhaustible repertory. He was lithe, muscular, and athletic in build, and very fond of manly sports and exercises. He was a good oarsman, an excellent boxer, and distinguished in the Gymnasium. During nearly the whole of his college course he belonged to a club-table, very many of the members of which have since won for themselves honorable names in the war, of whom Colonels Robert G. Shaw and Henry S.

Russell may be mentioned as perhaps the most conspicuous. He was an active and prominent member of the Glee Club, and a leading "brother" of the Hasty-Pudding Club. Of the last he was also, during one term, Vice-President.

After graduating he made preparations for entering the manufacturing business, in which his father's prominent position gave him promise of an excellent opening. But the breaking out of the war at once changed his occupation, his objects, and his destiny. Every dweller in Boston and vicinity must have a fresh personal recollection of the prompt emulation with which young men from Boston and its neighborhood hastened to solicit commissions in the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers; and among these Mudge was enrolled from the outset, his commission as First Lieutenant bearing date May 25, 1861. He wrote, November 16, 1862, looking back to these opening scenes:—

"If you will just look back to that Sunday morning when you and I jumped out of our beds at the news of the capture of Fort Sumter,—I fully made up my mind to fight; and when I say fight, I mean win or die. I do not wish to stop the thing half-way. I wish to establish the government upon a foundation of rock."

The results of this earnest trust and stern intent were marked and admirable in him, as in so many others. Boyish things were put off, and their place was filled by a thoughtfulness, a depth of moral conviction, and a steadiness of moral purpose, not often to be found in a young man scarce twenty-two years of age.

The principles and motives leading him to enter the war were not founded in any wish to do away with slavery. He felt no such active hostility to the great Southern "institution"; and a conflict based solely on the ground of accomplishing the abolition of negro servitude would have appealed to no kindred sentiment in his heart, at least to none of sufficient strength to induce him to peril health,

limb, or life in the quarrel. He felt and said that if slavery should come athwart the march of the Northern armies, it must go down; if it should become a matter of military wisdom, or a benefit, in the course of the struggle, to do away with slavery, then, without question, away it must go. But the matter that touched his soul and fired his spirit was the outrage done to the country. Full of patriotic pride and devotion, he resented with the wrath of a personal indignity the wrong inflicted on the nationality of the United States.

The regiment left Massachusetts July 8, 1861; and on the same day Lieutenant Mudge's commission as Captain was dated.

On the field of war, among regiments from every quarter of the country, the Second Massachusetts Volunteers maintained a high character for drill and discipline, the result of the will and character of its officers. It was first engaged at Front Royal and Winchester, where it was ordered to protect our wagon-trains from the attack of General Ewell's forces. Captains Cary, Russell, and Mudge, with their companies, were detailed to support the batteries which were covering the movement of our troops and wagons on their road to Winchester. Finally they halted and undertook to hold the Rebels in check while the battery could also be withdrawn into the town. Night fell while they were still engaged in this duty. The Rebels, with wild shouts, made continual dashes upon them, and maintained an incessant fire of musketry. The only light was from the blazing wagons; and amid all this the Fifth New York Cavalry, mistaking these companies for a body of Rebels, dashed furiously through their lines, hewing with their sabres and firing their revolvers rapidly on every side, with very fatal results.

The Second then fell back toward Winchester, into which our forces had been rapidly pouring since midnight. At a little distance outside the town they halted, but soon the

fighting became general, and two Pennsylvania regiments broke and ran, leaving the Second exposed upon its flank and in much peril. By a skilful manœuvre, executed at double-quick, they extricated themselves, and managed to enter the town, when they again made a stand, and again found themselves flanked by a force of Rebels who fired upon them from a parallel street. Here Captain Mudge was wounded in the leg, just as he had given the order to his men to face about and give the Rebels a volley, — which had had the good effect of scattering them for a few moments. In this brief period of respite a sergeant brought him a horse and assisted him to mount; and Robert G. Shaw (then Captain Mudge's Lieutenant) aided him to accompany the troops on the rest of their way through the town. The wound, though bad and painful for the time, fortunately neither imperilled his life nor maimed the limb. Careful nursing cured him, but not in time for him to take part in the battle of Cedar Mountain, where his regiment went through so terrible an ordeal. While his friends rejoiced at his escape, he himself was exceedingly grieved at his enforced absence; but as he was at the time upon crutches, and wholly unable to move without their assistance, he had no option but to remain at home.

On the 1st of September, 1862, Captain Mudge wrote to his father: —

“ For the last ten days I have eaten what might pass for eleven meals. For three days our principal food was green apples and water, with occasionally a cracker. We have marched somewhere every day, generally bringing up where we started from. There has been a good deal of fighting, with various success. I don't think there has been an hour since I have been here, when I was awake, that I have n't heard firing; . . . but we are in the best of spirits under it all; in fact, joking more when we expected to starve, than if we were in some comfortable place enjoying ourselves. I have had a blanket and overcoat to sleep in two nights out of ten only.”

A few days later the regiment was engaged in the heat

of the battle of Antietam, and added fresh laurels to those already gained. It suffered severely, both in the officers and in the rank and file. During the battle Captain Mudge was in the perilous command of the color company. His part in the fight is best told in his own simple and soldier-like description : —

“ September 25, 1862.

“ Our regiment went in, that is, was actually engaged, three times in the battle of Wednesday. Twice we were very fortunate, making the Rebels run, and not suffering ourselves ; but the other time we got the worst of it, losing thirteen killed and fifty-five wounded, out of less than two hundred. . . . I got a blow on the ribs from a ball which penetrated through my blouse, vest, and two shirts, and skinned my ribs, but only disabled me for a few moments. I thought I was killed when it struck me, but recovered almost immediately. The flag-staff was shot almost in two in two places, the socket shot off the sergeant's belt, and twenty new holes were put in the flag ; two corporals of the color-guard, out of the three present, were wounded, one mortally. . . . As the newspapers have exhausted all the most expressive terms in describing other engagements, there are no words left to express what Wednesday's fight was ; the whole ground was fought over twice, each side feeling how great an issue was at stake.”

His well-deserved commission as Major was dated on the 9th of November, 1862. In this year of hard marching and fierce fighting, he escaped indeed the battle of Fredericksburg ; but he was not destined to enjoy repose or safety for any very great length of time. The regiment was ordered hither and thither, through the miry ways of Virginia ; and was occasionally allowed time hastily to construct winter-quarters, only, as it seemed, in order to be straightway summoned therefrom. At last, on the 27th of April, it began a series of manœuvres which had as their end another of the great struggles of the war, — the battle of Chancellorsville.

For some days they had marched and skirmished incessantly. On the 2d of May they threw up a slight defence of

logs near United States Ford; but in the afternoon they were ordered out to capture what was supposed to be a wagon-train, but proved to be Stonewall Jackson's Rebel corps. Colonel Quincy was at this time, strictly speaking, in command; but that gallant officer, though exerting himself to the utmost, was so disabled and weakened by severe wounds, from which he had by no means recovered, as to throw an unusual responsibility upon Lieutenant-Colonel Cogswell. A harassing night was passed amid constant skirmishing and firing. In the morning the Rebel corps advanced, three lines deep, to the attack. The Second stood its ground for an hour and a half of hard fighting. Lieutenant-Colonel Cogswell was wounded early and carried from the field, and his duties then devolved on Major Mudge, who handled the regiment with the utmost bravery and success, and finally broke all three lines of the enemy. In doing so they fired sixty rounds, and exhausted their ammunition. In this helpless condition, however, they stood fast for some time longer, until relief came, and they were at last ordered to the rear. But the route was no peaceful one; they were obliged, still with empty cartridge-boxes, to halt at Chancellor House. The enemy's fire came from three sides, and was very fatal and of increasing severity. At last the regiment was removed to a less dangerous position, where the men enjoyed a short rest, had their cartridge-boxes replenished, and were then again sent into the battle on the left, marching over ground where the underbrush was fiercely burning, and where the black dust from the smouldering patches blinded and stifled them painfully.

On the night of the 6th they were ordered to cross the river, preserving the strictest silence; for the artillery had been withdrawn, and their position was one of extreme danger. But these orders were again suddenly countermanded; and they passed a cold, wet, and most trying night in the trenches, until, just at dawn, they were again ordered

to cross. Three weary miles they dragged their chilled limbs in the cold, gray morning, to where a throng of infantry and artillery was confusedly massed upon the banks of the river, whose swollen and tumultuous tide was spanned by two small and weak pontoons. They came across, however, in safety, and thankful for their safety, and marched back thirty miles to their old huts at Stafford Court-House. During the whole of this harassing period Major Mudge preserved a decision and coolness which never allowed the men to swerve from their discipline. After it was all over, he wrote to his father the following unassuming account of the perils he had so honorably passed through : —

“DEAR FATHER, — I trust the first news you will hear will be of my safety, so that you will suffer no anxiety. I have not even a bullet through my clothes. . . . Our men behaved better than ever. Cogswell was wounded early, and I then took command, gaining and holding ground for fifteen minutes without a cartridge, until ordered to retire, which I did very slowly, halting and facing frequently. We took in four hundred and thirty men and twenty-two officers, and lost, as near as I can get at it at present, twenty-two men killed, ninety-eight wounded, sixteen missing ; one officer killed, four wounded, several grazed. I think the killed is larger, as none of the wounded could have lived long.”

Later, on the 29th of May, 1863, he wrote further : —

“ You ask me what my feeling was during the fight at Chancellorsville. Well, it was just what it should be. I was so astonished at my own coolness and courage, that I could not help thanking and praising God for it in a loud voice while I sat there on my horse. I had prayed for it, to be sure ; but I never believed a man could feel so joyous, and such a total absence of fear, as I had there. I enjoyed it as much as a game or race, until we were withdrawn ; and from that time until we were safely over the river, I, as well as every one else, suffered the most terrible anxiety you can imagine. Yet I had courage enough, by God’s help, to bear it all coolly.”

This letter may be noted as almost the only one in which

he dwells at any length upon himself or his own feelings; and here it is in answer to interrogatories from home. It is always of the regiment and of the men that he seems to speak and to think.

His commission as Lieutenant-Colonel was dated on the 6th of June following (1863). But owing to the absence of Colonel Cogswell, who had not yet recovered from the wounds received at Chancellorsville, he was in actual command of the regiment, and he had the honor, before he died, of twice leading it into battle, — at Beverly Ford and at Gettysburg. At Beverly Ford the Second was one of a small number of regiments specially chosen from the whole army for a task more than ordinarily arduous, and detailed to support a cavalry movement. The choice was felt to be a great distinction, and the troops strove eagerly and successfully to acquit themselves with even more than usual honor. At Gettysburg the disposition of the Union lines bore a rough resemblance to the form of a horseshoe, the Rebel forces being upon the outside. Late in the day, on the 2d of July, the Second Regiment, which till then had been posted behind intrenchments on the right, was ordered to march across the mouth or opening of the horseshoe to the reinforcement of the left wing, which was engaged and under a hot artillery fire. But they had not been long in this new position before darkness fell, and they were ordered to march back again and occupy their old position, which the colonel commanding the brigade told them they would be able to do without opposition. The middle portion of the space to be traversed by them was a marshy field, and then intervened a belt of woodland, upon the farther side of which ran the line of their old intrenchments. The regiment came into the wet ground, marching by the flank. But the military instinct of Colonel Mudge whispered to him that, before marching in this unguarded manner into the shadowy grove in front, it would be well to have some surer knowledge than the

mere surmise of the colonel commanding the brigade. He accordingly sent out a few skirmishers, who reported that a line of Rebels was in position among the trees. Not yet quite satisfied, Colonel Mudge again sent out his largest company, under command of a gallant and trustworthy officer, Captain Thomas B. Fox, with orders to come back with the whole story. They found a strong force of Rebels holding the old position of the Second, and, having come close to them, drawn a volley from them, and taken a couple of prisoners, they returned and reported. Their situation now was trying and dangerous in the extreme. Colonel Mudge did not know what might have taken place in this part of the field since he had left it in the afternoon, nor in how great peril he might be. The men, too, evidently appreciated the awkward state of affairs; but of them he felt no fear. They had always stood by their officers; their conduct depended upon his; and he now showed the coolness, the ready resource, and the tactical skill of a soldier born and bred. He at once gave the order for the regiment to change front on the centre company as around a pivot, the left wing falling back and the right wing advancing. The manœuvre was executed with the skill and promptness with which this regiment went through all manœuvres, and in a few short minutes the Second was in line fronting the foe. The readiness of thought which suggested this rather unusual movement, and the skill with which it was consummated, have often since been spoken of by military men in terms of the highest praise. The regiment next threw up a slight defence of earthworks along their front, behind which they anxiously awaited the dawn. Soon after day-break came the rather unexpected command for the line to advance and reoccupy their position of the day before. The attempt seemed fatal and without a prospect of success in face of the outnumbering ranks in the shelter of the woods. But Colonel Mudge was too good a soldier ever to question the merits of an order from a superior, and

too thoroughly fearless ever to undertake in such a case a calculation of odds. Straightway he gave the brief order, "Rise up, — over the breastworks, — forward, double-quick!" And up rose the men at the word of their dauntless commander. Without stopping even to fix their bayonets, they sprang over their earthworks with him. He led them boldly and rapidly over the marsh straight into the jaws of the line of woods whence poured the thick, fast volleys of hostile bullets. The regiment's impetuous charge carried all before it, and they found themselves in their old lines. But Colonel Mudge did not see this triumph; in the middle of the marshy field a fatal ball struck him just below the throat, in the midst of a network of large arteries, and he fell, and died almost instantly.

In considering Colonel Mudge's character, it may be truly said that he was born for a military career. Before the outbreak of the war he had shown many excellent and most lovable traits, and was a young man of many friends and fine promise; but he never seemed fairly to have discovered his peculiar sphere in life or the pursuit for which Nature had fitted him, until he found himself in the uniform of a soldier on the high road to an active campaign. I have talked with very many officers associated with him through long periods of hardship on the march, and through hours of deadly peril on many a stricken field, and they all have one phrase upon their lips, — "He was born a soldier." Others have fitted themselves for one and another position in military life by labor and pains, but he fell into its ways and met its requirements by a natural aptitude. And as some soldiers shine most in the daily routine of camp life, but the thorough and natural soldier is most tried and most proved in the midst of hardship and danger, so it was amid hunger, cold, and fatigue, and under a deadly fire, that Colonel Mudge's comrades report all the military temper of the man to have stood forth in its fulness. He was never overcome by any assault upon his physical powers.

He revelled in his capacity to endure. His spirits rose as he was called upon to undergo toil and suffering. To courage he united caution and foresight, all the more remarkable in one bold enough to have been tempted to recklessness. He was wonderfully ready in resource; he saw with an instinctive eye precisely what each emergency required; and he acted with instantaneous decision. Not one second of valuable time was ever lost by a doubt or a blunder. Upon the very instant when action was demanded, he knew what was to be done and how to do it. If the story of the manœuvring and fighting at Gettysburg had been the only event in his military career, it alone would have won him a reputation far beyond the ordinary, and would have proved the truth of these statements. The steadfast attachment and strong love of the man — which his family and friends know to have been very deep, constant, and influential, probably far beyond any degree that I can express here — was shown by the manner in which he stood by the regiment of his first choice until the day of his death. Dear friends of old college days left him there; very few, indeed, of the officers with whom he had set forth were still around him in his last campaign; many had been killed, but many also had left the regiment to accept higher positions elsewhere, as he too might have done. But nothing could tempt him to leave the Second, to which he was bound by a romantic love.

He was bred and died an Episcopalian. He was never without religious convictions, but the course of military life, with its separations and its dangers, worked especially upon his feelings. He became more thoughtful than ever in matters of religion. He was never without the Church Prayer-Book, and a friend took it from his pocket after he lay dead on the battle-field. He never imperilled his life with the rash thoughtlessness of one who has paid little heed to the future, but always with the full sense of that hereafter which was possibly so close at hand. He did not

shrink from reading the service of the Episcopal Church before the regiment, on Sunday morning in camp, in the absence of the chaplain, — a thing which many very young men, amid the influences of camp life, would hardly be found ready to do. And within three months of his death, he received the rite of confirmation at Emmanuel Church in Boston, from which his lifeless body was so soon, with military honors, to be carried forth.

EDGAR MARSHALL NEWCOMB.

Corporal 19th Mass. Vols., August, 1861; Sergeant-Major; Second Lieutenant, June 18, 1862; First Lieutenant, November 13, 1862; died, December 20, 1862, of wounds received at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13.

EDGAR MARSHALL NEWCOMB, son of John J. and Mary S. Newcomb, was born in Troy, N. Y., October 2, 1840. When he was a few months old, his parents removed to Boston, which city was from that time his home. Having received his early education at the Grammar and Latin Schools, he entered Harvard College in 1856.

He had during that year become a member of Park Street Church, Boston. This step was in his case, at least, no idle ceremony. While he was faithful in the prosecution of his studies, his college course was more prominently marked by the unusual rectitude and purity of his life — and by a religious activity, earnest without obtrusiveness or arrogance — than by high intellectual triumphs. These were, indeed, precluded by the state of his health, which failed in the latter part of the Sophomore year, so that it was only by the utmost perseverance that he kept up with his Class, and literally fought disease away. Unable to study more than an hour at a time, and that as the result of the most careful regimen, and at times confined to his bed by severe sickness, he yet resolutely prosecuted his studies, and graduated with his Class in 1860. Before graduation, however, he sailed for Europe, and spent the summer and autumn in travelling on foot through England and France, in the hope of regaining health.

Returning in November, of the same year, with strength partially restored, he entered his father's counting-room, and engaged in active business, with the hope of soon commencing a course of preparation for the Christian ministry.

In this position he remained till the ensuing summer, when the call for "more men" roused him, and he felt that he could no longer tarry.

He enlisted in the ranks of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers at its organization at Lynnfield in August, 1861, and was made a Corporal in Company F. In September, 1861, he was detailed as a clerk at the headquarters of Brigadier-General F. W. Lander, commanding a brigade in the Corps of Observation, Poolesville, Maryland. On or about November 1st he was appointed Sergeant-Major of his regiment, and returned to duty with it. He subsequently passed with his regiment through fourteen battles and skirmishes, without receiving a wound; and the hard activities of army life had the effect to improve his health, and "built up his youthful person into the stalwart, sinewy frame of an athletic man." He was promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant for gallant conduct while in action on the seven days' retreat from Richmond, and assigned to Company C, then under command of Captain Batchelder. He won especial commendation on the part of his commanding officers at the battle of White Oak Swamp. One of his fellow-soldiers thus testifies:—

"His bravery was so distinguished as to be the general subject of remark among men who were accustomed to regard all dangers as so many trivial things easily forgotten when passed. . . . At Antietam he won his rank of First Lieutenant; and to have lived through the ordeal of that day was to have come from the very jaws of death."

The religious zeal and integrity which had marked him in college characterized also his army life, but were never exhibited ostentatiously. The reports of his comrades in arms, with a warmth of expression showing a depth of personal affection, unite in placing side by side his signal valor in the field and his eminent holiness in the camp. When his death gave prominence to all the incidents of his

life, his family learned for the first time, what his letters never mentioned, that he had frequently officiated as chaplain of his regiment, preaching to the men and holding prayer-meetings. Captain Chadwick, who commanded Company C after the battle of Antietam, writes:—

“Some of my most profitable hours have I spent in his company, while in our tent, or log-house, after the day’s duties were done. Those were the hours in which he delighted to speak of his ‘beautiful home,’ as he termed it, as well as of the temptations of camp-life, and the regard he felt for the spiritual welfare of his brother officers and fellow-soldiers.”

The same union of qualities was exhibited in the closing scenes of his life. Before the disastrous battle of Fredricksburg, he seems to have had one of those presentiments which we count so singular and impressive when fulfilled,—though many more may pass unnoticed, when contradicted by the event,—remarking to his captain that he did not expect to come out of another battle safely. When the day arrived, he was one of the first to volunteer, and was among the earliest of those who crossed the Rappahannock and took possession of the city. Colonel Devereux, his commander, thus narrates the rest:—

“His regiment being ordered to charge the batteries directly in front, there were shot down in the storm of bullets that met them no less than eight color-bearers in succession. At one time both were killed at once, and both colors lay on the ground. Here was an opportunity for a self-sacrificing manhood that young Newcomb was eminently fitted to put forth. Rushing to the front, he seized both colors, and waved his regiment on. But the inevitable consequence followed. Like all who had preceded him, and those that followed, every man that bore a color was the fated object of the unerring bullets of the enemy’s sharpshooters whilst the regiment remained in the open field. Newcomb was wounded in both legs, which were very much shattered, and his system could not sustain the shock of amputation.”

This occurred in the third assault upon the enemy’s

works, in the afternoon of December 13th. For nearly a week he lingered, "fighting, struggling for existence as only a strong man can." Amid intense pain, his brother, who arrived at Falmouth just before the battle, could hear him softly repeating, "Perfect through suffering, — perfect through suffering." He held and watched wistfully the pictured faces of those dear ones he was to see no more on earth; and in an interval of comparative freedom from pain, he sent to each a special message: "Tell mother I could not die in a holier cause, or more happy"; "It is all light ahead"; "I am only going to a different sphere of labor"; "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." He called his fellow-soldiers to his side, and giving them his dying charge "to meet him in heaven," gave also directions that no words of praise be placed upon his tombstone. Devising his property equally to the Societies for Home and Foreign Missions, selecting with prophetic faith as the text for his funeral sermon, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away," at length, on the morning of December 20th, he died.

On that day week, appropriate funeral services were held at Park Street Church, attended by his Excellency Governor Andrew and suite, by Colonel Hinks and other wounded officers and soldiers of the Nineteenth and other regiments, as well as by a large number of classmates and friends. The sword and cap of the soldier, scarred and riddled with bullets, were laid among the flowers on his coffin, and the tattered flags of the Nineteenth were crossed behind it. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Means of Roxbury, Massachusetts, from the text selected by the departed; words most inspiring and comforting to those who, in that dark night of national disaster, were anxiously watching for the dawn, as well as to those who must wait yet more wearily under the shadow of personal bereavement for the morning of a better day. The remains were deposited at Mount Auburn, "in whose sacred

precincts he had delighted when at Cambridge to seclude himself for study and meditation.”

In person Lieutenant Newcomb was above the medium height, with well-proportioned figure, pleasing features, and a complexion of feminine fairness. Somewhat reserved and diffident, yet amiable, firm, and brave, he won the devoted love of his friends and the unhesitating respect of all who knew him. In the words of his colonel, “As an officer he was prompt, careful, and zealous, kind to his men, but a good disciplinarian.”

His military character was of a peculiar type. He being the last man who would ever have been expected to become a soldier, and a soldier's career being the last he would have chosen, there were qualities latent in his character which needed only the touch of duty and danger to make him conspicuous among the brave. When his sense of duty urged him into war, it would have been expected that he would exhibit a sober and unshrinking faithfulness in all duties and dangers. The enthusiastic valor he displayed was a surprise to many, and perhaps to all who knew him. All would have been confident that his Christian purity and rectitude would be maintained in the camp as before; but few would perhaps have expected the continuance of such a peculiar and earnest zeal. While by such a record we are taught the power and passion which may slumber unknown in the depths of the most quiet natures, we may also learn anew the lesson that a man may be a hero without disregard of the claims of humanity or defiance of the laws of God.

WILLIAM MATTICKS ROGERS.

Private 18th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September, 1861; Quartermaster-Sergeant; Sergeant-Major; died at Savage's Station, Va., of disease contracted in the service, June, 1862.

WILLIAM MATTICKS ROGERS was born in Boston, October 26, 1838. His father was an Englishman by birth, but at the age of ten years was brought to this country, and is well remembered as in later life the pastor of the Winter Street Church in Boston. His mother's maiden name was Adelia Strong, daughter of the Hon. Solomon Strong of Leominster, and a lineal descendant from Elder John Strong, a staunch and pious Puritan, who came to this country in 1629. The mother died in 1848, and the father in August, 1851; so that William Rogers was left an orphan in early boyhood. Fortunately, however, his father was a man of many friends, and it was in the household of one of these, the Rev. William A. Stearns, then of Cambridge, that he found a home for the five years following. He went thence, in the autumn of 1854, to the Phillips Academy at Andover, where he was under the care of that able and popular teacher "Uncle Sam" Taylor. There he led a very quiet life; studied well, rose above mediocrity in scholarship, and enjoyed a general popularity among his schoolmates.

In 1856 he went from the Academy to Harvard College, and entered as Freshman with the Class of 1860. During the first of his four years' course, his life flowed as calmly as an underground stream; his room was at quite a distance from the student quarter of the town, at the house of an old family friend. His habits led him to await friendly advances rather than to make them, and at the end of the second term, few of the Class were less known among its members than he. Still he was not a hermit by nature, but, on

the contrary, a man eminently fitted for friendship. And when, in his Sophomore year, he took rooms in what was then known as Graduates' Hall, he began both to find out others and to be found out himself, proving himself companionable, amiable, and courteous, with an even temper and a very kind heart. He seemed indifferent to college rank, and never attained it; but he had his own theories of intellectual training, and steadily pursued them. In the "Harvard Magazine" for May, 1859, there is an article written by him, entitled "Non omnia possumus omnes." It is a reply to an essay in a preceding number by Wendell Phillips Garrison, on the subject of Woman's Rights. If there is no very new or striking idea in this production, perhaps it is because the subject is rather trite; but the essay has many merits, reflecting well the traits of his mind, which was quite argumentative, very clear, very logical, and enlivened by a quiet and good-natured vein of ironical wit.

He was a member of the O. K., a society then only one year old, to which Fox, Humphreys, and others of the leading writers and speakers of the Class belonged,—a society to which it was certainly at that time an honor to belong. His principal friends in college were the old friends of his childhood and boyhood,—Alpheus Hardy (the son of Mr. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, who acted as his guardian after his father's death), and his classmates Robert Willard, Alexander Wadsworth, and the writer of this memoir.

He had a small property, which enabled him to meet the wants which his moderate tastes imposed; he lived comfortably on his income, and had prospects of an increase in the future. Therefore feeling no eager haste to dash into the turmoil of the business world, he resolved leisurely and thoroughly to complete that course of general education which he had marked out for himself and steadily pursued at college. With this view he decided to spend two years abroad. A few days before Class-day, having made

arrangements for receiving his degree, he sailed in one of his guardian's ships for Spain. But he did not find the land of sierras and bandits much to his taste; his thoughts were full of Germany, and he travelled rapidly thither. During a short sojourn in Stuttgart he strove assiduously to familiarize himself with the German tongue and German manners; and soon after coming to Heidelberg he settled himself in the family of a German professor, and was matriculated as a student in the University. He wrote that Howitt's "Student Life in Germany" was not exactly his life; but with the native philosophy of his temper he adapted himself to circumstances, and entered upon the labor which he had marked out for himself. He wrote home with delight that he was getting Germanized; but he was at heart the genuine American, descendant of John Strong, Puritan, Elder, and Pilgrim of 1629. He wrote to a friend who belonged to the society of "Wide Awakes" (Dr. Robert Willard), expressing the hope that Abraham Lincoln might be elected President. Then to him thus situated came the news of the attack on Fort Sumter, and of the marshalling to arms of the North and South. His spirit was fired for the fray. He abandoned Heidelberg, books, history, and German studies, and, returning directly to Boston, resolved to join the army. He was at this time anything but an Abolitionist. In regard to slavery his sentiments had always been conservative; indeed, his temperament was not that of a reformer, and he looked upon man's ways in the spirit of a philosophic observer. But the Rebellion, as a war at the existence of his mother country, — never so dear as after a year's banishment, — fired the old New England blood in him. Active and healthy, and always an eager sportsman, he contemplated military life with no disrelish.

He arrived in Boston at the time of the organization of the Eighteenth Regiment. His guardian, Mr. Hardy, was anxious to have him bide his time, and await his chance for a commission, that he might go to the field in the capacity

which he undoubtedly deserved. It was perhaps unfortunate that this wise advice was not followed; it might not have saved his life, but it would have made what remained of it more happy and more comfortable, by placing him in more congenial society. But other counsels prevailed. His intimate friend at this time, Dr. David P. Smith, with whom he had formed a close intimacy abroad, was commissioned as Surgeon in this regiment. Rogers was always a man peculiarly devoted in his friendships. Probably his early orphanage increased his natural warmth of heart; his affection, as it was amiable in form, was also very deep, very clinging, and very faithful. So his friendship for Dr. Smith carried the day against the more cool and prudent advice of others. He counted much, too much, as it unhappily proved, upon hopes of promotion, and thus enlisted as a private in the regiment. At first he was satisfied, cheerful, and hopeful; his soul was in the work; he was Quartermaster-Sergeant, and this was a post of some responsibility; but, as time wore on, the prospect of promotion diminished, and he found that as Quartermaster-Sergeant he was out of the line of advancement. He accordingly abandoned this position and took that of First Sergeant of Company A, and afterwards of Sergeant-Major.

The duties of each place he performed thoroughly and conscientiously. But hope deferred was wearing upon him. It was not that he nourished a greedy ambition; but he yearned for a position in which he could show what he knew was in him, and where, above all other blessings, he might find some congenial companionship. The mind was daily less able to sustain the body in its hardships; and in the terrible retreat of McClellan from the Peninsula, those dread seven days of marching, fighting, exposure, and famine found him a patient under the hands of the hospital surgeon. In the turmoil and confusion of that cruel time he was separated in the very height of malarious fever, for twenty-four livelong hours, from his medical attendant.

At the close of that time, when the two again met, it was too late to revive the flickering flame of life. But the surgeon tenderly cared for him in his last moments, closed his eyes, decently folded his hands, and buried him in a marked spot, from which so late as January, 1866, his remains were obtained by his friends, brought to Boston, and finally interred in Christian burial. At the time of his death his commission was actually making out at the State-House, — that commission, whose long delay had perhaps hastened the end and certainly thrown a shade of disappointment over the last days of a most generous, devoted, and tender-hearted man.

WARREN DUTTON RUSSELL.

Second Lieutenant 18th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 20, 1861; First Lieutenant, July 16, 1862; killed at Bull Run, Va., August 30, 1862.

WARREN DUTTON RUSSELL was the son of James Dutton and Ellen (Hooper) Russell. His father graduated at Harvard College in the Class of 1829, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, but never actively prosecuted his profession. He died at his residence in Longwood, Brookline, a few months before Warren entered the military service.

The mother of Lieutenant Russell was the daughter of William Hooper, Esq., of Marblehead. She was a person of most noble and beautiful qualities, and in a singular degree combined the finest and most attractive womanly graces with great fortitude and elevation of mind. At the age of thirty-one, when Warren was eight years old, she died, leaving two daughters, who still survive, and two sons, Warren and Francis, who both gave their lives for their country. Excepting this irretrievable bereavement, the boyhood of Lieutenant Russell had no marked event. The first school he attended was kept by Mr. T. Russell Sullivan in Boston, under the Park Street Church. After the death of his mother and the removal of his home from Boston to Nonantum, a portion of the town of Newton, he was placed at the boarding-school of Mr. Cornelius M. Vinson, at Jamaica Plain. But his final preparation for college, made after his father's removal to Longwood, was accomplished under the tuition of Mr. Thomas G. Bradford, a teacher of high repute in Boston.

He entered Harvard College in the year 1856, with the class that graduated in 1860, and remained there till the end of the Freshman year, then took up his connections

at Harvard and entered college again at Amherst. He had been at Amherst, however, only a few months, when he decided not to complete a collegiate course, but to enter at once upon the study of the law, which he had already chosen as his profession. He read in the elementary text-books for a while at home. Then for about a year and a half he continued his studies with the writer at his office in Boston, until the fall of 1860, when he entered the Law School at Cambridge, and remained there until he had determined to join the Army of the Union.

Though born in the city, and for some years attending Boston schools, his life was mainly passed in the country, or within easy access to those opportunities of rural sport which an enterprising, spirited boy is always eager to improve. The woods, hills, and pastures of Nonantum, West Roxbury, and Longwood, the waters of Jamaica Pond, Charles River, and Boston Harbor, gave ample scope for a love, which in him was very strong, for adventurous excursions and all vigorous exercises. He could row a boat, ride a horse, throw a ball, skate, swim, and climb with the best of his fellows. His constitution was vigorous, his health perfect, his spirits exuberant, his nature generous, his tastes cultivated. He never greatly taxed himself in study, for the field of his ambition was elsewhere. His intellect was the ready servant of a stout, warm heart, that quickly responded to actual human interests, but worked reluctantly at tasks which did not bear directly on the purposes of life. Real interests and an actual purpose he found, however, in his chosen profession. His attendance at the office was unbroken in its regularity. In all its business he took an interest as personal as if it were his own. He carefully observed the progress of cases, sought out the reasons of different modes of procedure, and manifested an intelligent and active curiosity. At the same time he pursued his course of professional reading, through even the driest, most technical, and difficult parts of it, with steady, cheer-

ful, and effective industry, and made rapid progress. He did not confine himself to studies purely professional, but gave his spare hours at home, as he had not before, to reading of a general and instructive character. Here, too, the practical bias of his mind asserted itself. He read history, biography, travels, and politics, but not the poets, philosophers, and religionists.

In the political canvass that immediately preceded the Rebellion, though he was not of sufficient age to be a voter, his sympathies were most heartily with the party that took its name from the Constitution and the Union, — and opposed to the party which prevailed in the election. He attended the meetings, joined enthusiastically in the public demonstrations of the side he espoused, read the newspapers, and eagerly watched the contest. The agitation of the slavery question imperilled, as he believed, the existence of the Union, and he therefore opposed such agitation. Yet when the armed attack upon the Union came, it mattered not to him that it came from those whom in politics he had been regarding as friends, and that the government was in the hands of those whom in politics he had opposed; he was promptly ready to fight against all who sought to destroy it, and in alliance with all who would fight to maintain it.

Immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he began to prepare for military service. He joined a drill-club, practised the manual of arms, and acquainted himself with the duties of an officer. He did this at first without any defined purpose of going to the war, but because the times called for military training, and he wished to be ready for possible contingencies. The defeat of the national army in the first battle at Bull Run was the event that decided him. He applied at once for a commission, and obtained that of Second Lieutenant in the only regiment in which he ever served. The examples of others, doubtless, concurred with the high promptings of his own heart to lead him to join the army. He had, in so doing,

the inspiring companionship of his near kinsmen, — the brothers Lowell, James and Charles, and William Lowell Putnam, — of college classmates, and many an old comrade at school. His younger brother, Frank, too, was at this time at home, recovering from his wounds after three months of campaigning in Virginia, and impatiently waiting to be well enough to go back and serve under the commission of Second Lieutenant of Artillery in the Regular Army, which he had just received from the Secretary of War. It was bestowed in recognition of the extraordinary bravery which he, a mere lad of sixteen years, had shown upon the field. Warren was justly proud of his brother's well-merited honors, and he might well have found in them an augury of like capacity in himself for the perilous service of war.

To a man like Russell the acceptance of his commission was the critical act of self-devotion. For any danger or hardship, to which the highest sense of honor and duty could call him, or an intrepid spirit carry him, was involved in that act as a moral necessity. And he felt it to be so. Hence came a strong presentiment of his fate, to which he casually gave expression, before his departure, when some one spoke to him of his return home after the war. "Why," said he, with some surprise, "I never expect to come back." This feeling did not spring from any despondency, but from the habit of continually testing himself in thought by the highest standard of sacrifice. It was an untried hero's vague presage of his heroism. He went to the war in a cheerful and joyous mood. For he reached this high plane of conduct, not as one dragged by a dead lift of the will up to the level of his conception of duty, and there left exhausted and disheartened, but as one who rose to it buoyantly and held it easily by the constant energy of noble passion.

The impression of him, derived from a year and a half of daily intercourse, is fresh, strong, and ineffaceable. He had a bright, pleasant, manly countenance. It reflected

the vivaciousness of bounding health and spirits, a thoroughly amiable disposition, and an open, ingenuous nature. He was quick in his impulses, but not controlled by them, and had a singularly even temper. I never heard from his lips an ill-tempered word. His thoughts were directed outward upon things, rather than inward upon himself, and were habitually kept close to the facts of observation and experience. He magnified the present, the scene of action and of duty, and inclined to that theory of living which makes the most of life. A firmness of mental fibre and a mirthful appreciation of the ludicrous kept him within the bounds of moderation. He had strong common-sense, simple and unperverted tastes. Without any apparent effort of self-discipline, a certain natural rectitude and soundness pervaded the operations of his mind and character. His truthfulness was ingrain. He was no more capable of any form of cant, imposture, or insincerity than of falsehood. His faithfulness to trusts was most conscientious; and in the discharge of duties no one could be more solicitous to do the utmost that could be done. His manners, while good-natured and unconstrained, were those of one accustomed to receive and pay respect. He was a gentleman in heart and courtesy. As a friend, he was intimate with few, but steadfast and most cordial in his fellowship. To those who were nearest and dearest to him, he was tender, considerate, and dutiful. He was warm in his affections, though reserved in the expression of them, except in acts of thoughtful kindness. In this reserve of character, the instincts of self-reliance and modest self-respect were equally blended. It is a quality that always impresses the imagination by the suggestion of unknown resources, and is a charm of great power in military command, or any form of leadership. His personal appearance admirably embodied the strength and refinement of his character, and illustrated his eminent fitness for his new vocation. Tall, athletic, and commanding in stature, self-reliant in bearing, prompt

and energetic in every bodily movement, with light Saxon hair, a face of smooth and delicate fairness almost feminine, but a spirit fit for battle glancing from clear blue eyes, he might well stand as the typical young soldier of the North.

Six days after receiving his commission, Lieutenant Russell, with his regiment, left camp at Readville for Washington. After remaining encamped in Washington two days, on the 3d of September they were ordered to cross the Potomac and report for duty to General Fitz-John Porter. Upon doing so they were assigned to Brigadier-General Martindale, who commanded the first brigade of General Porter's division, and was stationed near Fort Corcoran. Here they were employed in drilling, and working on intrenchments thrown up for the protection of the capital, until September 26th, when the whole army made an advance which brought the Eighteenth Regiment to a position at Hall's Hill. On the 10th of March the regiment left Hall's Hill to take part in the siege of Yorktown and the movement upon Richmond. They had no sooner arrived in front of the fortifications than they were actively engaged as skirmishers and supports of the batteries. From this time forward until the 5th of May, when the works were occupied by the national troops, the regiment was almost daily under the fire of the enemy. Upon the retreat of the Rebels up the Peninsula, the Army of the Potomac followed in pursuit, — one portion, and the larger, marching by land, — and the other portion, which included the Eighteenth Massachusetts, and was under General Franklin, being carried by water in transports to West Point. From White House the united army marched to the Chickahominy. The plan of the campaign contemplated a junction of the Army of the Potomac with the force under McDowell, who was to come down from Fredericksburg. In pursuance of this plan, the corps under General Porter, to which Lieutenant Russell and his regiment belonged, having been

thrown out, for the purpose of meeting McDowell, to a position on the extreme right, came into collision with a large Rebel force at Hanover Court-House, and there fought on the 27th of May a victorious battle. It so happened, however, that the Eighteenth Regiment was unable to participate in the honors of that victory, having had eight companies on duty for twenty-four continuous hours, and being therefore permitted a few hours of rest. After this necessary delay, the regiment followed on with all despatch, stirred by the sound of the distant cannonade; but it did not reach the field until after the battle was won.

The movement of the Rebel forces under Jackson up the Shenandoah Valley now frustrated the junction of Porter and McDowell which had been planned, by drawing off McDowell to oppose the advance of Jackson and protect the capital. The right wing of the Army of the Potomac was then withdrawn from its remote position at Hanover Court-House. The Eighteenth returned to Gaines's Mills and remained there till the 26th of June, the day before the battle there fought by General Porter, in command of the right wing of our army, after Jackson had rejoined Lee. It was the first of that series of battles which attended the disastrous retreat of the Union Army to the left bank of the river James. In anticipation of this retreat, a force was sent, on the 26th, from General Porter's camp, to co-operate in the work of changing the base of the army from White House to Harrison's Landing. This force consisted of light cavalry and artillery, with two regiments of infantry, and was placed in command of General Stoneman. The Massachusetts Eighteenth was one of the regiments selected for this arduous service, and most efficiently did its part. General Stoneman and his command, after reaching White House and accomplishing the object of the expedition, moved down the Peninsula to Old Point Comfort, and embarked for Harrison's Landing. Here they rejoined the shattered army on the 2d of July.

For a little over a month, in the course of which time Lieutenant Russell was promoted one grade, his regiment remained with the main body of the army on the James River, making reconnoissances from time to time, and keeping watch of the enemy. The scene of active operations was then transferred to the northern part of Virginia, and the regiment shared the experiences of General Pope's campaign.

On the 30th of August the battle was to be fought which would determine whether the Rebel invasion should roll its tide northward into Maryland, and imperil the national capital, or should be effectually stayed on the first battleground of the war. It was the first and only general battle in which Lieutenant Russell was engaged, though on many previous occasions his high qualities as a soldier had been fully tested. During the night of the 29th and the morning of the 30th the troops of Jackson had been so far reinforced by Lee that at noon, notwithstanding the accession of General Porter's corps, General Pope was confronted by a superior force of the enemy. As fresh arrivals from the main body of the Rebels were continually increasing the disparity, General Pope advanced to the attack as soon as he could bring his troops into action. His force, amounting to about forty thousand men, consisted now of the corps of McDowell, Sigel, Reno, Heintzelman, and Porter. Unfortunately, Franklin and Sumner, at Centreville, had not come up, Burnside was at Fredericksburg, and Banks at Bristow's Station. These were heavy deductions from the national side. The corps of General Porter was on the left of the line, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon began the attack by an attempt to clear the enemy out of the woods in front. Our troops, however, were soon driven back with considerable loss. As they retired, the enemy advanced to the assault, when the battle became general along the whole line, and raged for hours with the greatest violence. It was upon the left that the enemy made his main attack. Heavy

reserves were brought up and hurled against it, mass after mass, with overpowering effect, while a concentrated fire from Rebel batteries posted on a commanding position made terrible havoc in the loyal lines. By dark General Porter's corps had been forced back a half or three quarters of a mile, but was still unbroken and firm. So heavy, however, were the losses, and so prostrated with hunger and fatigue were the soldiers, that at eight o'clock orders were given to the corps commanders to retreat upon Centreville.

For its part in this battle the Eighteenth Regiment received great praise from the generals of both division and corps, for its steadiness and gallantry. It was the first of the division to advance to the attack and the last to quit the field. When it left Hall's Hill it numbered nine hundred and ninety-five enlisted men. The hardships and perils of its service had so wasted it away in five months as to reduce it to three hundred and twenty-five men, of whom more than one half were either killed or wounded in this battle. Among the former was Lieutenant Russell.

The period of his military service was a short one, too short to enable him to rise to a sphere of responsibility and attain a distinction equal to his powers. It was long enough, however, for him to have borne a part of the great conflict for freedom and nationality, and to have devoted his life in his country's cause. He had been a gallant, faithful, and excellent soldier. The capacity for endurance he had shown was remarkable. The winter's encampment, the damps and miasmas of the Chickahominy swamps, the marches all night without sleep, the marches all day under a burning sun, never lowered the tone of his health or spirits. He bore the disasters of the Peninsular campaign undismayed, and preserved through all a hopeful courage. He was respected, beloved, and relied upon by both officers and men. The high expectation they had formed of him he did not disappoint in his first and greatest trial. The gallantry of his conduct in the battle of Bull Run received

from his superiors in command the warmest praise. The last moment of his life is the best blazon of his valor. Standing close by the colors of his regiment, waving his sword and cheering on his men in a charge, a grape-shot struck him in the neck and killed him instantly. He died without a pang. As he lay upon the field, his face wore the expression of a perfect repose. On the spot where he fell, he was buried. A pile of roughly hewn stone and cannon-balls has been raised in commemoration of the battle on that part of the ground which was the scene of the most desperate passage of the fight. His grave is just inside the fence that encircles this monument.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

Private 7th New York Volunteer Militia, April 19, 1861; Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), May 28, 1861; First Lieutenant, July 8, 1861; Captain, August 10, 1862; Colonel 54th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), April 17, 1863; killed at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

DURING the years 1859 and 1860 there might have been seen daily on the Staten Island ferry-boat, early in the morning and late in the afternoon, a pale, thoughtful-looking young man, with a manner so quiet and serene as to seem almost lazy. His light hair and moustache, and fair complexion, gave to his face a character that might have been effeminate but for the well-defined nose, firm, clear-cut mouth, and the steady glance of the peculiarly-colored light gray eye, which, together with his alert, quick, decided step, as he moved, showed that, beneath this quiet exterior, lay all the qualities that belong to a man of more than common character. This was Robert Shaw, who now lies buried on Morris Island, in Charleston Harbor, one of the many thousand young men who have fallen victims to that Moloch, American Slavery, or we may rather say, to whose victorious lives and deaths the Moloch, American Slavery, has fallen a victim.

He was born in Boston on the 10th of October, 1837, the son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw. He early showed marked traits of character; he was quick-tempered, but very affectionate, easily led, but never to be driven. At a very early age he was sent to the school of Miss Mary Peabody (now Mrs. Horace Mann); then to that of Miss Cabot, in West Roxbury; and finally to that of Mr. William P. Atkinson, with whom he began the Latin Grammar. When he was nine years old, his parents removed to Staten Island, where he went to a small private school, kept by a learned and very impatient old German,

who did not help the little fellow to any more love of *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, and after a year, at the beginning of the summer vacation, he told his mother that he "hoped Mr. Marschalk would die this summer, so he could never come back and keep school." As it happened, the good old man did fall ill and die, to the great consternation of his little pupil, who could not make it quite clear to his conscience that his naughty wish had not something to do with his teacher's death. After this, in accordance with the judgment of his parents and with his own consent, he was sent from home to school at St. John's College, at Fordham, near New York.

How he fared there extracts from some of his own weekly letters shall show, beginning with one written on his return to school, after a short visit home: —

"FORDHAM, June 3, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER, — I got here safe and sound, and have n't felt hungry yet, though it is not far from supper-time. I wish you had n't sent me here while you are on the island, because I want to be there; and now I shall have to stay up at this old place. I'm sure I sha'n't want to come here after vacation, for I hate it like everything. We forgot to carry that accordion to be mended this morning. I wish I did n't feel this way every time I go home. The boys that were homesick when they first came here are not so now, even that little one who used to be crying all the time; and I'm homesick whenever I go home, and I always feel ugly when I think of home. I wish you would n't want me to go away to school; I don't see why I can't study just as well at home. I began with Sam; and see where he is now, in Virgil, a long way ahead of me. Don't forget to take that accordion the next time you go to the city. I feel real ugly.

"Your loving son,

"R. G. SHAW."

On the 1st of September he ran away from school and went to New York, where his mother and sister were on a visit. His father took him back very soon, and in a few days he wrote as follows: —

“ ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, September 7.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER, — I received your letter yesterday. It would not have made me feel homesick at all, if I had seen you. I don't know the reason, but I felt just the same as if I were going anywhere else. I wish you would give me those Waverley Novels for a birthday present, or I think I could take care of a watch now; but if I did have one, I should leave it at home, for I should n't have any use for it here. I did n't feel very homesick that time I went down to New York; but I did n't like to stay here, while you were in the city. If they had whipped me then, I am almost certain I should have run away again, I should have been so mad. As it was, I came near going the second time I was sent out of the study-room. One of the boys ran away from here during vacation, and they thought his father had taken him home, and his father thought he was up here; but he went aboard a sloop on the Hudson River, and worked there for a month. When he went home, his father asked him why he had n't written to him, for he thought he was at the college all the time, and nobody knows anything about it but a few of the boys. After I came up from New York with father, this 'boy asked me to run away with him again, and do the same as he did before; and then I would have done it if it was n't getting cold, but I would n't do it now. I felt sort of angry then, because I had to come back; and if I got punished when I did n't do anything, I should feel just like going off, and I don't know but I would, if I got a good chance. Will you please to send me some envelopes?

“ Your loving son.”

“ September 9, 1850.

“ DEAR MOTHER, — I do wish you would come and see me right off, and not wait so long, as I feel very homesick. I thought at first I would n't say anything about it, but I can't help it, I feel so. I've only been back here two or three days, and it seems as long as all the time I was at home. Whenever I think about home, it makes me feel like crying, and sometimes I can't help crying before all the boys. Do come and see me, mother, or ask father to. I feel just the same as I did when I first came, and worse, if anything. I would n't care half so much, if I thought I should n't come back here again. Any how, I hope you *will* come and see me, and as soon as

you can. I can hardly help crying now when I am writing this note. I've got a sore throat to-day. I hope you will come. I feel just the same as I did when I started.

“Your loving son,

“R. G. SHAW.

“P. S. — My old teacher scolded me to-day because I did n't do something he did n't tell me to, and I hate him like everything. He is the worst old fellow I ever saw. They have n't given us any lessons yet, except two or three lines in Latin last Tuesday. I don't believe I shall learn half as much this year as I did last. A good many of the boys in our class are lazy; and if one boy does n't know his lesson, the teacher makes the whole class do it over the next day; and so we've been on this lesson since Tuesday, and it is now Saturday evening. I wish you would send me a barrel of apples when they are ripe. The teacher scolded me because I wrote two exercises on one piece of paper, and he did n't tell me not to. I wish he'd go on a little faster.”

One might suppose, from the foregoing letters, that the life of this little man was upon the whole very miserable, but this was far from being the case. This constant habit of writing to his parents all his little troubles made many of his letters rather lugubrious in their tone; but there were some of a more cheerful character.

“October 20.

“DEAR MOTHER, — I received your note this afternoon. I did n't expect a watch when I was fifteen, if I did n't smoke, because I thought father had forgotten all about it; besides, I don't care for one, and only put that in my letter because I had nothing else to say. But I don't know but when I was writing I thought I would like to have one. I am beginning to draw now more than I used to; and in study time, when I have done my exercises, I usually draw. I am going to try to sketch from pictures now. You know I never used to, except from my own mind. This boat is the first one I ever drew from a picture, except the one in that big ‘Homer's Iliad,’ where Achilles is trailing Hector behind his chariot, and is only in outline. I wish you would send me that book you were reading when you were here. It was the life of that man

who went to a school where the master used to have fits of absence. I hope Rover and Argus are well. I am reading a book by Washington Irving, and it is very funny. It has a story in which he tells the origin of putting your thumb to your nose and moving your fingers, the way boys do to each other, as a sign of contempt.

“I should like to have you give me a strong and pretty large knife, for I have none.

“Your affectionate and loving son.”

Three months later, to his great joy, he sailed for Europe with all the family. After passing a happy summer in Switzerland, he was left at the school of M. Roulet, in Neuchâtel, where he remained two years. During this time he was very happy. After the custom of Swiss schools, he made many excursions on foot through various parts of the country. He acquired a great deal of general information on these journeys. He improved very much in his character, and became also a good French scholar. He won the affection of his excellent teacher, who kept up a correspondence with him until his death, and who writes of him as follows after hearing that sad news:—

“De ce côté de l’océan, tous ceux qui ont connu Robert Shaw regrettent vivement sa perte, et sympathisent du fond de leur cœur avec les douleurs qu’elle a causées dans sa famille et dans son pays, où il avait déjà su, si jeune, se faire remarquer par ses riches qualités.”

A few extracts from his own letters from Neuchâtel will show something of his life there.

“NEUCHÂTEL, November, 1852.

“DEAR MOTHER,— I was just going to put a letter to father in the post, when I got yours. At the end of this lake there is a great deal of low country, which is generally overflowed every autumn; but this year it has been under water three times, and the inhabitants of the villages in the neighborhood are nearly starving, because all their crops have been spoiled. Why do you like the character of Marcus Brutus? He murdered his adopted father, and I don’t see much to admire in that. Have you seen that book

named 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? You said something about not being afraid of declaring one's opinion. I'm sure I should n't be afraid of saying that we were Unitarians, if there could be any kind of use in it; but as it is, it would only bring up discussions and conversations, which would be very stupid and tiresome; and as I don't want to become reformer, apostle, or anything of that kind, there is no use in doing disagreeable things for nothing. The other night there was a great fire on the other side of the lake, and a whole village was burnt.

"There was a row here the other night, because a man who had been the cook of Hortense Beauharnais, Louis Napoleon's mother, illuminated his windows, and painted on them, '*Vive Napoléon III.*' Then the Republicans got together and broke all his windows. I suppose you know that Louis Napoleon has had seven million votes, and will soon be crowned Emperor. He has liberated Abd-el-Kader and has sent him to Brousse, on condition that he would go no more into Algiers. He, Abd-el-Kader, is so grateful that he has asked leave to vote for Napoleon. Do you like St. Peter's as well as the Cathedral at Milan?"

"NEUCHÂTEL, August 7, 1853.

"I've just been eating a little bit of boiled dog, and it was n't at all bad, only a little tough. I suppose he was rather old. A puppy would be better.

"Have you heard anything about the new slave law in Illinois? I think it is much worse than that of 1850. Have you read the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin'? It is a collection of all the facts she drew her story from. I've been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' again lately, and always like it better than before, and see more things in it. I don't see how one man could do much against slavery."

In the autumn of 1853 he joined his parents in Italy, where he remained nearly a year, most of the time in Florence. He studied Italian with much diligence, and in July of 1854 he went to Hanover, in order to study German, and also to prepare himself to enter Harvard College on his return to his own country. His parents felt such confidence in his character and habits as to allow him to be his

own master while in Germany, and they never had reason to regret it. He learned to write and speak German with fluency, and enjoyed very much the opportunity he found there of hearing good music, of which he was very fond. His letters show the innocent and youthful zest with which he engaged in the social enjoyments about him, while there are glimpses of deeper thought.

“November 29, 1854.

“I’ve been reading a description of the loss of the Arctic, — it must have been horrible! I thought how we should feel if father had been in her. Do you understand why some people have so much to suffer during their lives, and others are always happy? I mean the relatives, more than the people themselves who were lost. It must be dreadful to be expecting your friends and instead of them, to get news that they are dead! What a moment it must have been for those on board just before the vessel went down!”

Previous to a visit to Paris, to pass Christmas, he writes: —

“Will you please take particular notice in the streets, and see if *chaps* (I can’t say *young men*, and *boys* won’t do at all) of my age wear hats or caps? If hats are the fashion, I shall come with a leather hat-box like father’s!”

After going to a fancy ball in female attire, he writes, February, 1855: —

“It’s really true that everybody at the ball thought I was a lady until I spoke in my own voice; then it was very funny to see their astonishment. I was introduced to a great many ladies and gentlemen, and not one has recognized me since. The dress made me look about as tall as Aunt M——; the powdered, curled hair made my features look finer and my forehead very white; my cheeks were flushed; and all put together made me a very good-looking lady, to judge from the compliments. I never enjoyed myself so much. Don’t compare me with any of my aunts. I surpassed Aunt M—— by half. I only wish you could have seen me. I don’t think you would have known me at all. It’s a sad truth that I was obliged to shave, the prominence of my beard and moustache being an obstacle to my appearing as a woman. But

without joking, it *would* have showed, especially by candle-light, so I took it off.

“A New York Tribune came yesterday, and in it I read a long account of the new ‘Abolition Society of New York and its Vicinity,’ and also an account of a slave having been burnt alive in Alabama. I did not think this last would ever happen again.”

During the spring of 1855 he made a tour through Sweden and Norway, with two companions, and enjoyed it to the utmost.

On September 10th he wrote:—

“What awful riots there have been in America lately! I don’t know how the country seems to those who are living in it; but looking at it through the newspapers, both American and German, it looks pretty bad. But then, if you ever read anything about America written in Germany, you may be pretty sure that all the dark side of the case will be shown up; and if there is anything good in it, that will be kept out of sight as much as possible: at least it always strikes me so. In no country where I have been is there such a prejudice against America as here; and whenever I read German newspapers, I get into a rage. I’ve met a great many people here whom I should like very much indeed if they would keep their mouths shut in regard to America.”

“December 11.

“I have just come home from a small tea-party where I met a cove who railed against America. I have become so accustomed to that sort of thing that I thought it would make no impression on me any longer, but I did get very angry to-night. When I have such a discussion, it makes me feel uncomfortable for a day or two. This is the reason I disliked the Germans at first, and I *must* hate them when they talk so about us. And the worst of it is, that they don’t say anything against the *real* abuse, slavery, but always about some little insignificant thing. They *never* say much about slavery, which I think rather strange, because there they could have a good handle to take hold of, and could finish us directly.”

“January 8, 1856.

“I have just got back here after having passed the Christmas holidays in Berlin. There are fine casts of most of the celebrated

statues in the world there. I recognized a great many old acquaintances, and had a real good time looking at them. Every time I receive a letter from you, I want more to go home. I am tired of Hanover, and of living here alone; and now that you are settled, it would be just as well for me to go; and I suppose it would be better to have a master who knows just what is needed to enter Harvard."

"January 30, 1856.

"Last Sunday was Mozart's hundredth birthday, and his opera *Don Giovanni* was given here; and on Monday I went to a beautiful concert, where none but his music was sung and played. Then besides these, the bands of two or three regiments gave concerts, and played only Mozart's music. I always think of you when I hear fine music.

"Your letter of the 13th instant reached me to-day. You speak of my coming home as early in the spring as possible. I shall certainly do so; for I want very much to be with you again. Though I know a great many people here, I never get confidential with any, and I have no one to talk to as I can to you. The 1st of April I shall leave Hanover, and shall arrive in America about the 1st of May, and shall be very glad indeed to go to Cambridge."

He reached Boston in May, just at the beginning of the Presidential campaign of 1856, in which he took a strong interest, although too young to vote. He passed the summer at Staten Island, studying under the guidance of Mr. Barlow (since Major-General Barlow), and entered Harvard College at the opening of the term in August.

"CAMBRIDGE, September 5, 1856.

"Last Monday we had our six annual football games; Freshmen kicking against Sophomores. In the last three games, the Juniors help the Freshmen, and the Seniors help the Sophomores. We beat the third game, alone, a thing which has happened only three times since the University was founded. The Sophomores generally beat all six games, because they know the ground, and know each other. As I think a description of the whole affair would amuse you, I will give it to you.

"At half past six we went to the 'Delta,' and in a few minutes the whole Sophomore Class streamed into the field at one end, and

about as large a class of Freshmen into the other, and stood opposite each other about a hundred yards apart, like two hostile armies. There we stood cheering and getting up our courage until the ball was brought. It was received with great cheering and hurraing, and handed over to the Sophomores, who have the first kick by rights. After they had kicked once, they waited until our champion, Crowninshield, had one kick, and then rushed in.

“They knew that we were a large Class and had a good many big fellows, so they determined to frighten us by hard fighting; and if anything was calculated to frighten fellows not used to it, it was the way in which they came upon us. They rushed down in a body, and, hardly looking for the ball, the greater part of them turned their attention to knocking down as many as they could, and kicked the ball when they happened to come across it. It was a regular battle, with fifty to seventy men on each side. It resembled more my idea of the hand-to-hand fighting in the battles of the ancients, than anything else. After the first game, few had their own hats on, few a whole shirt. In the beginning I rushed into the middle with the crowd, but after that I kept among fellows of my own size on the outskirts. My experience in the middle was this: before I had been there more than a second, I had got three fearful raps on the head and was knocked down, and they all ran over me after the ball, which had been kicked to another part of the field. Then I picked myself up, as did a great many other fellows lying about me, and looked for my hat among about twenty others and a good many rags. I found it some time afterwards serving as football to a Sophomore during the ‘*entr’acte*.’ That was Monday, and to-day is Friday, but my head is not entirely well yet. I got many blows which I did n’t feel at all till the next day. A good many of our fellows were more badly hurt, because they had pluck enough to go into the thick of it each time; once was enough for me. It was fine to see how little some of them cared for the blows they got. After the Juniors and Seniors came in, there must have been two hundred on the ground. Of the last three games we beat one, and one was voted a drawn game. This is a much more important thing than one would think, because it is an established custom; and our having beaten is a great glory, and gives the other Classes a much higher opinion of us than they would otherwise have. They talked about it quite amicably the next day. Several of the Sophs

and Seniors, who were both opposed to us, came over to our side that same evening, and congratulated us upon having beaten them, because it was such an unusual thing. Now we play football every evening, but all the classes mix up, and there is little or no fighting. There will be no boat-clubs until the spring."

"October 1, 1857.

"I don't remember if I ever told you anything about the 'Institute,' a debating-society which was started in 1770, and is handed down to every Sophomore Class. There is a meeting every Saturday. First, the Secretary's report of the former meeting is read, then there is a lecture, and then a paper of anonymous contributions is read, and then there is a debate. There are always four debaters, two on each side. Some of these meetings are very interesting, and some are decidedly slow. But what I wanted to come to is to say, that they have put me up for a lecture two weeks from to-day. I thought it would be easiest to write about some country I have seen, and as Norway is the least known, perhaps that would be the most interesting."

"March, 1858.

"I acknowledge my wickedness in not writing, but I have been very busy indeed with the boat-club, the Pierians, and my music lessons. We have been having a very jolly time with our boat-club, for it is great fun rowing out together. She is an eight-oared boat, formerly called the Iris, and beat the Yale fellows a year or two ago. We have changed her name to the Sabrina, from Milton's something, you know. The Pierians are getting on famously, and we play twice a week, and afterwards partake of a little refreshment in the shape of ale and crackers and cheese, which makes it very pleasant. Why do you think you shall not live to see truth and justice prevail in the land? I can't help hoping there will be a disunion some time, and I suppose there will be before many years. I have been looking over various books about America lately, and they all say that slavery is the only fault; and we get just as much blame for it as the Southerners, besides the disgrace of all their shameful actions."

He left Cambridge before the completion of his third year, in order to take advantage of an offer from his uncle of a clerkship in a mercantile office in New York.

He had passed three happy years in Cambridge, making friends of many of his classmates, and intimates of several. One of them thus wrote of him after his death : —

“I do not know whether you ever met him ; but if you have, his singular frankness and purity of character must have struck you. He was universally beloved, and could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offence, and also make them correct them. . . . I feel utterly unable to express what I think ; and after all the beautiful things that have been said and written about him, any common language must appear trite and stale to you. But I have never thought that justice has yet been done to his merits. I have known him six years, and known him only to love him more and more every year.”

He took no rank as a scholar, never at any time standing even among the first half of his Class. The two following years of his life, — from 1859 to 1861, — he lived at home with his parents, the pride, the joy, and the blessing of the family circle, a devoted son, an affectionate brother, a courteous neighbor, and a true friend. He did not love his new life in the office, feeling that he had not much talent for business, but nevertheless performing all his duties conscientiously and punctually, and thereby winning the esteem and affection of his employers.

In November, 1861, he cast his first and only Presidential vote for Abraham Lincoln. At this time he enlisted as private in the Seventh Regiment New York National Guards, giving as his reason for this step that he thought there would be trouble in the country after the inauguration, and in that case he should not be willing to remain in the office at work, if the country needed soldiers. Four months proved the truth of his anticipations ; and his parents being in Nassau, he writes thus : —

“April 5.

“We have very exciting news to-day from the South. It is now almost certain that Mr. Lincoln is going to reinforce the United

States forts, and in that case the Southerners will surely resist. All the vessels in the navy are being got ready for sea, and several sail from here to-day. Lincoln has kept his own counsel so well hitherto, that the newspapers have not been able to get at anything, and have consequently been filled with the most contradictory rumors. But, now that almost all the important appointments have been made, and the State elections, &c. are over, it is the universal belief that *something* decisive is to be done.

“Every other man has a different opinion as to what will be the consequences. Some think it will drive all the Border States into the Southern Confederacy, and that we shall all be ruined; and others say it will encourage the Union party in the South to make itself heard. For my part, I want to see the Southern States either brought back by force or else recognized as independent; and, as Lincoln cannot do as he likes, but must abide by the Constitution, I don't see what he can do but collect the revenue and retake, by force of arms, the United States property which they have stolen. As for making concessions, it is only patching the affair up for a year or two, when it would break out worse than ever. At any rate, we should have this same row over again at every Presidential election; and if we gave them an inch, they would be sure to want thousands of ells, as is proved by their history and ours for the last fifty years. Indeed, they would not be content with anything less than a total change of public opinion throughout the North on the subject of slavery, and that, of course, they can't have. In the mean time, they tar and feather, hang, drown, and burn our citizens who are travelling there, attending to their own business and troubling no one. I have been a disunionist for two years; but as there seems to be no way of making a peaceable separation without giving up everything, I am glad, for the credit of the country, that they will probably act now with some firmness. A great many people say they are ashamed of their country, but I feel proud that we have at last taken such a long step forward as to turn out the proslavery government which has been disgracing us so long; and they begin to grumble now about the present administration being no stronger than the last, when it has had barely one month to make thousands of appointments, put money into its empty treasury, and extricate almost every department from the infernal state of confusion in which it

was left by the rascals that have been in power for the last four years."

On the 19th of April, at the President's call for seventy-five thousand men, he marched with his regiment to Washington, leaving the following note for his father, who was expected home in three days : —

"STATEN ISLAND, April 18, 1861.

"MY DEAR FATHER, — When you get home you will hear why I am not here to receive you. Badly as I feel at going before you come, it seems the only way, unless I give it up altogether, which you could not wish any more than I. You shall hear from me as often as I possibly can write, if only a few words at a time. We go to-morrow afternoon, and hope to be in Washington the following day. I want very much to go; and with me, as with most of the others, the only hard part is leaving our friends. God bless you all, dear father. Excuse the shortness of this farewell note."

His descriptions of the famous march from Annapolis are very graphic, but must be omitted for want of room. The call for the Seventh Regiment extending only to thirty days, he applied for and obtained a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts, and left with that regiment for the seat of war in July, 1861. The following extract will give a glimpse at his first year's life in camp : —

"GUARD-TENT, SECOND REGIMENT, CAMP HICKS,
Near Frederick, Md., 3½ A. M., Dec. 25, 1861.

"DEAREST MOTHER, — It is Christmas morning, and I hope it will be a happy and merry one for you all, though it looks so stormy for our poor country one can hardly be in a merry humor.

"I should be very sorry to have a war with England, even if we had a fine army, instead of a pack of politicians for officers, with their constituents for rank and file; and all the more so, of course, thinking that we shall have to take many 'whoppings' before we are worth much. War is n't declared yet, but does n't it look very much like it to every one at home? Here, we have made up our minds that we shall have much more soldiering to do than we expected when we started. I think we may as well consider ourselves settled for life, if we are to have a war with England!

“ My Christmas-eve has been very much like many other eves during the last six months. On the whole, I have passed quite a pleasant night, though what our men call the ‘fore-part’ of it was principally occupied in taking care of two drunken men (one of them with a broken pate), and in tying a sober one to a tree. After this was over, I did a good deal of reading, and, towards one o’clock, A. M., had some toast and hot coffee, — having previously invited my sergeant to take a nap, so that I might not be troubled by hungry eyes, and made to feel mean, for there was n’t enough to give any away. The drummer (who with the sergeant of the guard, for some reason which I never discovered, sits and sleeps in the officers’ tent) kept groaning in his sleep; and I could n’t help imagining that his groan always came in just as I took a bite of toast, or a large gulp of coffee. This diminished my enjoyment; and when he suddenly said, ‘Martha, there is n’t any breakfast!’ I was certain that my proceedings were influencing his dreams.

“ It began to snow about midnight, and I suppose no one ever had a better chance of seeing Santa Claus; but as I had my stockings on, he probably thought it not worth his while to come down to the guard-tent. I did n’t see any of the guards’ stockings pinned up outside their tent; and indeed it is contrary to army regulations for them to divest themselves of any part of their clothing during the twenty-four hours. . . . Merry Christmas and love to all.”

At the battle of Cedar Mountain he was serving as Aid on General Gordon’s Staff.

“NEAR CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA, August 12, 1862.

“DEAREST MOTHER, — . . . I was in different parts of the field with General Gordon, who finally sent me back to get some artillery through the woods. It was impossible to do it, because the brush was so thick, and besides, I had n’t been gone five minutes before the enemy got us under a cross-fire, and our brigade had to retreat. They advanced so close to the Second before the latter gave way, that it was easy to distinguish all their features. I think our regiment lost most at this time; they also inflicted a heavy loss on the regiments opposed to them. So from what I can gather, I was saved from the hottest fire by being ordered to look for the artillery. There were four hundred and seventy-four enlisted men taken into action in the Second. Of these one hundred and

twenty were killed and wounded, and thirty-seven missing. They were not under fire more than thirty minutes. Twenty-two officers went in, and eight came out; five were killed, five wounded, four captured, three of whom are thought to be wounded.

“ We hear to-day that the enemy have retired to some distance. If true, we may soon hear more of our missing. Goodwin, Cary, Choate, and Stephen Perkins were all quite ill, but would not stay away from the fight. Choate was the only one of the four not killed. Goodwin could n't keep up with the regiment; but I saw him toiling up the hill at some distance behind, with the assistance of his servant. He hardly reached the front when he was killed. All our officers behaved nobly. Those who ought to have stayed away did n't. It was splendid to see those sick fellows walk straight up into the shower of bullets, as if it were so much rain; men, who until this year, had lived lives of perfect ease and luxury. O, it is hard to believe that we shall never see them again, after having been constantly together for more than a year. I don't remember a single quarrel of any importance among our officers during all that time.

“ Yesterday I went over the battle-field with the General. The first man I recognized was Cary. He was lying on his back with his head on a piece of wood. He looked calm and peaceful, as if he were merely sleeping; his face was beautiful, and I could have stood and looked at it a long while. Captain Williams we found next. Then Goodwin, Abbott, and Perkins. They had all probably been killed instantly, while Cary lived until two o'clock, P. M., of the next day. His First Sergeant was shot in the leg, and lay by his side all the time. He says he was very quiet; spoke little, and did n't seem to suffer. We found a dipper with water, which some Rebel soldier had brought. They took everything from him after he died, but returned a ring and locket with his wife's miniature to the sergeant. His was the only dead body I have ever seen that it was pleasant to look at, and it was beautiful. I saw it again in Culpeper late that night. All these five were superior men; every one in the regiment was their friend. It was a sad day for us, when they were brought in dead, and they cannot be replaced.

“ The bodies were taken to town, and Lieutenant Francis and I had them packed in charcoal to go to Washington, where they will

be put in metallic coffins. I took a lock of hair from each one to send to their friends. It took almost all night to get them ready for transportation."

After the battle of Antietam he writes:—

"MARYLAND HEIGHTS, September 21, 1862.

"DEAR FATHER, — . . . We left Frederick on the 14th instant, marched that day and the next to Boonsborough, passing through a gap in the mountain where Burnside had had a fight the day before. On the 16th our corps, then commanded by General Mansfield, took up a position in rear of Sumner's, and lay there all day. The Massachusetts cavalry was very near us. I went over and spent the evening with them, and had a long talk with Forbes about home and friends there. . . . We lay on his blanket before the fire until nearly ten o'clock, and then I left him, little realizing what a day the next was to be, though a battle was expected; and I thought, as I rode off, that perhaps we should n't see each other again. Fortunately, we have both got through safely so far. At about eleven, P. M., Mansfield's corps was moved two or three miles to the right. At one in the morning of the 17th we rested in a wheat-field. Our pickets were firing all night, and at daylight we were waked up by the artillery; we were moved forward immediately, and went into action in about fifteen minutes. The Second Massachusetts was on the right of Gordon's brigade, and the Third Wisconsin next; the latter was in a very exposed position, and lost as many as two hundred killed and wounded in a short time. We were posted in a little orchard, and Colonel Andrews got a cross-fire on that part of the enemy's line, which, as we soon discovered, did a great deal of execution, and saved the Third Wisconsin from being completely used up. It was the prettiest thing we have ever done, and our loss was small at that time; in half an hour the brigade advanced through a corn-field in front, which until then had been occupied by the enemy; it was full of their dead and wounded, and one of our sergeants took a regimental color there, belonging to the Eleventh Mississippi. Beyond the corn-field was a large open field, and such a mass of dead and wounded men, mostly Rebels, as were lying there, I never saw before; it was a terrible sight, and our men had to be very careful to avoid treading on them; many were mangled and torn to pieces

by artillery, but most of them had been wounded by musketry fire. We halted right among them, and the men did everything they could for their comfort, giving them water from their canteens, and trying to place them in easy positions. There are so many young boys and old men among the Rebels, that it seems hardly possible that they can have come of their own accord to fight us; and it makes you pity them all the more, as they lie moaning on the field.

“The Second Massachusetts came to close quarters, i. e. within musket range, twice during the day; but we had several men wounded by shell, which were flying about loosely all day. It was the greatest fight of the war, and I wish I could give you a satisfactory account of everything I saw. . . .

“At last, night came on, and, with the exception of an occasional shot from the outposts, all was quiet. The crickets chirped, and the frogs croaked, just as if nothing unusual had happened all day long; and presently the stars came out bright, and we lay down among the dead, and slept soundly until daylight. There were twenty dead bodies within a rod of me. The next day, much to our surprise, all was quiet, and the burying and hospital parties worked hard, caring for the dead and wounded. . . .

“I never felt before the excitement which makes a man want to rush into the fight, but I did that day. Every battle makes me wish more and more that the war was over. It seems almost as if nothing could justify a battle like that of the 17th, and the horrors inseparable from it.”

“FAIRFAX STATION, January 1, 1863.

“DEAR —, — It is needless for me to say anything to you of my feelings when I heard of Joe’s death. He and Theodore are two more of the best ones sacrificed. So far, among our friends, the best and dearest seem to have been picked out. . . . And is n’t it fearful to think of the families on both sides who have had similar losses for the last two years? This life gradually makes us feel that, so far as a man himself is concerned, he may as well die now as a few years hence; but I never see one killed without thinking of the people he leaves at home: that is the sad part of it.

“I had to get up at twelve o’clock last night, to make the rounds, and as the New Year came in, I wondered what the next twelve months would bring forth. What a day, and what a year this is going to be in the history of the world, if the Eman-

cipation Proclamation is really what we hope it is. At any rate, it must be an eventful one for our country, even if nothing decisive takes place."

Early in 1863, when the government determined to form negro regiments, Governor Andrew offered him, by the following letter, the colonelcy of one to be raised in Massachusetts; being the first recruited under State authority, although one was already in service in South Carolina and another in Kansas.

“COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, January 30, 1863.

“CAPTAIN ROBERT G. SHAW,

Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

“CAPTAIN, — I am about to organize in Massachusetts a colored regiment as part of the volunteer quota of this State, — the commissioned officers to be white men. I have to-day written to your father, expressing to him my sense of the importance of this undertaking, and requesting him to forward to you this letter, in which I offer to you the commission of Colonel over it. The lieutenant-colonelcy I have offered to Captain Hallowell of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment. It is important to the organization of this regiment that I should receive your reply to this offer at the earliest day consistent with your ability to arrive at a deliberate conclusion on the subject.

“Respectfully and very truly yours,

“JOHN A. ANDREW,

Governor of Massachusetts.”

This letter was enclosed to his father, who carried it himself to Stafford Court-House, where the Second Massachusetts was at that time encamped in winter quarters. His son was now Captain; and he had also during this winter added to his happiness by his engagement to one who was in every way calculated to increase it. He read the letter, and after a short pause he said, “I would take it, if I thought myself equal to the responsibility of such a position.”

After some consultation with his superior officers, he felt encouraged to accept, and retired to his tent for the night with that determination. In the morning, as soon as he met his father, he told him he had changed his mind, and did not feel the self-confidence to undertake so important a post. His father, unwilling to use any influence at so serious a moment of his son's life, left camp soon after, bringing with him a letter to Governor Andrew from his son, thanking the Governor earnestly for the great honor done him by his offer, and stating frankly that he did not feel that he had ability enough for the undertaking, and hoping that his refusal might not lower him in the opinion of the Governor. This letter never reached Governor Andrew, for the following reason: the morning after the father's arrival in New York, he received a telegram from his son.

“STAFFORD COURT-HOUSE, February 5.

“Please destroy my letter and telegraph to the Governor that I accept.”

Extracts from two letters written at this time show the state of his mind:—

“February 4.

“Father has just left here. He came down yesterday, and brought me an offer from Governor Andrew of the colonelcy of his new black regiment. The Governor considers it a most important command, and I could not help feeling, from the tone of his letter, that he did me a great honor in offering it to me. My father will tell you some of the reasons why I thought I ought not to accept it. If I had taken it, it would only have been from a sense of duty, for it would have been anything but an agreeable task.”

“February 8.

“You know by this time, perhaps, that I have changed my mind about the black regiment. After father left, I began to think I had made a mistake in refusing Governor Andrew's offer. . . . Going for another three years is not nearly so bad a thing for a colonel as for a captain, as the former can much more easily get a furlough. Then after I have undertaken this work, I shall feel

that what I have to do is to prove that a negro can be made a good soldier, and, that being established, it will not be a point of honor with me to see the war through, unless I really occupied a position of importance in the army. Hundreds of men might leave the army, you know, without injuring the service in the slightest degree. . . .

“I am inclined to think that the undertaking will not meet with so much opposition as was at first supposed. All sensible men in the army, of all parties, after a little thought, say that it is the best thing that can be done; and surely those at home who are not brave or patriotic enough to enlist should not ridicule or throw obstacles in the way of men who are going to fight for them. There is a great prejudice against it, but now that it has become a government matter, that will probably wear away. At any rate, I sha’n’t be frightened out of it by its unpopularity. . . .

“I feel convinced I shall never regret having taken this step, as far as I myself am concerned; for while I was undecided I felt ashamed of myself, as if I were cowardly.”

He soon obtained leave from the War Department to report at Boston, and begin the labor of raising and drilling the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. Extracts from his letters at this time show his opinion of black troops.

“BOSTON, February 16, 1863.

“I arrived here yesterday morning; things are going on very well and I think there is no doubt of our ultimate success.

“We go into camp at Readville. We have a great deal of work before us. The pay is thirteen dollars per month, the same as white soldiers receive.”

“MARCH 17, 1863.

“The regiment continues to flourish. Yesterday we had some officers out to take a look at the men. They all went away very much pleased. Some were very sceptical about it before, but say now that they shall have no more doubt of negroes’ making good soldiers.”

“MARCH 25.

“If the success of the Fifty-fourth gives you so much pleasure, I shall have no difficulty in giving you good news of it whenever I write. Everything goes on prosperously. The intelligence of the

men is a great surprise to me. They learn all the details of guard duty and camp service infinitely more readily than most of the Irish I have had under my command. There is not the least doubt that we shall leave the State with as good a regiment as any that has marched."

"March 30.

"The mustering officer who was here to-day is a Virginian, and has always thought it was a great joke to try to make soldiers of 'Niggers,' but he tells me now that he has never mustered in so fine a set of men, though about twenty thousand had passed through his hands since September. The sceptics need only to come out here to be converted."

On the 2d of May he was married; and on the 28th of the same month he left Boston at the head of as fine and well drilled a regiment as had ever left the city. Their triumphal march through Boston has been often described.

He himself wrote of it thus:—

"STEAMER DE MOLAY, OFF CAPE HATTERAS,
June 1, 1863.

"The more I think of the passage of the Fifty-fourth through Boston, the more wonderful it seems to me. Just remember our own doubts and fears, and other people's sneering and pitying remarks, when we began last winter, and then look at the perfect triumph of last Thursday. We have gone quietly along, forming the regiment, and at last left Boston amidst a greater enthusiasm than has been seen since the first three months' troops left for the war. Every one I saw, from the Governor's staff (who have always given us rather the cold shoulder) down, had nothing but words of praise for us. Truly, I ought to be thankful for all my happiness, and my success in life so far; and if the raising of colored troops prove such a benefit to the country and to the blacks as many people think it will, I shall thank God a thousand times that I was led to take my share in it."

The following extracts will give some idea of his short experiences in South Carolina and Georgia. After visiting some of the deserted plantations and talking with the negroes, he writes:—

“ June 13.

” “ A deserted homestead is always a sad sight ; but here in the South we must look a little deeper than the surface, and then we see that every such overgrown plantation and empty house is a harbinger of freedom to the slaves, and every lover of his country, even if he have no feeling for the slaves themselves, should rejoice.”

“ 26.

“ The only persons responsible for the depravity of the negroes are their scoundrelly owners, who are, nevertheless, not ashamed to talk of the Christianizing influence of slavery. Whatever the condition of the slaves may be, it does not degrade them as a bad life does most people, for their faces are generally good. I suppose this is owing to their utter ignorance and innocence of evil. . . .

“ We landed on this island [Port Royal Island] last night, and to-day are bringing everything to our camp, a mile from the landing, by hand. Having a great many stores, it is a long job. I am sitting on a box in the middle of a field of sand, under a tent-fly, and writing on my knee.”

He most unwillingly obeyed an order to allow his regiment to take part in the destruction of the town of Darien, Georgia. Returning to Port Royal, he wrote as follows:—

“ ST. HELENA ISLAND, July 6.

“ We don't know with any certainty what is going on in the North, but can't believe Lee will get far into Pennsylvania. No matter if the Rebels get to New York, I shall never lose my faith in our ultimate success. We are not yet ready for peace, and want a good deal of purging still. I wrote to General Strong this afternoon, and expressed my wish to be in his brigade. I want to get my men alongside of white troops, and into a good fight, if there is to be one. Working independently, the colored troops come only under the eyes of their own officers ; and to have their worth properly acknowledged, they should be with other troops in action. It is an incentive to them to do their best. There is some rumor to-night of our being ordered to James Island, and put under General Terry's command. I should be satisfied with that.”

“ JAMES ISLAND, July 16.

“ . . . You don't know what a fortunate day this has been for

me, and for us all, excepting some poor fellows who were killed and wounded. Two hundred of my men on picket this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Tenth Connecticut were on their left, and say they should have had a bad time if the Fifty-fourth men had not stood so well. The other regiments lost, in all, three men wounded. We lost seven killed, twenty-one wounded, six missing, supposed killed, and nine unaccounted for.

“General Terry sent me word he was highly gratified with the behavior of my men, and the officers and privates of other regiments praise us very much. All this is very gratifying to us personally, and a fine thing for the colored troops.

“I have just come in from the front with my regiment, where we were sent as soon as the Rebels retired. This shows that the events of the morning did not destroy the General’s confidence in us.”

“*COLE’S ISLAND* (opposite Folly Island), July 17, 4 P. M.

“James Island was evacuated last night by our forces. My regiment started first, at half past nine, P. M. Not a thing was moved until after dark, and the Rebels must have been astonished this morning. Terry went there originally only to create a diversion from Morris Island, and it was useless to stay and risk being driven off, after Morris was taken. It thundered and lightened, and rained hard all night, and it took us from ten, P. M., to five, A. M., to come four miles. Most of the way we had to march in single file along the narrow paths through the swamps. For nearly half a mile we had to pass over a bridge of one, and in some places two planks wide, without a railing, and slippery with rain,—mud and water below several feet deep,—and then over a narrow dike so slippery as to make it almost impossible to keep one’s feet. It took my regiment alone nearly two hours to pass the bridge and dike. By the time we got over, it was nearly daylight, and the brigade behind us had a pretty easy time. I never had such an extraordinary walk.

“We are now lying on the beach opposite the southern point of Folly Island, and have been here since five this morning. When they can get boats, they will set us across, I suppose.

“There is hardly any water to be got here, and the sun and sand are dazzling and roasting us. I should n’t like you to see me as I am now; I have n’t washed my face since day before yesterday.

My conscience is perfectly easy about it, though, for it was an impossibility, and every one is in the same condition. Open air dirt, i. e. mud, &c., is not like the indoor article. . . .

“ We have had nothing but crackers and coffee these two days. It seems like old times in the Army of the Potomac.”

“ MORRIS ISLAND, July 18.

“ We are in General Strong’s brigade. We came up here last night, and were out again all night in a very heavy rain. Fort Wagner is being very heavily bombarded. We are not far from it. We hear nothing but praise of the Fifty-fourth on all hands. Montgomery is under Stevenson. I wish I were. He is a good officer. Strong I like too.”

After writing the above, the last words he ever wrote in this world, he received orders to report with his regiment at General Strong’s head-quarters, and there he was offered the post of honor, because of the greatest danger, the advance in the work assigned for that very evening, the assault upon Fort Wagner. Here, then, came the opportunity he had waited for, when his men “ should fight alongside of white soldiers,” and “ show to somebody besides their officers what stuff they were made of,” and he accepted it without hesitation. One who was at General Strong’s head-quarters at the time writes : —

“ BEAUFORT, S. C., July 22.

“ General Strong received a letter from Colonel Shaw, in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the Fifty-fourth to General Strong’s brigade. So when the troops were brought away from James Island, General Strong took this regiment under his command. It left James Island on Thursday, July 16, at nine, P. M., and marched to Cole’s Island, which they reached at four o’clock on Friday morning, marching all night, most of the way in single file, over swampy, muddy ground. There they remained all day, with hard-tack and coffee for their fare ; and of this only what was left in their haversacks, not a regular ration. From eleven o’clock of Friday evening until four o’clock of Saturday morning they were being put on the transport General Hunter, in a boat which took about fifty at a time. There they breakfasted on

the same fare, and had no other food before entering into the assault on Fort Wagner in the evening. The General Hunter left Cole's Island for Folly Island at six, A. M., and the troops landed at Pawnee Landing about half past nine, A. M., and thence marched to the point opposite Morris Island, reaching there about two o'clock in the afternoon. They were transported in a steamer across the inlet, and reached General Strong's head-quarters about six o'clock, where they halted. I saw them there, and they looked worn and weary. They had been without tents during the pelting rains of the two previous nights. General Strong had been impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers, and he wished to assign them the post where the most severe work was to be done and the highest honor was to be won. I had been his guest for some days, and know how he regarded them. The march across Folly and Morris Island was over a very sandy road, and was very wearisome. When they had come within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner, they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first and the Major the second battalion.

At this point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiment, the Sixth Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and others, remained half an hour. Then, at half past seven, the order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, changing to double-quick when some distance on. When about one hundred yards from the fort, the Rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect, that, for an instant, the first battalion hesitated; but only for an instant, for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front, and waving his sword, shouted, 'Forward, Fifty-fourth!' and with another cheer and a shout, they rushed through the ditch, and gained the parapet on the right. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on, was shot dead and fell into the fort. I parted with Colonel Shaw as he rode forward to join his regiment. As he was leaving, he turned back and gave me his letters and other papers, telling me to keep them and forward them to his father if anything occurred."

Later, the Surgeon of the regiment writes:—

“BEAUFORT, S. C., August 1.

“Every day adds to the great loss we have had, and we miss

the controlling and really leading person in the regiment, for he was indeed the head ; brave, careful, just, conscientious, and thoughtful. He had won the respect and affection of his men, and they all had great pride in his gallantry. Many a poor fellow fell dead or mortally wounded in following him even into the very fort where he fell ; glad thus to show their affection, or unwilling to seem backward or afraid to follow their dear, brave colonel, even to death."

"He has been, I think, quite happy since we have been out, and found much to enjoy in our life, particularly at St. Simon's. He had also great reason to be proud of his regiment, and their good conduct on James Island showed for the first time their quality as soldiers. They showed, he thought, in the most trying position, coolness and courage to a remarkable degree.

"The ten days preceding his death had been days of great discomfort, much anxiety, and part of the time considerable exposure and hardship, but he was always bright and cheerful ; and the night before the fight, he stood all night on the wet beach, superintending the embarkation of the regiment, and at daylight I saw him steering with his own hand the last boat-load of men to the steamer.

"The last time I spoke with him was when we were moving to the front, — he rode by me again with General Strong. He spoke cheerfully, but of course there was a seriousness. All knew and felt the terrible danger that was before them. But bravely he led the men, and fell, as a brave and noble soldier should, in the very front, into the fort, and now sleeps there with the brave fellows who were with him in his life, anxious to shield him, to rescue, to avenge."

One of the young lady teachers at St. Helena Island, describing the celebration of the 4th of July by the freed people, writes of him after hearing of his death : —

"Among the visitors present was the noble young Colonel Shaw, whose regiment was then stationed on the island. We had met him a few nights before, when he came to our house to witness one of the people's 'shouts.' We looked upon him with the deepest interest. There was something in his face finer, more exquisite, than one often sees in a man's face, yet it was full of courage and decision. The rare and singular charm of his manner drew all hearts

to him. A few days after, we saw his regiment on dress parade, and admired its remarkably fine and manly appearance. After taking supper with the Colonel, we sat outside his tent. Every moment we became more and more charmed with him. How full of life, hope, and lofty aspirations he was that night! How eagerly he expressed his wish that they might soon be ordered to Charleston. 'I do hope they will give us a chance,' he said. It was the desire of his soul that his men should do themselves honor, that they should prove themselves to an unbelieving world as brave soldiers as though their skins were white. And for himself, he was, like the chevalier of old, 'without reproach or fear.' After we had mounted our horses, and as we rode away, we seemed still to feel the kind clasp of his hand, to hear the pleasant, genial tones of his voice, as he bade us good by, and hoped that we might meet again. We never saw him afterwards. In two short weeks came the terrible massacre at Fort Wagner, and the beautiful head of the young hero was laid low in the dust. Never shall we forget the heart-sickness with which we heard of his death, — we who had seen him so lately in all the strength and glory of his manhood. We knew that he died gloriously, but still it seemed very hard."

He was buried within the fort; and as there have been contradictory accounts as to the manner of his burial, we close this memoir with a letter from one who had the enviable privilege of looking upon the beautiful dead face, of which a Southern soldier has since said, "It looked as calm, and fresh, and natural as if he were sleeping." The author of the letter was Assistant-Surgeon John T. Luck, U. S. A., and it was dated at New York, October 21, 1865: —

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL:—

"SIR, — I was taken prisoner by the Rebels the morning after the assault on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 19, 1863. While being conducted into the fort I saw Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) Regiment, lying dead upon the ground, just outside the parapet. A stalwart negro man had fallen near him. The Rebels said the negro was a color-sergeant. The Colonel had been killed by a rifle-shot through the chest, though he

had received other wounds. Brigadier-General Haygood, commanding the Rebel forces, said to me: 'I knew Colonel Shaw before the war, and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops, I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him.'

"The burial party were then at work, and no doubt Colonel Shaw was buried just beyond the ditch of the fort, in the trench where I saw our dead indiscriminately thrown. Two days afterwards, a Rebel surgeon (Dr. Dawson of Charleston, South Carolina, I think) told me that Haygood had carried out his threat. I am sure I was the last Union man that saw the remains of the brave Colonel."

GEORGE WESTON.

Private 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 12, 1862; Second Lieutenant 18th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), March 4, 1863; died at Boston, January 5, 1864, of a wound received at Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, 1863.

GEORGE WESTON, the youngest child of Calvin and Eliza Ann (Fiske) Weston, was born in Lincoln, Massachusetts, on the 27th of October, 1839. His childhood and youth were passed in his native town, and at its High School he began to fit for college, in the year 1852. For the six months immediately preceding the college examination, however, he pursued his studies at Phillips Academy, in Andover, Massachusetts, and was admitted to the Freshman Class in the summer of 1856.

In college his few intimates soon learned to appreciate the quiet strength of his character, and counted upon his native shrewdness and good sense as promises of professional success, while there could hardly have been one who did not at some time come under the influence of his joyous vivacity. But it was reserved for the war and the painful experiences of a soldier's life to bring out the strongest points of his character.

Before entering the army he had fairly embarked in the study of the profession of the law, to which his tastes had decidedly inclined him almost from early boyhood. Immediately after graduation he entered the office of Hon. Charles R. Train and A. B. Underwood, Esq. of Boston, and remained as a student with them until the spring of 1861. He then went into the office of Richard H. Dana, Jr. and Francis E. Parker, Esqs., leaving them to enter the Law School of Harvard College in the following summer. Here he remained for one term, and he spent the last six months of his professional study with Francis B. Hayes and Charles F. Choate, Esqs.

In the summer of 1862, and about the time of the disasters to Pope's army and the battles of Cedar Mountain and Manassas, came the call for nine months' volunteers, and Weston was one of the first to respond, enlisting from the town of Lincoln in Company F of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. From the very beginning of the struggle he had been anxious to take an active part in it, and had reluctantly postponed doing so, from time to time, on account of pressing family considerations; but now that the danger to the country seemed so great, he could restrain himself no longer. Just after the bloody battle of Cedar Mountain, in which several of his friends were wounded, and one classmate, Captain Abbott, was killed, Weston said, with impressive earnestness, to an intimate friend who thought that the fatal results of the fight should keep him out of the service, "You only strengthen me in my resolution; for Abbott was killed just because I and such as I were not in our places to help him."

In the latter part of the month of August, 1862, Weston signed the enlistment roll of his company, and with the rest of its members he was mustered into the service of the United States on the 12th of September following. From this time he shared the fortunes of his company, in North Carolina, marching and fighting with it on the Tarborough expedition of November, and in the Goldsborough expedition of the month after.

Very early in his experience as a soldier Weston found out—what his friends had feared from the time of his enlistment—that his physical strength was quite inadequate to the exposures of military life. On the first expedition towards Tarborough, and just before the retreat, he became utterly prostrated by a violent attack of camp diarrhoea, and at Hamilton he was ordered by the surgeon to leave his regiment, and take passage down the Roanoke, for Newbern, in a gunboat. I can recall with perfect distinctness his appearance and manner, and the very tone of his voice,

his eyes burning, yet full of tears, as he told me what the orders were which he had received from Dr. Ware. Several of his companions said that they had rarely been so much touched as by the sight of Weston's grief and mortification at his separation from his company.

During all his military career he was subject to the complaint just mentioned, as well as to the most acute form of neuralgia in the face, which often, for nights in succession, kept him without a half-hour's comfortable sleep. At such times he rarely complained, but would keep as still as possible, and usually went about his duty as in the ordinary course of things. During the expedition to Goldsborough he suffered incessantly from neuralgia, often to the extent of great physical exhaustion, but never, to my knowledge, fell out of his place in the ranks, his pluck and determination more than supplying the place of mere bodily strength. One who stood by him in the ranks used to say of him at this time: —

“ You ought to see how the crack of the guns wakes Weston up. On mornings when everything is quiet he limps off with his face as white as chalk from the pain of his neuralgia, and his teeth set tight together, but the color mounts up in his face when the gunners once get to work, and his head goes up like a war-horse's.”

Such were the qualities which he exhibited in the more trying part of his service. In the camp and on the field, when well, or even in tolerably good health, his personal and social qualities made him the life of the company and a universal favorite. He had the true New England type of humor, quaint, quick, and dry, full of surprises and hard to reproduce in narration. I recall, however, one characteristic speech of his. His company, on returning to Newbern after their first expedition, found their camp without firewood, and were ordered off to the forest, a mile distant, to bring in a supply on their shoulders. Weston, who was still quite weak from his recent sickness, set out for

the barracks on the return of the party, himself carrying but one very small stick. On their way back they met Lieutenant T. of Company F, and Weston saw the rebuke in the officer's eye as it lighted upon him, but prevented the expression of it by saying, respectfully, while his eye twinkled, "No, I don't mind the physical labor, Lieutenant T., — it's the *degradation* that tries my soul."

To shine in the company of which George Weston was at this time a member was in itself a sort of distinction ; for though it was not called on for very important services, its ingredients were peculiar. Its first and second officers were both Harvard men, and there were also in the ranks fourteen graduates and undergraduates of our college. Nearly all the mechanical and mercantile pursuits were numerously represented among the privates, as well as all the learned professions. There were two civil engineers, several authors, and three artists, — at least one of the latter being of considerable reputation ; and of the college-bred men several had been distinguished by rank and ability at the University, and one, who was taken away by disease after five months' service (Hopkinson), was one of the most brilliant writers and Latin scholars among our recent graduates. Company F, it is also to be noticed, afterwards contributed from its own ranks to the three years' regiments in service one brevet brigadier-general, two lieutenant-colonels, nine captains, one first and one second lieutenant. Three of these officers performed signal service and were wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner, and two others, Captain Simpkins and Captain Russell, were there killed.

The commission of Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Massachusetts Regiment was issued to Weston by Governor Andrew on March 4, 1863, and in the latter part of that month he sailed from Newbern for Boston. After a preparation of some ten days he set out for his command in Virginia, and joined it in its camp near Falmouth on the 18th of April.

The history of Lieutenant Weston, from May to November of 1863, is identified with that of the Eighteenth Massachusetts, in all whose marches and battles during that time he shared, never failing to do his work well. Both at Chancellorsville, which was his first great engagement, at Gettysburg, and at Rappahannock Station, his gallantry attracted the attention of the commanding officer of his regiment. Marches, far more than battles, seem to have given him anxiety, for his bodily strength was never equal to the drains they made upon it. He appears, however, to have kept in his place all through the exhausting service that preceded and followed the engagement at Chancellorsville, as well as in the terrible fatigues of the race with Lee's army into Pennsylvania. But after the battle of Gettysburg his strength failed him utterly, and he was forced to take to an ambulance. In writing to his sister on the 18th of July, he says, hiding the fact of his weakness and suffering in humorous words, as was his wont: —

“ We crossed the Potomac last night, and are to-day engaged in the pleasant occupation of marching, that is, the *regiment* is. As for myself, two days ago, when I found there was no prospect of overtaking General Lee on my feet, I concluded to give chase in an ambulance, which our doctor agreed with me in thinking the best plan.”

Weston had been a good private soldier and he made an admirable officer, — cheerful and bright when in health, uncomplaining and patient in sickness, and in the march and on the battle-field the soul of fortitude and courage. In a letter written to a member of the family after his death, the commanding officer of his regiment, Colonel (afterwards General) Joseph Hayes, says: —

“ Let me express to you my sense of the character and services of Lieutenant Weston during the period of his service as an officer in my regiment. . . . Although an entire stranger to the other officers of the regiment at the time of joining it, he soon, by his courtesy, manly conduct, and strict attention to duty, made many friends

and won the confidence and esteem of all. At the battle of Chancellorsville, where the regiment was first engaged after he had joined, I, as his commanding officer, had occasion to mark his courage and gallantry.

“Upon the subsequent march through Maryland and Pennsylvania to Gettysburg, one of the most painful and difficult this army has ever performed, Lieutenant Weston, although suffering from severe illness at the time, marched with his company, and by his patience and fortitude won the regard of all who participated with him in that trying duty.

“At the battle of Gettysburg his conduct was no less deserving of praise, being all that a gallant officer’s should be.

“Throughout Lieutenant Weston’s military career to the hour when, leading his company in the attack on Rappahannock Station, he received his mortal wound, his bravery, fidelity, and patriotism entitle him to my warmest approbation, and must render his memory forever sacred in the hearts of his friends and comrades.”

On the 7th of November, while leading his company at Rappahannock Station, he was struck in the wrist of the right hand by a bullet, which passed entirely through it. Weston himself always believed, rightly or wrongly, that this bullet came from a shell which exploded nearly over his head; “one of the kind,” as he wrote with his left hand to a friend afterwards, “that are filled with anything, from a bullet to a horseshoe.”

His wound, though very painful, was not at first thought to be dangerous, and during the two weeks of his stay in the Harewood Hospital in Washington it does not appear that amputation of his hand was ever suggested by his surgeons. But it told fearfully upon his already enfeebled health and exhausted strength. The hospital at Washington, though doubtless as well managed and comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, was not at all the place for him, and he failed rapidly during the two weeks he passed in it. At the end of that time an intimate friend, who had come to Washington for the purpose of taking him home, succeeded, after the most persistent and vigorous efforts, in getting the

furlough, which, if obtained a few days earlier, might perhaps have saved his life ; and after a most painful journey, alleviated so far as human watchfulness and care could accomplish it, he arrived in Boston and was taken at once to private rooms in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Here all that the best skill could do was done, united with all the appliances of tender nursing, but without avail.

On the 4th of December his right hand was amputated just below the middle of the forearm, and for several days after the operation his recovery seemed probable ; but the tone of his system was never restored, and on the afternoon of the 5th of January, 1864, he died. Throughout his entire sickness his sufferings had been most acute ; but in the intervals of comparative relief, his mind was clear and active, and his spirit, as ever, brave and hopeful. At the last, and when conscious of the nearness of death, he breathed no word of regret at the sacrifice he had made for his country, but rather rejoiced in it.

From the story of George Weston's life, short and simple as it is, the main points in his character may be inferred, and but a few words need be added in conclusion. The most prominent of his intellectual characteristics were his shrewdness and his sharp good sense, to which was added a natural gift of reading men's characters and divining their motives. These talents, joined to the enthusiasm and industry with which he devoted himself to his profession, would have apparently insured him a more than ordinary success. Several of the lawyers with whom he studied spoke of him as one of the most promising students ever taken into their offices. And it is worthy of notice that both from his father's and his mother's family he had an hereditary bent of mind toward his profession, inheriting directly an uncommon astuteness and shrewdness from his father, and counting in his mother's family very many lawyers, and several of eminence.

One marked trait of George Weston's mind and charac-

ter calls for special mention here, because its existence was unknown to many of his acquaintances, and to some even of his most intimate friends. This was a remarkable and almost impenetrable reserve of nature,—a trait which in him was as far removed as possible from either bashfulness or diffidence. Indeed, it lacked almost all those outward marks which reserve usually impresses upon the characters of which it is a decided element. The apparent openness and frankness of his nature, his kindness and geniality, his power of lively and fluent conversation, and his habitual ease of manner, were all liable to mislead the observer, though all these gifts and traits were natural and unassumed. The deeper part of his nature was scarcely ever revealed, even to his most intimate friends. But the glimpses afforded on some rare occasions were such as to show a strength and patience of soul and a power of self-repression that were little short of wonderful. Conscientious in the conduct of his life, he never made any fine talk about duty and responsibility, but it was observed that his performances were almost always better than his promises.

But the strength of his character was, after all, in the exquisite kindliness and geniality of his nature. This it was which made him so universally a favorite. His sunny humor was a sort of intellectual outgrowth of these traits of his moral nature, and seemed to answer perfectly to that definition of a great writer which makes humor to consist of “love and wit.” Among his friends Weston’s name was almost a synonyme for sunshine. One was conscious of an incessant and healthy stimulus of mind and spirits, which made it nearly impossible to be dull in his company; and oftentimes in the midst of the petty annoyances of camp life, or after the severer trials of a day’s marching, his merry voice sounded the signal for returning good humor and good spirits to his companions in arms.

The testimony of his friends is abundant as to the beauty

of his character and his power of winning love. One friend says, in writing to Mrs. Weston : —

“ God made you the mother of one who shed sunlight about him wherever he moved. There was no company he entered that was not the brighter for his presence. And his sunny temper and pleasant words threw a charm over the whole circle of his companions.”

And another writes to his sister : —

“ The united testimony of all who knew him bears me out in saying that one seldom meets with a more true and honorable man than your brother. He united with a manly courage, which elicited the applause of a whole regiment, a tenderness for the feelings of others and a charity for their imperfections which made him a favorite with all with whom he came in contact.”

George Weston entered the army just as he was completing the preparation for his profession, and died in his twenty-fifth year. From so young a man very little of absolute achievement could have been expected; and yet those who loved him feel that much was accomplished.

1861.

LEONARD CASE ALDEN.

Second Lieutenant 55th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), May 12, 1863 ; died at Hilton Head, S. C., October 5, 1863, of disease contracted in the service.

LEONARD CASE ALDEN was born, December 22, 1839, in the city of Boston, — the son of William Vinton Alden and of Nancy Adams (Vinton) Alden. His autobiography in the Class-Book, after stating these facts, continues as follows : —

“On my father’s side I am descended from John Alden, one of the passengers in the *Mayflower* upon its first voyage to Plymouth, A. D. 1620. The most important facts of his history can be found in any work upon the early history of Plymouth ; and the romantic story of his courtship has been made by Mr. Longfellow the subject of his poem, ‘The Courtship of Miles Standish.’ John Alden settled first in Plymouth, afterwards in Duxbury, and was at a later period one of the original proprietors of the old town of Bridgewater. In some part of the old town, my ancestors in the line of my family name have resided since that time, engaged principally, as I suppose, in farming. . . . John Alden himself is supposed to have been of German blood.

“On my mother’s side I am descended from John Vinton, who came to this country not far from the year 1640. His branch of the family had probably recently lived in France, and belonged to the French Huguenots. The family is, however, an old English one, and the name can be traced back in England several centuries. . . . The branch of the family from which I am descended has lived for the most part in the town of Braintree.

“I have lived in Boston all my life ; and previous to entering college I had attended only the public schools of that city. I began my education at a primary school, kept in the basement of the Warren Street Chapel, from which I passed successively through

the higher grades of public schools. In 1846 I entered the Brimmer Grammar School, taught by Mr. Joshua Bates; in 1852, the English High School, taught by Mr. Thomas Sherwin; and in 1855, the public Latin School, taught by Mr. Francis Gardner. After spending two years in this last institution, I entered Harvard College in September, 1857. At the Brimmer, the English High, and the Latin Schools I received Franklin medals. I also received a Lawrence prize each year of my attendance at the High School, for proficiency either in scientific or the literary department; and in the second year of my course there, I took an additional Lawrence prize for an essay upon 'Human Progress.' At the Latin School also, in the last year of my attendance there, I received a Lawrence prize for a translation into Greek of the concluding stanzas of Childe Harold.

"In college I have been a regular attendant upon recitations, never having lost a day from sickness or other cause. I have been a member of the Rumford Society, the Institute of 1770, the Temperance Society, and the Φ Ψ Σ . I may also mention, that in the Exhibition which took place October 18, 1859, I delivered a Latin version from a speech of Brougham on 'The Law Reform'; and for the Exhibition, May 7, 1861, an English oration was assigned me as my part, for the subject of which I selected 'Compromise.'

"My life has thus far been a quiet one, spent principally in study, and not diversified by many events of special interest. In study, my tastes lead me principally towards physical and mathematical science, though I am also fond of philological study and of literature.

"During my Senior year I have been engaged in reading Dante with Professor Lowell, and have spent many pleasant evenings with him over the pages of the *Divina Commedia*. Of my devotion to mathematics, I have also given a painful proof by continuing alone the study of that science with Professor Peirce, all the other members of the Mathematical Division having relinquished the study at the close of the Junior year.

"The idea of coming to college has been familiar to me ever since I was quite young. During the last part of my attendance at the English High School, however, I had in a great degree given up this purpose, as I then intended to make civil-engineering my profession; and therefore designed, as soon as I left that institution, to

prepare myself for that business. But upon inquiry I found that I was then too young to pursue with advantage the studies of the Scientific School, and therefore I decided to come to college. But I nevertheless still cherish the intention of becoming a civil-engineer, and have continued to do so until quite recently.

“Of late, however, my plans for the future have become rather unsettled, and I have no course well marked out before me.”

Closing his college course by delivering the oration second in rank at Commencement, on “National Character elevated by National Affliction,” — which indicated the lively concern he even then felt in his country’s highest interests, — Alden continued his studies during July and August, as was his wont even during his vacations, and returned to Cambridge in September to enter upon the duties of “Proctor and Assistant in Chemistry.” While he held that appointment, his time was spent in assisting Professor Cooke in the lecture-room, in hearing recitations, in the instruction of private pupils, and in personal scientific investigations.

Although study was his life, and from his physical, mental, and moral constitution he was averse to war, still the holy cause of our country appealed to him with great power. If, however, he felt uneasy on this account in his position at Harvard, he concealed the fact from his friends until the last moment. Continuing faithful to every duty, as he had always been, few knew that occupations which would have been in ordinary times most in harmony with his tastes were now chafing his soul. At last he was compelled to relieve his burdened mind.

In a letter to a friend, of the date January 30, 1863, he says: “The question sometimes comes to me very seriously, especially when the American cause has met with reverses, or when I hear of friends and acquaintances who have laid their lives on the altar of patriotism, whether I ought to be here.” This passage hints at what is believed to have had great influence on his mind, — the patriotic death of many lamented classmates. When in charge of the Class-

Book in the absence of the Secretary, from September, 1862, to June, 1863, he watched with well-grounded pride the swelling army and navy list; and when death took away one after another of those whose names were there recorded, he said to himself, "The places of these brothers must be filled. Is it not my turn now?" In his biographies of his classmates, — Almy and Doolittle, — to be found later in this volume, this working of inward solicitude is to be plainly traced.

When permission was finally obtained for Massachusetts to send out colored regiments, and he saw how they would need brave, intelligent, sympathizing, Christian officers, his duty seemed to him plain, — so plain that neither the entreaties nor the arguments of friends, who thought his usefulness as a patriot would be greater in the study than in the camp, could convince him that he was mistaken. In this state of mind he writes: "I regret now that I did not enter the struggle earlier. My mind is pretty well decided that I shall take the first commission I can get. I may go even as a private, — at least I am willing to go in that capacity."

Another extract from a letter will show that it was to him a privilege as well as a duty to take up arms in his country's defence.

"You suggest a doubt whether it is my duty to go to the war. . . . Ought I to wait till it is *proved* to a demonstration that it is my duty to go? Or should I feel any happier, if I should one day have it to reflect upon, that though the country was ruined, I had been so prudent as to save myself harmless. Is it not as much a privilege as a duty to fight in this holy war?"

'*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*'"

Accordingly, at the recommendation of his classmate Hallowell, then the prospective Colonel of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, Alden was commissioned Second Lieutenant in that regiment, May 12, 1863; and he immediately reported at

Readville. We have the comforting assurance in his own words that he did not regret his decision; for he says, "I have felt happier since I have known that I am going, for I have been a looker-on long enough." He was not one to take such a step without the most serious consideration of all the possible consequences.

He did not await the summons of disease before preparing himself to encounter its results. Evidence of this forethought is continually recurring in his letters: —

"I have not a great deal of that sort of courage which renders one insensible to danger. But yet I trust I can meet danger or death without flinching. . . . If it please God, my life is as safe on the battle-field as at home; and if not, why should I wish to live? . . . I have gained something. A man is not completely a *man*, until he is strong enough to lay down his life with composure and contentment. I am at least much nearer to that point than I was. And whether I go or stay, I shall feel much happier now that I have settled that point, that I am ready to go. I don't know that I ever quite understood before — certainly I did not by experience — what those words of Christ meant, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loses his life for my sake, the same shall find it.' "

In the last part of this extract our attention is called to an epoch in Alden's spiritual experience. He was justly characterized, in the resolutions passed by the Class upon learning his death, as "possessed of a spirit thoroughly progressive and craving growth." This was seen, not merely in his course with regard to the common moral reform questions of the day, in which he gradually reached and then openly and firmly maintained positions at that time called radical, but also, and perhaps quite as clearly, in his own inner religious life. No one would have called Alden in college an irreligious man, — so pure, so true, so conscientious, so earnest for the right and against the wrong, — and yet we find him not satisfied with rectitude of deportment and unimpeachable morality, but seeking during the

last year of his life something higher. This may be described in his own words:—

“ April 2.

“ Sometimes it seems to me that I have entered upon a new life ; and I think, when I read the words of Jesus, my heart answers as it did not before.

“ If sincere penitence for sins committed, and a deep sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, — if the putting away of one’s own righteousness, and the casting of himself humbly on God’s infinite mercy, — if the renunciation of self-seeking, and a hearty desire to live to the glory of God, and to grow into his likeness, — if these constitute the new birth, then perhaps I may think, though with trembling, that I have passed from death to life.

“ I believe, too, that I need a Saviour, and that it was Christ’s divine mission to save us from our sins ; that he is indeed the Way, the Truth, and the Life ; that Christ died for us, the just for the unjust, and that he is truly the Redeemer and Saviour of the world.”

And again :—

“ Do I truly live now ? O, I dare not speak confidently, but I hope I do.

“ I do love God. I do desire to take up my cross and follow Christ and be his disciple. I do wish to live in communion with the Holy Spirit.”

Here we see the guiding principles which led him to take his life in his hand and to ally himself with a despised race, in the hope of doing something for their elevation and the salvation of his native land. Here are the sentiments plainly expressed by him in health and strength, which he cherished as his chief consolation in the sad hours of his lonely sickness and death.

His regiment was ordered in July to Newbern, North Carolina. Staying there only a few days, it was transported to Port Royal, and thence to Folly Island, where it participated in the siege of Fort Wagner. Soon after his arrival in that trying climate, Alden was taken sick, and, the surgeon’s efforts to check the disease proving unavailing,

nothing remained but to seek home air again. After a great struggle he sent in his resignation, and set out for the North; but too late. He sank rapidly, and died in the hospital at Hilton Head, away from home and away from his regiment, on the 5th of October, 1863. His body, obtained by his brother with the greatest difficulty, and only after an appeal to the President himself, was brought home on the steamer *Arago*; his classmate, E. P. Gould, coming North by the same boat. Gould, with a few other classmates, attended the funeral services, which were held in Shawmut Church on March 11, 1864. The remains were deposited in the Vinton family tomb in Braintree, where rests the body of his father, with those of other relatives.

As a scholar Alden's high position was never questioned; yet college rank lists, on which his name was always very near the head, told only part of the story. It should be remembered that his deafness was a constant obstacle to his creating a favorable impression in the recitation-room; and also that his attainments were not limited to the studies of the regular curriculum. To him study was its own reward, mental progress was a necessity, and the school and college honors, so often received, were rather incidents than aims. His scholarly acquisitions were not the hasty gains of genius, but the gradual accumulations of talents faithfully employed. Composition was difficult to him, yet he excelled in it; and a certain delight in overcoming obstacles seems to have induced him to give what he calls "a painful proof of his devotion to mathematics by continuing alone the study of that science with Professor Peirce" during his Senior year. His proficiency in this department was attested by his taking the "Gray Prize," of two hundred and fifty dollars, for proficiency in mathematics during that year.

As a friend he was faithful and true, cordial with his intimates, cheerful, and even mirthful. This was well understood by those who often resorted to his room, from which,

however, his sociability carried him too seldom; and yet hardly a member of the Class was more interested in the welfare of the rest than was Alden. To say that no one of the many patriots who went out from among us was moved by purer views of duty than he, or performed more conscientiously the work assigned him, is indeed to give the highest praise, but still no higher than is deserved.

PARDON ALMY.

Second Lieutenant 18th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 20, 1861; killed at Bull Run, Va., August 30, 1862.

THE following is extracted from the autobiography of Pardon Almy, given in the Class-Book: —

“I was born in Little Compton, Rhode Island, at nine o'clock, P. M., on Monday, July 4, 1836. I am the son of Mary and Pardon, son of Sanford, son of John, son of Job, son of Job, son of William, who came from England and settled in the southern part of Tiverton, Rhode Island. There, and in the northern part of the adjoining town of Little Compton, the line of his descendants from whom I come have ever since resided, and have all been farmers. The old homestead is still in the Almy family.

“My mother's maiden name was Mary Cook. . . . The first sixteen years of my life were spent on a farm. I began to go to school when five years old, attending only the summer term for the first two years, then for three years both the summer and winter terms; then, until I was sixteen, only the winter term, working on the farm in the summer. In September, 1852, I went to Pierce Academy, Middleborough, Massachusetts, where I stayed three terms, until May, 1853. During the summer I worked on the farm. In September I went back to school, and stayed one term. In the winter 1853 - 54 I taught school in the southeastern part of my native town. The summer was again spent on the farm; and in September I again went back to school, and remained two terms, until February, 1855. I then went into the office of Dr. M. B. Roche, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. With him I studied medicine a little, but was not very attentive to my studies, as I had no fancy for being a physician, having gone there at the solicitation of my brother rather than from any wish of my own.

“I was there about seven months. Then I was for a time out of employ, quite undecided what to do next. I had an excellent offer to go into business, if I would wait until the next March, which I should probably have accepted if it had been immediate. I

had for some time desired to go to college, but had not the means. I consulted my father, and was promised such assistance as he could render. In December, 1855, I again went back to Pierce Academy, and began the study of Latin and Greek under the tuition of C. C. Burnett. In September, 1857, I was admitted into Harvard College. I have been a member of the Institute of 1770, and of the O. K. Where I shall go, or what I shall do, immediately after leaving college, is quite uncertain."

Pardon Almy was the second of the Class to die, — he was the first to die on the field of battle. Unhappily he was not the last so to die; and how many more cherished friends, how many more valuable lives, the wicked Slaveholders' Rebellion will cost us, it is impossible to say.*

Immediately after Commencement, 1861, (where he delivered an essay upon "The Prospects of Africa,") Almy went to New Bedford, where his brother Charles Almy resided, and opened a recruiting-office in that city, — having been promised by Governor Andrew a captain's commission in case he should enlist a company. He was introduced by his brother to the Mayor of New Bedford and to other persons of influence there, and received from them such help as they could afford. But recruiting went on very slowly. After persevering a few weeks in his efforts to raise a company, Almy relinquished the attempt; and, having sent into camp the recruits he had raised, he himself went to Readville, and acted as instructor in drill. During the month of August he was commissioned by Governor Andrew as Second Lieutenant, Company K, Eighteenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Barnes. This regiment went quite early to the seat of war, and arrived in Virginia August 30, 1861, — just one year before Almy's death. It was stationed at this time at Hall's Hill, opposite Washington.

* *Note by the Editor.* — This sentence is allowed to remain as originally written in the Class-Book, April 22, 1863, by its author, who himself enlisted within a month after that time, and died within six months, in the service. His biography precedes this in the volume.

During the following winter this regiment, with others, was principally employed in cutting down woods and building roads, no proper military operations being at that time carried on. When Manassas was evacuated by the Rebels, in the spring of 1862, Almy's regiment went to Vienna, a few miles west from Washington. When General McClellan moved down the Peninsula, this regiment went with him, in General Fitz-John Porter's division. It was engaged in the siege of Yorktown, but did not participate in much of the fighting in the campaign against Richmond. A singular accident prevented it from taking part in the seven days' battle immediately before Richmond. The regiment, with others, was sent out on an expedition under General Stoneman, expecting to meet the enemy and to see some hard service. But they did not find the enemy as they expected; and they were cut off from the main body of the Federal forces by a movement of the Rebels in their rear. For several days the whole force was supposed to be captured by the Rebels; but General Stoneman retreated down the York River, and then marched up the James, re-joining the main body of the army, after an absence of seven or eight days, at Harrison's Landing. They thus escaped in safety from the hands of the enemy, but they lost all their camp equipage, which was burned; and for three weeks after their return they were without tents to shelter them.

After the Army of the Potomac was withdrawn from the Peninsula, Almy's regiment was joined to General Pope's army, and fought in the battle of Manassas, August 29 and 30, 1862. From the first day's fight Almy came out unharmed, but upon the second day he was killed. His company was ordered to take a certain battery. They charged and took it. But on capturing this battery, they found a second still in front. While advancing against the second battery they came under a very severe cross-fire, and were forced to retire. While retreating, Almy was heard

to exclaim, "God! they 'll annihilate us!" and the words had scarcely been spoken when a bullet struck him in the head and instantly killed him. The field was left in possession of the enemy; hence his body was not recovered, and no memento marks its resting-place.

At the time of his death he was twenty-six years and two months old. His career as a soldier was every way creditable to him, as the following extract from a letter from Major Joseph Hayes of the Eighteenth Regiment will testify. Major Hayes says:—

"His conduct in the late engagement, in which he fell, is mentioned in the highest praise by all the officers who were engaged with him. He fell right in the very front, while bravely cheering on his men under a most galling fire, and displayed to the last a spirit of intrepidity and gallantry surpassed by no one. Lieutenant Almy was always prompt, faithful, and zealous, and cheerful too, in the performance of his duty as a soldier."

Almy's *cheerful* performance of his duty was especially noteworthy. His letters to his friends were always written in good spirits, no matter what the circumstances in which he was placed.

He was a young man of excellent abilities, more distinguished, however, by the general balance of his faculties than by extraordinary pre-eminence in any special department. He possessed good judgment, the best common sense, and great tact in all practical matters. He had much kindness of heart and was always good-natured and cheerful. His qualities as a friend and companion cannot be spoken of too highly. He enlisted in the military service of his country from motives of the purest patriotism, and in dying he ended generously a life which he had generously lived.

ARTHUR DEHON.

Second Lieutenant 12th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), January 16, 1862; First Lieutenant, May 13, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862.

ARTHUR DEHON was born January 24, 1841, the son of William and Caroline (Inches) Dehon of Boston. He was prepared for college at Mr. Tower's school in Boston; at the boarding-school of Mr. T. P. Allen in Sterling, Mass. (afterwards removed to New Bedford); and finally at the Boston Latin School. When he was sixteen years old he entered college as a Freshman in the Class of 1861, and he continued with it for nearly two years. He then went to New York and entered the office of his uncle, Mr. Theodore Dehon, where he was doing excellently until his health, which was always delicate, gave way. *He was accordingly led, in February, 1861, to try the rough medicine of a voyage around Cape Horn, and the beginning of the war found him in California.* He soon returned, however, and at once showed his eagerness to join the troops already in the field. At first it seemed that he might be unable to follow out his wishes immediately, and in a letter to a friend dated October 13, 1861, he wrote, "*I mean to be reconciled and do what I can to live sans peur et sans reproche.*" Later, after Ball's Bluff, in the same spirit he wrote again: "The more reverses the more I wish to go. But at present my duty keeps me here, and I mean to try to be cheerful and keep up my spirits." He had not long to wait before his wishes were fulfilled. On the 16th of January, 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Webster.

His letters from the field began the same month, and in February he was already so pleased with his new profession

as to write: "I wish to see one fight as a line officer, and I should not desire to change were it not that I wish to get into the Regular service." On the 13th of May, 1862, he was promoted First Lieutenant. In a letter of the 16th of the same month, dated near Fredericksburg, he thus mentions one of his first experiences of the hardships of the march:—

"We arrived here at twelve, A. M., on Wednesday, in a pouring rain, after a march of thirty-four miles. We started on Monday at twelve, A. M., — just forty-eight hours. Tuesday we marched eighteen miles under the hottest sun, in the heat of the day, and did it at the rate of two miles per hour. Every step seemed to be the last; but I was bound to go in with the regiment. Only two companies brought in more men than I did."

Meanwhile he had learned the true feeling of an officer towards his men. He says:—

"I do this to show the boys I take an interest in their sending their money home, and so encourage it. I want them to feel I am interested in them, and will do what I can to assist them."

At Cedar Mountain he had his first taste of battle. He writes:—

"I was ordered to mount 'Joe,' and take an order to the wagon-train. When I returned the regiment had moved toward the firing. The firing commenced about two. . . . I caught the regiment about six, and dismounted and took my place in the company. We reached the field about half past seven. About eight o'clock we were in first position, and a shell came and exploded over us. We moved quickly, supposing the Rebels were at least a mile or two off. When we reached the second position, what was our surprise to receive a volley of rifle-balls; for a moment I feared the regiment would break. We were marching by the flank, and the men started a little for the right. Every officer promptly stopped them, brought them to the front, and ordered them to lie down on their bellies. We delivered one volley, the Rebel battery opening with shell and grapeshot all the time. The rifle firing lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and the enemy were within fifty yards.

. . . . We were under fire about two hours and a half, and only about five men left the ranks, none from our company. . . . The time we were under fire seemed to me about half an hour. I did not feel frightened or want to run, but I could not help stooping to avoid the shells, though they were not half so bad as the rifle-balls. The crack of the rifles made me feel a little nervous, but I was too much taken up with the company to be scared. . . . I believe the Rebels have skedaddled; but the papers will tell you more than I know. I am waiting for them to find out about the battle."

A little later he served as Adjutant of his regiment, and was consequently a good deal in the society of Colonel Webster, for whom all his letters show the warmest affection and the most soldierly loyalty. That the feeling was not only on his part is manifested by a passage in one of the Colonel's letters: "There sits by my side Arthur, — a hero in the conflict, cool, calm, and brave." Unfortunately, Arthur was only too soon to prove his faithfulness to his commander and his father's friend, and to deserve and win once more the praise which he had already earned.

Colonel Webster was killed at the second Bull Run; and Lieutenant Dehon, when the fight was over, obtained permission to go outside the lines of our army to search for his body, although he was informed that the intention of the Confederates was to retain all officers. He was detained, in fact; but Dr. Guild, General Lee's Medical Director, on hearing the circumstances from Dr. McFarland, the Medical Director of General Pope's army, very courteously gave him a pass for the desired purpose. Then for several hours he searched in vain, but having at last found the remains, he buried them himself on the spot. Subsequently, however, having obtained an ambulance, he returned, disinterred the body from its deep grave with his naked hands for want of any instrument, and succeeded by his untiring energy in having it sent home to Massachusetts, where, but for his efforts, it would never have arrived.

He wrote : " Every one I have met feels and deplors the loss of the Colonel ; he was so brave and gentle. The regiment feels it most, and mourns him as a friend and commander." How he had fared in the engagement may be judged from his own words : —

"The Rebels stole my sword, pistols, and belt. I had a bullet through my coat and pantaloons in the fight, which ruined them, and in the stampede of the wagon-train most of my baggage was lost, which leaves me nearly destitute. . . . Williams says I look ten years older since I returned from Rebellom ; but I am well and hearty, though this work is enough to make the youngest old."

At South Mountain the writer met him, and he expressed a modest satisfaction that, joining the regiment as he did in the field, very young, and being at the outset unknown to most of the officers, he had succeeded in gaining their respect. A boy fresh from college, he might well be pleased to have successfully endured the severe scrutiny of older men ; but his gallantry was already known beyond the limits of his regiment.

Three days later, at Antietam, he had another chance to prove his manhood, and he showed himself equal to the need. Most of the men of his regiment were killed or wounded, and hardly an officer remained unhurt.

"Then," he says, "they seemed to come to me for orders, as I was the only field or staff officer left. After the color-sergeant was shot, I ordered three different men to take the colors up, and saw one after another wounded ; and when the last fell, I had not the heart to order another up, so I picked them up and brought them off myself, till we were out of danger, and then gave them to one of the men."

For this he was honorably mentioned in the report of his brigade commander. But his labors did not end here. As soon as his regiment was sent to the rear, he rode to Colonel Coulter, now commanding the brigade in the absence of General Hartsuff, wounded, and offered his services, which

were accepted. For the rest of that day, and for several days afterwards, he accordingly did double duty, as Adjutant of his regiment and as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade.

In the same month of September, Lieutenant Dehon was detailed as Acting Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Meade, then temporarily commanding the Twelfth Army Corps. He was present in his new position at the review when the President visited the army, shortly after the battle of Antietam, and it seems to have suggested a contrast to his mind. "I notice these reviews in the field are not so well conducted as the militia reviews. No collation, no champagne, etc., but hard work and no dinner. I give my vote for the militia."

There is little to tell from this time until the day of his death. In his last letter he writes as follows:—

"December 9.

"It seems quite funny to be sitting in one's tent, just as comfortable as can be, and with the consciousness that there will be an action to-morrow. Generally the night before an action we have been so busy or so tired that rest and sleep were most sought after. But now one has a perfect opportunity to sit down comfortably and contemplate it. We shall cross, I think, without a serious fight, and shall not have one till we get near Richmond; but I can't tell. I hope we shall thrash them severely, and then there will be a satisfactory peace. I shall try to do my duty to-morrow, and be of what assistance I can to the General, and endeavor to repay by well-doing his uniform kindness."

"December 10, 9, A. M.

"P. S.—No orders for us yet, though some of the artillery has been put in motion. Good by. The batteries are moving."

The rest of the story is told by General Meade's letter to Mr. Dehon:—

"CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., December 16, 1862.

"DEAR SIR,—It was my painful duty to telegraph you yesterday of the loss of your son Arthur. He fell on the morning

of the 13th instant, while endeavoring to carry an important order to one of my brigade commanders. He was seen to fall from his horse, and was immediately approached by an officer in the vicinity, who, finding life extinct, removed his watch from his person. The ground on which he fell remaining at the close of the action in the possession of the enemy, his fate was involved in uncertainty until yesterday afternoon, when, under a flag of truce, a search was made for our dead and wounded, and Arthur's body was found where he was seen to fall.

"My experience of the unnecessary suffering occasioned to relations and friends by the premature announcement of the loss of officers, and the hope I would not abandon till forced by positive evidence, that it might please God in his infinite mercy to spare Arthur, induced me to make no effort to telegraph you till the result of yesterday's examination proved he was no more. His body was immediately taken charge of by the officers of my staff, and every respect paid. This morning my aide-de-camp, Captain Coxe, has taken him to Washington, with his servant, horse, and his personal effects, and was directed to telegraph you of this fact, and make such arrangements as you might desire.

"In addition to the pain which always accompanies the duty I am now discharging, I have now to mourn the loss, not only of a faithful and efficient officer, but that of a valued and cherished friend. During the brief space that Arthur and myself have been officially connected, I had time to learn his many good qualities, his high sense of duty, his amiability of disposition, and that which most particularly charmed me, his earnest desire to promote by every means in his power the happiness of yourself and the other members of his family.

"I am aware, my dear sir, of the impossibility of offering consolation to one afflicted as you are. All I can offer is sympathy and condolence, in which I am joined by the whole division, to whom Arthur had become endeared by his manly character and the exhibition of his personal gallantry. In the army your son is truly and sincerely mourned; and if it were possible to be reconciled to the sacrifice you have been called on to make, the reputation he had acquired, the love that was borne him, and the grief his death has occasioned, might in a measure soften the severity of the blow.

"Believe me, I feel most deeply for you, and earnestly pray God

will give you strength to support the affliction which He, for some good purpose, has visited you with.

“Most truly and sincerely yours,

“GEO. G. MEADE.

“WM. DEHON, ESQ.”

In his report, which forms part of his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, General Meade pays this further tribute to the memory of his young aid: “The loss of Lieutenant Dehon (Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment), my aid, is greatly to be deplored, as he was a young man of high promise, and endeared to all who knew him for his manly virtues and amiable qualities.”

There are delicacies of youthful character which it is as hard to portray in words as for the sculptor to fix in marble the changing beauty and evanescent grace of youthful features. To say that Arthur Dehon was one of the bravest and most chivalrous of soldiers, the truest of friends, the most affectionate of sons and brothers, is still to miss the secret of his virtue and his charm. His short story has been told as far as possible in his own words, but his deepest and most sacred feelings cannot appear in any public record. The writer saw him a day or two before his death, and he then spoke with a most touching humility and tenderness of his aspiration to prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and of the affection of which he was the centre. But these things cannot be told. It is enough to say here that, unselfish and devoted, he lived for others and he died for his country.

HENRY JONAS DOOLITTLE.

Captain and A. D. C. (U. S. Vols.), April, 1862; died at Racine, Wis., August 10, 1862, of disease contracted in the service.

HENRY JONAS DOOLITTLE was born March 4, 1839, in Rochester, New York, the son of James R. and Mary Lovina (Cutting) Doolittle. He was a descendant of Abraham Doolittle, Dowlittle, or Dulitell, who took the oath of allegiance to the Colony of New Haven in 1644, and was chosen marshal of the Colony twenty years later. In his autobiography in the Class-Book he thus describes his school and college days:—

“I was kept steadily in school (the common school) till I was ten years old, when I was transferred to a high school at Warsaw, under the charge of Mr. Horace Briggs. My father removed to Wisconsin. When I was twelve I entered the school of one Stow, in Racine, and began Latin.

“In about one year I was put under the charge of Rev. Roswell Park, D. D., who opened a school at Racine, under a charter from the State incorporating Racine College. I continued at school here until I was seventeen. I then left for one year; and during the summer months I worked with a party of engineers on the construction of the Racine and Mississippi Railroad. In June, 1857, I determined to come to Harvard; and, after a little brushing up in my studies, came on. I reached Cambridge in August, was examined in September, and admitted as an undergraduate. Owing to my poor fit in the classics, and especially in the Greek, I was conditioned in Greek Grammar and prose reading, but soon rubbed the conditions off.

“The first vacation I spent with my relatives in Wyoming County. The next term I ‘trained’ with other members of my Class for the race to come off at Springfield in July, 1858. Owing to the death of one of the Yale crew by drowning, the race was given up. I *trained* the next term for rowing. We pulled in the Juniata at the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bun-

ker Hill, our boat taking the second prize. In July following I pulled at Worcester in the College Regatta. Our boat (the Avon) was beaten by the shell boats (being a lap-streak), but beat the others of the same class."

If any member of the Class of 1861 had been asked, at the time of graduation, which of our number would be the first to fall by the hand of disease, perhaps the subject of this brief sketch would have been the last to be selected. His large and powerful frame, his strong constitution made still firmer by athletic habits, seemed to promise him a life of vigorous health prolonged to a green old age. And yet he was the first to die; and he died, not as some others of the Class who soon followed him, by the bullet of the enemy, but on the bed of sickness.

The materials which the writer of this notice has at his command are but scanty. Only a few facts of Doolittle's history after graduating can be given. The summer of 1861 he spent in Washington with his father, Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin. He soon, however, returned to his home in Racine, and engaged in the study of law. He also acted as military instructor to two companies of Wisconsin troops,—one the company of Captain Lynn, the other a company at Darlington. He sought for himself an opportunity to serve his country in the field, and was promised by Governor Randall the position of Major in one of the Wisconsin regiments; but for reasons not stated, the Governor failed to fulfil his promise. But his patriotism did not grow cold under this disappointment, and early in the spring of 1862 he received and accepted an appointment upon the staff of General C. S. Hamilton, with the rank of captain. He served first under General McClellan in the Peninsular campaign against Richmond, afterwards at Harper's Ferry, and still later near Corinth, Mississippi.

A short time before his death he applied for a ten days' furlough, in order that he might be present at the celebration of his parents' silver wedding, July 27, 1862. But

before he received the furlough, he was attacked with typhoid fever, and was carried home only to die. A touching circumstance connected with his illness is, that, while in the delirium of fever, after his return, he imagined himself still on his journey, and piteously entreated that he might be taken home. But the skill of the physician was unable to save him, and on the 10th of August, 1862, at the age of twenty-three years and five months, he died.

The cast of Doolittle's mind eminently corresponded with the structure of his body. Both were unusually strong and vigorous. He was a man of firmly established convictions, and he adhered to them with great tenacity. But his mind was well balanced, and his judgment was clear and sound. His moral character was unimpeachable, and his regard for duty hearty and unwavering. He gave himself with true patriotic ardor to the military service of his country, and he would be the last to regret the life which he sacrificed in his zeal for her cause.

If he had lived, he would have been sure of an honorable and useful career. His strength of character must necessarily have given him a commanding position in any community; and there can be little doubt that he would have made for himself a place among the most honored public men of his State.

STEPHEN GOODHUE EMERSON.

Private 1st Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

THE following extracts are taken from the autobiography of Stephen Emerson in the Class-Book. They are given at some length, because in no other way can the traits of his simple and manly nature so well be shown:—

“I was born on the 17th of July, 1838, in Chester, New Hampshire. My father’s name was Nathaniel French Emerson, and he was also a native of this town, as well as my grandfather, John Emerson. Up to 1858 my father owned a large farm in Chester, and I was brought up a farmer’s boy, which I have always esteemed a circumstance to congratulate myself on, though, in many respects, likely enough, it was not so. At any rate, they were happy years, and gave me, perhaps, a good degree of bodily strength, and a great mass of pleasant recollections pertaining to rural scenes, farming occupations, the pleasant vicissitudes of the seasons, and a thousand other happy things of that nature, which I shall carry with me all my life. If I were ever to be a poet, I would go back to those halcyon days for the material of my poetry; and now, my affection for the soil, for the plough, the scythe, and the apple-basket is still fresh, and, as far as mere propensities go, I would love to be a farmer now better than almost anything else. But these particulars are unessential, and I pass them over.

“I attended district schools, &c., until I was thirteen years old, when I first became interested in study at a school kept by Silas W. Moore of Chester, who was an expert teacher, and drew out my ambition remarkably. Then I attended Chester Academy for three years (also under him), and studied Latin and Greek somewhat, and in 1855 went away to try my hand at school-teaching in Salem, New Hampshire.

“I was now thinking of going to college, not from any special circumstance that I know of, excepting that I liked study and such pursuits pretty well; and, on the other hand, my father’s financial

prospects were not favorable. But I had an impression that, having only one life to live, it was best to commence it wisely and deliberately, and furthermore that a college education would add much to one's power of enjoying life, even a farmer's, through opening literature to him, and cultivating his taste.

"I fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, (Dr. Taylor, principal,) entering the second middle class there in the spring of 1855, and graduating in 1856. Then I deferred going to college, and taught school that fall and winter, two terms in Effingham, New Hampshire, which is on the Maine line, up near the mountains. This was a pleasant period, and my success was very good; but it was by accident that I went so far back out of the world. I spent that summer at home again on the farm, and in the spring of 1858, a year and a half after graduation at Andover, entered the Freshman Class at Harvard College, one term in advance.

"Captain John Emerson, my grandfather, was the son of Samuel Emerson, who came to Chester from Haverhill, Massachusetts. Samuel was the son of Jonathan Emerson of Haverhill. . . . Jonathan's sister, Hannah, was Mrs. Dustin of Haverhill, who was carried away into Canada (as I have the story) by the Indians, in their descent upon Haverhill, and who killed her captors, and made her way home through the wilderness. . . . My father has been a teacher for quite a period of his life. Then he carried on business in Boston. . . . In the financial crisis of 1857 he failed, and is still involved, to some degree, in the troubles resulting therefrom. This has made me difficulty in my educational course, though no serious hardship; nothing which I am not better for.

"My mother before her marriage was Clarissa Goodhue. She was daughter of Stephen Goodhue, who resided in Hebron, New Hampshire, and afterwards in Newton, Massachusetts. . . .

"My college course has been attended with difficulties, more or less (of a pecuniary kind), all the way. I have depended on the College somewhat for assistance. I practised economy by way of boarding myself for a while towards the commencement of the course, and I held the office of monitor in the Junior year. Last winter (1860 - 61) I taught school fourteen weeks in Putnamsville, Danvers. It was a very pleasant school indeed. I like the business of teaching so much that I would almost be induced to follow

it for life, if there were not another pursuit akin to it which has higher claims and attractions. . . .

“My college life has been uneventful; yet there is one event which, as being of the greatest interest and importance to me, I must not pass over here. In February, 1860, about the commencement of the second term of the Junior year, there occurred a change which related to the inmost feelings and affections of my heart, — a change towards God. I humbly thank Him for such a change. The beginning was small, but light and peace have grown in my mind since. It promises greater and happier things to me in the future. It was through my relations with the Chestnut Street Society in Chelsea, and through the efforts of its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Plumb, that this was brought about. I have been connected with that society, Sabbath school, &c., through most of my stay here, and have been a member of the church there since last July. I have spent my Sabbaths mostly at home in Chelsea.

“My intention now is to prepare for the ministry, and I shall go to Andover for that purpose either immediately or in the course of a year or two, after teaching, it may be, awhile. But I am very sanguine now about my future. It would not have been much, without such an event as that spoken of above; but with that, my purpose in life is at once clear, my success sure.”

Emerson carried out his intention of entering Andover Theological Seminary, connecting himself with that institution in September, 1861. There, by his quiet earnestness in his duties, he soon gained the esteem of new acquaintances, as he had in his college life gained the affectionate regard of his Class.

In the summer of 1862, when disaster had come upon our armies, and thinned regiments were appealing for “more men,” his heart was stirred within him; yet he was not one to *talk* patriotism, and few knew the workings of his mind. He had been away for some weeks to recover from a slight sickness, and one day after his return he was with a knot of fellow-students who were discussing their duty in view of the state of the country. The question was rather jokingly asked, “Emerson, will you enlist if we will?” He

replied in the calmest tone, "I have enlisted," to the great surprise of those about him, all of whom, it may be added, speedily followed his example.

Soon after this he was mustered in as a private in Company H, First Massachusetts Volunteers. He had expected to go out with a Chelsea company of nine months' men, but on account of dissatisfaction as to the appointment of officers of that company, and also on account of his sense of the importance of filling up the old regiments, he changed his mind.

He was sent to Camp Cameron in Cambridge, July 31, 1862; and in a short time, with other recruits, was forwarded to Fortress Monroe. Owing to the rapid army movements and consequent confusion, he did not reach his regiment till September 4th, when he found it near Alexandria. Not many weeks elapsed before a cousin from Williams College joined his company, whose society proved a great acquisition.

The autumn and winter were spent mostly in picket duty and road-building. On December 13th Emerson participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, in which his regiment was mostly employed in skirmishing, and covered the rear when the army recrossed the Rappahannock. His powers of endurance were again tasked in Burnside's attempted advance, which was stopped by the mud; and once more his regiment returned to camp routine near the Fitzhugh House. As a part of Carr's brigade, of Sickles's corps, the First Massachusetts then took part, under General Hooker, in the battle of Chancellorsville, and Emerson's name was in the list of "missing." His cousin had, with him, left a rifle-pit at a critical moment, but, being himself just wounded for the second time, lost sight of him in the excitement. His relatives hoped that he had been captured, but his name was not on the roll of prisoners in Richmond. A friend was sent to recover his body, if indeed he had been killed, but was not permitted to reach

the field. The terrible suspicion that he had been burned to death while lying wounded, in the fire which followed the battle, added pain to the deepest anxiety.

His classmates, meeting on Commencement day, though mourning him as dead, yet passed resolutions so worded as not to mock the feeble hope yet cherished by his parents. Weary months passed on, and November came before his fate was learned. Then, from a comrade who had been wounded and taken prisoner, the information was obtained that our classmate was instantly killed on Sunday, May 3, 1863. This informant stated that he himself, Emerson, and another, not having heard any order to retreat, were the last to leave a rifle-pit which the Rebels had nearly surrounded. As they were retreating, all were shot. A ball passed through Emerson's head, and he fell on his back without a word.

No words were necessary from him in his last moments. His tokens of affection had been distributed before he left home. When an order for an advance came, he had written, "I am very glad of it. . . . I am ready. Feel as little concerned about me as you can. Commend me to God, and I will try and commend myself to Him." He was ready, not merely to fight, but to die. Not in a spirit of reckless daring or braggadocio did he say this. He did not know from experience what such feelings were. He wrote, moved by the solemn conviction that he was in the path of duty, his heart throbbing with a patriotic devotion which shrank at no sacrifice for his country's good.

"Let the war go on," he says, "let it take all that it needs, until the Rebellion is utterly crushed." Yet there was no extravagance in his nature. Modesty, gentleness, fidelity, conscientiousness, were his characteristics. He distrusted himself almost too much. Partly this, and more, perhaps, the conviction which he thus expresses, — "There are *old* soldiers by the thousand in the army who deserve commissions," — prevented his yielding to the entreaties of friends

and seeking a higher position ; and we cannot help honoring the feelings which prompted the words, " If I can engage in one good victorious battle, my place in the ranks is good enough for me." We think of what our classmate was, of his excellent ability as a scholar, and of the weight of his character as a man and a Christian, and picture to ourselves what he might have been in his chosen profession, — honored, useful, and happy, — happy rather in usefulness than in honors. We then recall the last words of his autobiography, — " My success is sure," — and then his early and sudden death. Is this the success of which he was so confident? we ask. Yes, true success ; for he wrote not in arrogance or self-sufficiency, but with a calm, steady purpose ever to do and to suffer the will of Him whom he rejoiced to call Master and Saviour. Thus as he looked forward into the future, the tomb was no barrier to real success ; death was no disappointment, but rather the entrance upon the consummation of his soul's highest hopes.

JOHN LYMAN FENTON.

Private 9th Mass. Battery, August 5, 1862; Sergeant; died at Baltimore, July 28, 1863, of a wound received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.

JOHN LYMAN FENTON, son of Orrin and Mehitable (White) Fenton, was born in Mansfield, Connecticut, March 5, 1835. He was the youngest of a family of four. When he was about a year old, his father removed to Dixfield, Maine, and died four years later. The widowed mother, being dependent on her own exertions for support, came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, leaving John with his grandmother, in Dixfield, till he was ten years of age; when he also was brought to Cambridge, where he attended Mr. Mansfield's school. Shortly afterward, however, his knowledge of his mother's circumstances induced him, greatly against his tastes and inclinations, to leave school and assist in his own support. He entered into mercantile business; and while employed at Cambridge, formed the acquaintance of some students, which rekindled a strong desire for literary knowledge. At last he determined upon his course, and though expecting to contend against many obstacles, resolved to acquire a professional education. On returning home one evening, he expressed his intentions to his mother, who was astonished, and saw no way of gratifying his wishes. But there was a will, and a way was provided.

He entered the Webster Grammar School in Cambridgeport when seventeen years of age, and rapidly fitted himself to enter the Cambridge High School, where he remained four years, under the instruction of Mr. William F. Bradbury. He completed the prescribed course in 1857, and entered Harvard College the same year, then twenty-two years old. Owing to pecuniary embarrassments, he left college at the close of the first term of the Sophomore year, and entered the Dane Law School. He afterwards studied in the office of J. P. Richardson, Esq., in Cambridge, was

admitted to the bar June 21, 1860, and appointed a justice of the peace on the 30th of August in the same year. He practised law in Charlestown and Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, for two years, with good success, — being associated with Mr. Tweed in the former place, and with Mr. William F. Engley, in the latter.

In the summer of 1862, when government was urgently calling for enlistments, and men were greatly needed for their country's protection, he responded by enrolling his name in the list of the Ninth Massachusetts (De Vecchi's, afterwards Bigelow's) Battery, August 5, 1862; and after a month set out for the seat of war. He returned home during the following spring, on a short furlough, and married Miss Adelaide Victoria Burrill of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, March 18, 1863. She, with an infant son, survives him.

The battery was in no engagement until the afternoon of July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg. It there assisted in supporting the Third Corps, under Major-General Sickles. When the corps was driven back, the battery was the last of five to leave the field, while Longstreet was advancing. Reaching an angle made by two stone walls, it was ordered to halt and hold the position at any cost, without infantry support, until a new line could be formed. Bravely did Captain Bigelow hold his post against a whole Rebel brigade, whose centre alone could be reached by his fire, while the wings closed in on either side.

After suffering a fearful loss, with every horse killed, and only one commissioned officer and one sergeant left for duty, the heroic little band was recalled, having given Major-General Sickles time to prepare for a counter-charge, in which the lost ground was regained, and the guns secured by the Fifth Massachusetts Battery, Captain Phillips.

Among the disabled sergeants was Fenton, who was wounded in the right leg, below the knee. He was in the most exposed position, and was taken prisoner, but was afterwards retaken by our forces. He was removed, after

three days, to the Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, and was thought not to be dangerously wounded ; but fever prostrated him, and, gradually sinking, he died on the 28th of July. His wife and mother reached him a few hours before his death, and were present at his burial in Loudon Park, Baltimore. During the following autumn his remains were removed to the Cambridge Cemetery. The funeral services were held at the Lee Street Church, Cambridge, the Rev. H. F. Harrington officiating, and the Cambridge Reserve Guard performing escort duty.

A few weeks before the battle of Gettysburg, Captain Bigelow, (who was a college classmate of Sergeant Fenton,) obtained leave of the Secretary of War for Fenton to appear before the Board of Examining Officers for the United States Colored Service. "The battery, however, receiving marching orders, he preferred to remain until the campaign should be completed." If he had yielded to cupidity, or even commendable self-interest, he might have saved his life ; scorning such personal advantage, he sacrificed his life willingly in his country's holy cause. So much greater was his desire to serve his country where he was most needed than to secure preferment.

A pleasant incident occurred to Sergeant Fenton while in the hospital at Baltimore. Mrs. Johnson, one of those angels of mercy whose visits to our hospitals always brought cheerfulness and hope to the inmates, inquired if there were any Massachusetts soldiers at the hospital. She was told that there was one named Fenton. She remembered that this was the name of the person who had signed the resolutions passed by the Cambridge High School at the sudden death of her son, the former principal of that school. She sought him out, and found in him the same Fenton who had been the first person to see his teacher fall, had assisted to remove him, and had been by his side when he died. In return, she watched by the wounded soldier till his death, and provided a home at her own house for his wife and mother while at Baltimore.

WILLIAM YATES GHOLSON.

First Lieutenant 106th Ohio Vols. (Infantry), July 16, 1862; Captain, July 24, 1862; killed at Hartsville, Tenn., December 7, 1862.

WILLIAM YATES GHOLSON, JR., was born, March 11, 1842, in Pontotoc, a small town in the northern part of Mississippi. His father was a native of Virginia and a graduate of Princeton, whose first wife, a daughter of Chancellor Taylor of Virginia, had left him two children,—Samuel Creed Gholson, subsequently a physician in Mississippi, and Ann Jane Gholson, who married Mr. Glasgow, one of the proprietors of the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond. Removing to Mississippi in 1835, Mr. Gholson there married Miss Elvira Wright, the mother of the subject of this biography. In 1845, for private reasons, he relinquished his flourishing law-practice and removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he became at one time city solicitor, and in 1855 was elected Judge of the Superior Court. This office he held till 1860, when he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, on the Republican ticket. Since that date he has resigned his seat on the bench, and resumed the profession of an advocate.

“The Gholsons,” wrote William, in 1861, “were originally of Saxon descent. . . . The name is a very rare one, borne, I think, only by our own family. My father has examined a great many lists of English names, and found in one gazetteer the name Gholston. The Pretender at one time assumed the name of Gholston.

“Before the Revolutionary War the Gholsons were settled in Orange County, Virginia, at the residence lately occupied by Philip P. Barbour. One of the sons, Thomas, my great grandfather, moved to Brunswick County, near the Meherrin River, and gave the name to a town there, Gholsonville. His third son, Thomas Gholson, Jr., my immediate ancestor, was born in 1780,

married Miss Ann Yates, was a member of Congress from 1807 until his death, July 4, 1816, leaving three children, of whom my father was the eldest. Daniel Wright, my great-grandfather, on the mother's side, lived in Virginia. His son, Daniel Wright, my grandfather, moved to Mississippi, and married Miss Martha Patrick, a celebrated beauty and most estimable lady. He was Judge of the Supreme Court of Mississippi. He left but one child, Miss Elvira Wright, who married my father in 1839. One of my ancestors, William Yates, was President of William and Mary's College. His son, William Yates, Jr., was a colonel of the Revolution."

These genealogical details have a peculiar interest in the case of one who was to take up arms against his own blood, as it were, and to fall in the second American revolution.

Gholson's schooling began in 1850, and was confined to private institutions. He fitted for college in three years, and entered Harvard in March, 1858, at the commencement of the second term of the Freshman year of his Class. "I cannot," he wrote, "exaggerate the importance of my college experience. Although my Sophomore and Junior years afford me cause for poignant regret, yet even their influence has been beneficial. I have never during my college course received any species of punishment from my superiors; and although I cannot say I deserve my fortune, I have had neither 'private,' 'public,' nor 'parietal' admonition. I have been a member of the Oneida Boat-Club, the Institute of 1770, the Hasty-Pudding Club, and two secret societies. I am also a member of the College choir. . . . Expect to study law, although there is a chance of my entering the army."

That the latter career was uppermost in his mind is shown by the fact that, in the summer of 1861, he went to Washington to seek an entrance into West Point, but was prevented by the failure of Congress to pass a bill enlarging that academy. Deeming the measure postponed merely, he returned to his father's country residence at Avondale, three

miles from Cincinnati. Here, caring little for society, he became a diligent student. In September he writes to a classmate that he is well and happy, enjoying his home and the delightful scenery about him. Thirsting for the languages, he takes lessons in French three times a week, and withal bends vigorously to the law. His belief in the ultimate triumph of the national cause is strong; and his mind, assured by the reading of Buckle, watches with tranquillity, though with deep interest, the march of fate. He sees that the negro must fight, and that the peace traitors of the North are the most dangerous foes of liberty.

In October he was obliged to abandon the thought of West Point, and Senator Sherman advised him to enter into active service. To this he was also urged by a vague sense of duty and the example of his mates, but reason and conscience forbade; and hence arose "the greatest struggle of his life."

While the policy of the government appeared to him disgraceful and the war not yet wholly for the right, his heart could not participate in the conflict. He turned for advice to his father, who counselled (not bade) him to remain quiet for the present. He so decided, but with this reservation: "If ever the war becomes one of right and justice, I will engage in it, even as a private"; and he went back to law, French, German, and Latin, music, philosophy, and general science. The year elapsed while he was thus employed.

The contest, meanwhile, was never absent from Gholson's thoughts. In February, 1862, he wrote: "I confess I do not much like the law, and study it only because it seems for my advantage." In May, however, "I now find it very interesting." This spring, the first he had ever passed in the country, was highly enjoyed by him, and in place of his former walks he rode much on a horse which was the gift of his father. "I am happier than I have ever been," he writes. In July came the President's call for

three hundred thousand volunteers, but the West showed no response. The hour had struck for Gholson. He obtained permission of the Governor of Ohio to raise a regiment of Germans, inasmuch as the religious views of that class were consonant with his own, and because he desired to learn their language better. He opened the first recruiting office in Cincinnati under the new call, and in the six weeks necessary to the completion of the regiment,— the One Hundred and Sixth Ohio, — he frequently visited the capital, Columbus, on business. To Gholson was promised the Adjutancy ; but yielding it to a German, he was made Lieutenant, July 16th, and, on the 24th, senior Captain. The rendezvous was Camp Dennison.

While he was here drilling, the Rebels made their feint on Cincinnati, and suddenly, on the night of September 3d, the One Hundred and Sixth was ordered into Kentucky, badly armed and imperfectly equipped and disciplined. Company A, however, as being the best drilled, was actively employed in scouting and picketing. On the 13th of September their station was Tunnel Batteries, Kentucky, near Cincinnati. On the 23d they went from Covington to Louisville, which they found in chaos, owing to the disorderly arrival of Buell's retreating army. In four days the regiment was placed in as many different brigades, and with poor tents, no overcoats, and Austrian rifles, the One Hundred and Sixth fared hardly.

On the 1st of October Gholson left Louisville for Columbus on business, and wrote from the latter place on the 3d, having just heard by letter of the death of his classmates Doolittle and Almy. From Columbus he returned immediately to Louisville, but found the pursuit of Bragg begun and the regiment flown. At short notice he took the cars to Frankfort, and was obliged to make the last twenty miles of the journey on horseback, and the same day marched ("I was too proud to ride," he says) twenty-five miles with his regiment.

He was detailed Captain of Provost Guard in South Frankfort, and his first act was to arrest his brigade commander, Colonel G. F. Linberg, One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, on a charge of horse-stealing. This officer's successor, Colonel Moore, One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, promised Gholson the place of Brigade Adjutant, and the latter so acted on the ten days' forced march to Bowling Green. But here Colonel J. K. Scott, Nineteenth Illinois, replaced Colonel Moore, bringing his own Adjutant; yet Gholson was made Aide-de-Camp and Chief of Staff, October 26th. This change was most grateful, for Gholson had been sadly disappointed in the officers of his regiment (all Germans except his First Lieutenant, Julius Dexter, Class of 1860). In the five days spent at Bowling Green, Buell was relieved by Rosecrans. On the 9th of November the Thirty-ninth Brigade was ordered alone to Glasgow, Kentucky.

From this place Gholson wrote on the 14th, being then the Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Colonel Scott, Acting Brigadier-General. Thence the brigade advanced to Hartsville, Tennessee; Colonel Scott departed and Colonel Moore resumed command. Owing to some lack of capacity or precaution, the brigade was surprised by a slightly superior force of cavalry and infantry under John Morgan at daylight, Sunday morning, December 7th. Captain Gholson was first on the left, where the One Hundred and Sixth was posted. When it broke he hurried over to the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois on the right, where, gallantly leading this regiment, which seems alone to have fought bravely, he fell from his horse, killed instantly, bearing three wounds,—one, a graze on the left side of the head, concealed by his hair; a second, made by a buck-shot over his left eye, at the extreme upper edge of the forehead (also concealed); and the third, from a minie-bullet, entering just above the heart, and glancing downward directly through it, swift and fatal. His body was stripped of cap, boots, and overcoat, sword and revolver, but was sent home

safely, arriving December 11th. A strictly private funeral took place the next day, when the remains were committed to the family lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, near Cincinnati. The deceased was but twenty years and nine months old. The grief of the family was proportionate to the loss of such a son. His mother had a presentiment of his death on the very morning of the battle, though the news did not reach her till the following Tuesday.

Thus lived and perished a heroic young man. He was tall for his years, of handsome figure and finely cut features, and the beauty of his clear complexion, blue eyes, and Saxon hair will not quickly fade from the memory of friend or classmate. It remains to speak of the character and principles which were the foundation of a life and death so fair. The writer of this sketch, happy in an intimacy derived from immediate contact for four years on the college benches, and confirmed by the mutual attraction of natures, has elsewhere expressed some measure of his respect and love for William Gholson. His morals were pure and his language chaste. Free from vice, he was wont to confront himself daily in the diary which he kept, and in which he recorded his careful criticism of himself, his plans, his hopes, his successes, and his disappointments. And this fact, coupled with his youth, sufficiently indicates his thoughtfulness, as another fact illustrates his unshrinking independence of thought. He came to college an Episcopalian by faith, or at least by training. Diligent reading, before and after graduation, induced him to adopt materialistic views of the universe, — of creation, the nature of man, and the existence of a Deity ; and it was his boast that his merit as a soldier was due to these his latest convictions. One cannot but pay cheerful homage to the strength of mind which is able to forsake the idols of tradition and custom to satisfy the longings of the soul for truth. But looking at the lofty aims and fearless self-devot-

tion of him who reasoned thus, we may feel sure that because he died he lives, and is not lost to parents, classmates, country, or the holy cause of the down-trodden, for which he gladly bled. His mind, it is grateful to believe, has aided, and his soul rejoiced, in the overthrow of American slavery.

THOMAS JOSEPH LEAVITT.

Private 6th Iowa Cavalry, October, 1862; Sergeant-Major; Second Lieutenant, January 31, 1863; died at White Stone Hill, Dacotah Territory, September 4, 1863, of wounds received September 3.

THOMAS JOSEPH LEAVITT was the son of Joseph Melcher and Eliza (Yendell) Leavitt, and was born in Boston, October 31, 1840. His father died in 1848, when his mother removed to Hampton Falls, N. H., and five years later to Woburn, Massachusetts, where she still resides. The son was fitted for college at Rockingham Academy and at the Woburn High School. He entered college with his Class, but spent most of his Senior year at Burlington, Iowa, in the employment of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company, temporarily returning to Cambridge to graduate with his Class.

He continued in his work at Burlington until the autumn of 1862, although he had been exceedingly desirous to enter the army, and had been prevented only by the dissuasions of his mother. The time, however, arrived when he could be restrained no longer; and in October of that year he enlisted as a private in the Sixth Iowa Cavalry. Within a month (November 7, 1862) he was appointed Sergeant-Major, and within three months more (January 31, 1863) became Second Lieutenant.

To Leavitt's great regret, the duty assigned to the regiment was that of defending our broken frontier against the hostile Sioux of Minnesota and Dacotah. After spending much of the winter in camp, and making some toilsome marches, they were ordered by Brigadier-General Sully, on the 3d of September, 1863, to lead an attack on a large encampment of Indians near White Stone Hill, in the interior of Dacotah Territory. Leavitt was then Acting Adjutant of the regiment, and is said to have been one of the

first to enter the fight. The contest, though finally successful, was prolonged into the evening, and therefore involved in some confusion. It is supposed that Leavitt, having got beyond the support of his men, was surrounded, his horse shot, and he himself stabbed, partly stripped, and left for dead. Strength enough however remained for him to crawl to his own camp the next morning, where he died among his men.

The soldiers, making a rough coffin from such materials as were accessible, brought his body with them for many miles upon their homeward march; and when its farther conveyance proved impossible, they buried it by the banks of the Cheyenne River, a short distance above Fort Pierre.

Lieutenant Leavitt was a young man of cordial and generous nature, and of strong convictions, especially in opposition to slavery. He evidently had the affection and confidence of his army associates; and was once offered a commission in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, which he declined, preferring to remain in his original regiment. He was an only son, and left behind him a widowed mother, a betrothed bride, and several sisters; these last having been well known as accomplished and successful teachers in the schools of Massachusetts.

THOMAS RODMAN ROBESON.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), May 28, 1861; First Lieutenant, November 30, 1861; Captain, August 10, 1862; died July 6, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa., of wounds received July 3.

THOMAS RODMAN ROBESON was born in New Bedford, November 7, 1840. He was a son of Thomas Rodman and Sibyl (Washburn) Robeson. Through his mother he was a descendant of Roger Williams. His father was long engaged in the shipping business, and died August 13, 1848. He was a son of Andrew Robeson, a prominent merchant and successful manufacturer of New Bedford. Andrew Robeson established, under many discouragements and difficulties, the print-works which bore his name in Fall River, the first establishment of the kind in the State, and made the business a very prosperous one. The Robeson family is of Scotch origin, and a portion of it resided in Germantown, Pennsylvania, for many years.

When thirteen years old, Robeson was sent to the school of Mr. Thomas Prentiss Allen, at Sterling, in Worcester County, and remained under his instruction two years. Lieutenant Arthur Dehon was one of his schoolmates at Sterling. His mother having removed to Brookline in 1854, he was next put under the instruction of Mr. William P. Atkinson, in that town, and was by him fitted for college, except that, immediately before entering college, he studied for about two months, during Mr. Atkinson's absence in Europe, under the direction of Mr. Francis Marion Tower, at Boston. He entered Harvard College in 1857. He did not take high rank as a scholar, either at school or in college; but there, as in after life, he was in all things manly, generous, and honorable, won the respect and esteem of all his acquaintances, and made many friends. He took much interest in the College societies, and was a

member of the Institute, and the Porcellian and Hasty-Pudding Clubs.

In the spring before his Class graduated he made up his mind that it was best that he should prepare himself for the military service of his country, feeling that he was needed there, and believing that he could be more useful as a soldier than in any other position in life. He obtained the consent of his relatives, and of the Faculty of the College, who at the next Commencement conferred upon him, in his absence, the Bachelor's degree; and on April 25, 1861, he went down to Fort Independence to drill with the Fourth Battalion. His classmates Hallowell and Holmes went to Fort Independence at the same time. He soon enlisted in the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, which was then being recruited by Colonel George H. Gordon, and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in that regiment, May 28, 1861. His regiment was in camp at Camp Andrew, in West Roxbury, until July 8th, when it received marching orders. Lieutenant Robeson had been assigned to Company F, of which Charles R. Mudge was Captain and Robert G. Shaw First Lieutenant, and performed his duties in camp with fidelity and success. He was much praised for his readiness and determination in suppressing some acts of insubordination on one occasion very soon after his arrival.

On July 8th the Second started for Virginia, after some interesting presentations of flags at Camp Andrew and an enthusiastic reception in Boston. Another cordial reception greeted them in New York. They were first stationed at Martinsburg, Virginia, under the command of Major-General Patterson. They were afterwards stationed for more than a month at Harper's Ferry, and subsequently at Darnestown. At the latter place, on September 12, 1861, Lieutenant Robeson, with Lieutenant Howard, having been selected for the purpose from four officers of the regiment by examination, was detached for signal duty, and

ordered to the signal camp at Georgetown, D. C. He wrote home on September 14th:—

“Since I wrote to you I have been detached from my regiment for signal duty. There have been two officers taken from each regiment in our division (or rather from those regiments that had officers of enough education for the purpose). We are under Major Myer of the Regular Army. I do not know how I shall like it yet, but that will not make much difference, as I cannot help myself. We have to go through a pretty severe examination before we are admitted. There were four officers examined from our regiment, and Howard and myself were admitted. The examination was mainly in spelling and etymology, neither of which are particularly my forte, as you know, but somehow or other I slipped in. Every one says it is a good thing for us; and then, if we do well, we shall perhaps be admitted into the Regular Army. We each have a horse and two men, besides a servant, and shall very probably get the pay of a cavalry officer. We are in camp at Georgetown, and study six hours a day. As soon as we know enough, we shall be sent out, two together, all over the country, in every direction. We have to take an oath not to reveal anything we learn, and as soon as we have all learned the code perfectly, it is to be destroyed. It will be a very independent life, and we shall feel ourselves pretty important, as we shall know everything that is going on.”

On October 6th he writes:—

“This work that I am at is very trying to the eyes, as you have to sit all day long looking through a glass; but I have had no trouble as yet, and do not believe I shall. I was in hopes I should get off on one of the naval expeditions, but I do not believe now that I shall, as probably those that have already gone are all.”

“October 12.

“I have been on a hill about two miles from Munson’s Hill for two days this week, signalling. We signalled at a distance of fifteen miles day and night. Seven of our party went down to Annapolis last Wednesday to go on a naval expedition. . . . I have passed my examination and got through all right. There were ten officers sent back to their regiments, who did not get through.”

He was commissioned First Lieutenant, November 30, 1861, and was detailed on December 23d, with two other signal officers, to go with General Burnside's expedition, and joined General Burnside's command at Annapolis. Here he found a good deal of work and responsibility. He and his two associates, Lieutenants Fricker and Foster, had to instruct twenty other officers from the different regiments in the signal system, having but a short time in which to teach them and to take charge of all the signaling for the expedition.

Early in January, 1862, General Burnside's expedition set sail for Hatteras Inlet. Much difficulty was experienced by all the fleet in passing through the Inlet, and the schooner Colonel Satterly, in which Lieutenant Robeson was embarked, met with more troubles than most of the other vessels of the fleet. In a letter written on board he says, on January 22d:—

“We left Fortress Monroe with a fair wind, and every prospect of reaching Hatteras in twenty-four hours; but unfortunately the wind changed, and we have been knocking round at sea ever since. We have had two very severe gales, and there is every prospect of another. . . . I have had a pretty good time, and if it had not been for my anxiety to reach the fleet, should have enjoyed myself very much.”

“Sunday, January 26.

“After lying in sight of the fleet for twelve hours, we dragged our anchor so much that we were obliged to put to sea again in a tremendous northeast storm. I had no idea what a storm was at sea before, and have always thought the pictures that one sees of such things were exaggerated, but I found I was very much mistaken. The storm lasted about two days, and left us about sixty miles south of Hatteras, in the middle of the Gulf Stream, where we still are. About twelve o'clock on the first night of the storm we discovered a fire in the hold; and as we are loaded with powder and ordnance stores, the next half-hour was not an agreeable one. But our present position is nearly as bad; for as we expected to be only a few days on board,—a week at the most,—we have run

short of both provisions and water. Six crackers and half a pint of water is all that most of us have had for two days, and if we do not get in by to-morrow or next day, I do not know what we shall do. We have been on board now nearly three weeks, and had a storm from every point of the compass, with only two fair days between. We have seen nearly everything that is to be seen on the ocean, that is, one whale, two sharks, and any quantity of dolphins."

The Colonel Satterly arrived safely at Hatteras, and reported to General Burnside on January 28th, and found the whole fleet there, except two vessels which were lost.

He was now quartered upon the Philadelphia, the flagship of Commodore Goldsborough, as signal officer. He went on board the gunboat Southfield on February 6th, Commodore Goldsborough having transferred his flag to that vessel for the attack on Roanoke Island. He writes as follows on February 9th, after the battle of Roanoke Island, his first engagement: —

"We went on board the Southfield last Thursday morning at daylight, and expected to be within gunshot in about an hour, as we were only about ten miles from Roanoke Island. But it came on to rain, and we were obliged to anchor and lie by all night. Friday morning it was foggy, but about ten it cleared off, and we got under way. In about half an hour we were in full sight of everything. . . . We fired our first shot at about eleven, and at half past the engagement had commenced. Our boat was the flag-boat and led the way, and my position, as signal officer, was on top. For the first half-hour I felt pretty queer, I can tell you, with the shells bursting around us in every direction. But after that I did not mind it much, and sent and read my messages almost as well as I ever could; although it was pretty difficult to keep my eyes on the glass when a shot struck very near. The fight lasted, without any intermission, until dark; and then there was no sign of the Rebels giving in, although we knew that two of their gunboats were disabled, and thought the fort must be very much injured, as we had seen hundreds of shells burst in it. Some of the troops were landed late in the afternoon, and the rest during the night.

They encamped in the same place where they landed, and early in the morning commenced their march towards the fort. About half-way to the fort they encountered a small battery, and, after a severe fight of two hours, succeeded in taking it. After that, the enemy gave up entirely, and retreated to their largest camp at the end of the island, where all who could not get boats to escape surrendered to General Foster about five in the afternoon. After we heard that the army were all landed, we set to work to try and clear the channel, but the forts opened upon us again and kept up their firing until the army had taken the battery on shore. We have but one gunboat that has not received a shot; some received as many as eight or ten. We had several holes through us; for as we carried the flag and were in the advance most of the time, we were the principal mark for them, and I think we were very lucky in getting off so well. I had one round shot come within eleven inches of me by actual measurement, and hundreds from six feet to a boat's length."

In this battle he made the very first use under fire of the new signal system, and he was promised that a pair of signal flags should be specially prepared for him in recognition of this, with his initials upon them; but he never received them. During the following month his eyes troubled him considerably, having been injured by their arduous employment, and he began to think of returning to his regiment. On March 11th General Burnside's expedition sailed from Roanoke Island for Newbern, North Carolina, Lieutenant Robeson being still quartered on the flag-steamer Philadelphia, as signal officer. In a letter written March 15th he gives some account of the battle of Newbern: —

"We arrived Wednesday evening at Slocum's Creek, the place where we were to land our troops, after a beautiful day's sail up the Neuse River, and anchored there for the night. Early Thursday morning we began to land the troops, our gunboats shelling the shore in every direction to drive away any Rebels that might be there. The army were landed very rapidly, and by two o'clock commenced their march towards Newbern, a distance of about twelve miles, — the gunboats keeping up a constant fire on the shore

in advance. I was on the gunboat Delaware, Commodore Rowan's flag-ship for the fight, which led the fleet up. We had to proceed in single file, as the river is full of all sorts of obstructions, such as torpedoes, piles pointed with iron, and sunken vessels. About three o'clock one of the batteries opened upon us, and continued firing for a short time; but they did not come very near us, and it came on rainy and foggy, so about six we drew off. The army marched about seven miles without meeting any of the enemy, and encamped for the night.

"At seven in the morning I went on board the Delaware with Commodore Rowan, and proceeded slowly up the river in a dense fog. At half past seven the firing commenced on shore, and we commenced firing at the batteries. There were four forts along the shore, mounting thirty-two guns in all. They fired at us, each in turn, as we came up; but none of them held out more than an hour, deserting their forts as the army advanced. At half past ten they signalled to me from the shore that they had taken the inland battery and the Rebels were retreating. We then proceeded up the river as fast as possible, taking the flags off the forts, and hoisting our own. When we got up to the city, they were just setting fire to it. We chased two steamers that were running off, but one of them was fired before we could get to it. The other we took, with about a dozen sailing vessels. It was the most exciting scene I ever saw in my life,—people running and fires starting up in every direction. In an hour the bridge was burned down, cutting off our army entirely from the town, and we thought the city would certainly be burned to the ground. But we soon found that the fires were not so bad as they seemed; for they had set fire to the cotton and tar on the wharves, which made a tremendous smoke and blaze. So we set the negroes to work; and as fortunately there was no wind, by night the fires were all out."

Soon after this, Robeson's eyes being much inflamed, he was compelled to leave the signal service and rejoin his regiment in Virginia. The Second had been employed, meantime, in severe guard and picket duty and reconnoissances, and during its winter encampment near Frederick had perfected itself in drill and discipline to a remarkable

degree; and in the spring had taken part in movements upon Winchester and Jackson, at which latter place it was engaged with the enemy. The following extracts from his letters give some account of his earlier experiences after returning to his regiment: —

“NEWMARKET, April 27.

“ . . . We have had a pretty hard time since I wrote, and for the last two or three days I have been a little under the weather, and have had to lie by in a house; but I am a good deal better to-day, and hope to join the regiment to-morrow. I will try to tell you what we have been about. It is very humble work, and does not look like much on paper, but it is a great deal harder than fighting, I can tell you. A week ago last Thursday morning, *reveille* was beaten at two o'clock, with orders to take one day's ration and be ready to march at four, leaving tents and baggage. So I put a tooth-brush and a silk pocket-handkerchief in my pocket, and sent my overcoat to an ambulance, and at four we were off.

“The Rebels were known to be at Mount Jackson, about eight miles off, and we were in great hopes that they would make a stand there. We arrived there about ten without seeing any signs of the Rebels except their old camps and half a dozen burning bridges and any quantity of railroad cars and engines. We halted at Mount Jackson about two hours, when the scouts brought in word that Jackson was preparing to make a stand about five miles on. So General Shields's division started on the main road, and our brigade was sent round to the right to try and outflank him. . . . Jackson saw immediately what we were about, and left, and that is the last that has been seen of him, while we, after marching twenty-one miles through woods and swamps and rivers and everything you can imagine, finally halted at half past nine in the evening, most of the officers with not even an overcoat or blanket, as none of the ambulances could follow us over the road we had been. Fortunately it was a warm night, and we got along pretty well.”

“Monday, May 5.

“I have been in bed for nearly two weeks, and never had such a doleful time in my life. Our regiment moved on a week ago last Friday, and I have hardly seen a person, except my servant, since. To-day my servant tells me that they moved on again last night,

and expect to meet Jackson to-day. If they should, I do not know what I should do. Just think of people asking you about a battle your regiment was in, and having to tell them you were ill at the time. I am rather better to-day, I think, though still very weak, and hope to join my regiment soon, though it will be so far off that I shall have a good deal of difficulty in doing so."

He was soon well and discharging his duties again. In a few days General Banks's retreat commenced. Lieutenant Robeson describes the part taken by his company in this, in a letter written at Williamsport on May 27, 1862:—

"I hope you have received the letter I wrote yesterday, but I suppose you would like to have a more particular account of our fight. I will begin from last Friday afternoon. Our company, as you know, was guarding a railroad bridge about three miles from Strasburg. At a little after five o'clock, an orderly came down to us and said that the company guarding the bridge above us had been attacked by the enemy, and that a large body of them were advancing on us. We got our company in line immediately, and took the best position we could find. After waiting about an hour, a regiment came up from Strasburg and reinforced the company above us. We then struck our tents and kept a strong guard all night.

"The next morning we were ordered back to our regiment. When we got to Strasburg we found the whole division had left an hour before for Winchester. After marching two hours as hard as we could, we caught up with them. Everything was in the greatest confusion. The train was all mixed up with the army, and it seemed impossible that we could ever get to Winchester. We marched along in this way until three o'clock. . . . Colonel Gordon then ordered his brigade back, as the Rebels were cutting off our wagons in large numbers. We marched three miles, our regiment in front, and drove the enemy some distance. At dark, the brigade, except our regiment and a few cavalry, were sent on. The Rebels then attacked us with their cavalry and artillery. We resisted them for an hour, formed in squares, and drove back three charges of cavalry. During that time our own cavalry got frightened, and charged our company and two others, who were resting in the rear.

Our men of course thought they were the Rebels, as it was very dark, and for a few minutes there was great confusion. One of our men was killed and two wounded. Harry Russell was a good deal hurt by a horse falling on him, and I was bruised and had my coat torn to pieces in the same way. Five men of the two companies that were with us (Captain Cary's and Captain Mudge's) were also wounded. The regiment soon after began to retreat slowly towards Winchester, fighting all the way. We got there at one o'clock Sunday morning. . . . Our regiment and Colonel Gordon saved the whole division on Saturday, and everybody here acknowledges it. Our loss that night was about twenty-five killed and wounded.

"The pickets were firing all night, and at daylight they were drawn in, and soon after the Rebels appeared. Our regiment had the right of the right wing. We marched about a quarter of a mile to the right, and took our position behind a wall just below one of the Rebel batteries. The other brigade took the left, leaving us without any centre or reserve. We lay behind the wall for an hour and a half, our three right companies skirmishing all the time. Then the two regiments on the left of our brigade were ordered to the right. . . . They marched by us over a hill that was on our right, fired one volley, and the next thing we saw, they were running in all directions. Colonel Andrews then gave the order for us to retreat. We formed in good order and marched down towards the town at quick time amid the most tremendous fire that I ever imagined. Our men behaved splendidly, obeying every command, while they were being shot by the dozen. When we got into the streets of Winchester, we halted and formed again, and marched out of town by the double-quick, receiving a very heavy fire from behind at every cross-street and out of the houses.

"The Rebels kept up a sharp pursuit for about three miles, and it seemed impossible that we should get off. We arrived at Martinsburg at three, a distance of twenty-five miles, and got here at nine in the evening, having marched sixty miles in two days, without one mouthful to eat, or a bit of sleep."

In July the Second Regiment became a part of the forces under the command of Major-General Pope, and on August 6th moved forward on the disastrous campaign which was directed by that general. On the day before the battle of

Cedar Mountain Lieutenant Robeson wrote as follows, from the camp near Culpeper, of the discomforts from which his men suffered on this march : —

“ We have been having two days’ very hard marching, not so much on account of the length of the marches as the heat, which has been tremendous. It makes the marches very disagreeable, for you have literally to drive the men along, often till they drop. Day before yesterday’s march, I brought in only about eighteen out of sixty, and the other companies were in the same proportion. It is hard work, especially when it happens to be your turn to go on guard at the end of the march. . . . We have just had forty-two recruits arrive here this morning. They looked so hot and miserable, I could not help pitying them.”

At Cedar Mountain he was in his place, and encountered with his comrades the perils which thinned the ranks of his regiment so sadly on that fatal day. He was shot through his right wrist in this battle, and was sent home on furlough for a time. While at home he received a commission as Captain, bearing date August 10th, *vice* Williams, killed at Cedar Mountain. He returned before his wound was fully healed, and rejoined his regiment before the battle of Antietam, in which he took part, rendering good service. He was eminently successful in keeping his men steady in action. His tall, strong, and manly form and commanding presence aided his brave spirit in this. His sword and scabbard bear the marks of three bullets which struck them at Antietam.

During the following winter his regiment was in winter quarters in different places, and on April 27th broke camp and set out with the rest of the army on the Chancellorsville campaign. He wrote home as follows, immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville : —

“ May 5, 1863.

“ . . . We left Stafford Court-House a week ago yesterday and marched to Kelley’s Ford, and thence down the river to this point, which is about five miles from Fredericksburg. We arrived here

last Wednesday, and have been fighting ever since, night and day. We have lost about one hundred and fifty men, one officer killed and seven wounded. I am all right, with my usual hole through my blouse. I do not know how we are going to come out, but hope for the best. We were doing splendidly up to Saturday afternoon, when the whole Eleventh Corps broke and ran. I have a sword which was surrendered to me Sunday morning, which I shall send home when I get a chance. Our corps has done splendidly, and has driven the Rebels every time we have met them. Since we have been fighting our regiment has taken over two hundred prisoners."

On the night of the day after this letter was written the regiment was ordered to recross the river, and returned to Stafford Court-House, where it had been before encamped. Next came the expedition to Beverly Ford. Of this he wrote on June 19th from Leesburg, Va. :—

"It is some time since I have had an opportunity of writing to you, for we have been on the march for two weeks. A week ago last Saturday we were detached with one other regiment of our corps, to go over the river with the cavalry. In the first twenty-four hours we marched thirty-two miles. Tuesday morning we crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, where all the Rebel cavalry were massed. We did not have much difficulty in crossing, but we did not get far before they came down on us in force, and drove our cavalry in every direction. They were not prepared, however, for our rifles, and soon found that they had better leave. It was first-rate fun, a regular North Carolina fight. We were skirmishing with them all day, and only lost four men. At one time seven battalions of cavalry came up in front of my company, which was all deployed as skirmishers. I thought of course we should all be taken, but I did not know what a joke cavalry fighting was. I let them come up to within a hundred yards, and then gave them a volley which dropped a lot of them, and away they went, except one battalion, which dismounted and deployed on foot. I took a horse and two rifles. . . . We are entirely isolated here, and have not had a mail or newspaper for a week, or a change of clothes or a blanket for more than two."

On May 26th the Second Massachusetts crossed the Potomac on pontoons and arrived at Frederick, Maryland, on May 28th. Here General Meade took command of the army. The Second became engaged in the battle of Gettysburg on July 2d. Captain Robeson was fatally wounded on the morning of Friday, July 3d, the last day of the battle. From an early hour on that morning his company (Company E) had been posted as skirmishers in advance of the regiment, and had been lying concealed behind stones and logs in an open field. One of his men was shot in the leg while they were thus posted, and several times cried out asking to be carried to the rear. The enemy were close in front, in the edge of a wood, in strong force, and it was very perilous to go forward to remove the wounded man. But Captain Robeson rose and went himself, took the man up, and carried him to the rear, and then returned to his place. At about six o'clock the regiment was ordered to advance. The other companies, charging forward at the double-quick, had just come up to Captain Robeson's company, which was still posted in front, and he was just advancing with them, when he was hit by a conical ball, which shattered the upper part of the bone of his right thigh, and he fell. He was taken to the rear at once, and removed to a hospital tent of the Twelfth Corps, with other wounded officers of his regiment.

His wound was found to be so serious that his life could not be saved, but everything that could be done for his comfort was done by friendly hands. On Saturday, Dr. Heath, the Assistant Surgeon of the regiment, finding him evidently sinking, told him that he feared he would not recover. He said, "You must be mistaken. I am free from pain, and feel stronger than yesterday." About an hour afterwards, the surgeon being again at his bedside, he said, "Well, I suppose I must go. It is hard for me to die, with so many bright prospects before me. I feel the cause has been just, and I have tried to know and do my duty." He

told the surgeon his wishes concerning the settlement of his affairs, and seemed calm and free from pain. On Monday morning, July 6th, at about eight o'clock, he died very peacefully.

His body was brought home and was buried July 13th at New Bedford. Rev. William J. Potter conducted the funeral services, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Russell, Captain J. I. Grafton, Captain J. L. Bullard, and Ogden Codman acted as pall-bearers.

Among the brave and tried officers of his noble regiment Captain Robeson held no inferior place. His comrades found him a cheerful and pleasant companion, an honorable gentleman, and a faithful and accomplished soldier. His men loved him, and always relied upon him with that confidence which is in any officer the unfailing test of merit.

1862.

EDWARD CARSON BOWMAN.

Acting Assistant Paymaster, United States Navy, September, 1862; died at New Orleans, La., October 17, 1864, of disease contracted in the service.

EDWARD CARSON BOWMAN was born at Dadeville, Alabama, March 20, 1841. His father, who was of Southern birth and a man of culture, died while Edward was in his infancy, in consequence of which event his mother removed with him, when he was little more than two years old, to Massachusetts, her native State. In 1846, upon the second marriage of his mother, to Mr. Charles C. Bowman, Edward assumed the name of his step-father. He remained for a time in Massachusetts, receiving instruction at home. In his autobiography in the Class-Book he gives the following sketch of his early life:—

“I was educated at home until about ten years old, when my father, having considerable interests in San Francisco, sent for us to join him there. I sailed from New York in June, 1851, in the clipper ship *Flying Cloud*, and made the trip to San Francisco in eighty-nine days (by way of Cape Horn), being the shortest time on record to the present day. The voyage was to me a period of unmixed pleasure and enjoyment; and the same is to be said of my stay among the beautiful scenes and under the genial skies of California. I then went to the school of Rev. Mr. Prevaux, who, though I believe a well-educated man, was much impeded by the instability which at that time educational systems shared in common with many other social arrangements in San Francisco. I learned, therefore, little from text-books; but I had early acquired the habit of *reading good books*, and the building, in four years, of a great and beautiful city, by all the nations of the earth, would hardly be witnessed without affording at least a valuable complement to mere book knowledge.

“My parents had always intended sending me to Harvard, and

now thought it important that I should be fitted in Boston. In 1855, accordingly, I accompanied my mother to the Atlantic States, by way of Panama. On setting out, many circumstances conspired to promise us an unusually pleasant and speedy voyage; but in passing through a channel near the island of Quibo (two hundred and twenty miles from Panama, the nearest port), the *Golden Age* struck heavily on a sunken rock, and filled so rapidly that she was only saved by beaching. This event, though attended with no loss of life, was a thrilling one, and one that I shall not forget. After lying three days on an uninhabited island in the tropics, we were taken off by the steamship *John L. Stephens*, and carried to Panama, whence we succeeded in crossing by railroad to Aspinwall in eleven hours, the distance being forty-eight miles. On the voyage up nothing of interest occurred excepting a few hours' stay at Kingston, Jamaica, where we took in coal.

“After some months of pleasant travel, visiting Niagara, &c., I entered (in October, 1855) Chauncey-Hall School, Boston, then under the guidance of Mr. G. F. Thayer, but soon after under that of his colleague, Mr. Cushing. I applied myself closely to study, and was fortunate enough to obtain two gold medals, and to enter Harvard University in 1858, without condition. At the beginning of my Sophomore year I received a ‘detur,’ and was elected into the Institute. I have also belonged to the Chapel Choir, and been a member of the Harvard Glee-Club.

“In my Freshman winter vacation I made my first visit to Washington, little anticipating, as I drove around its environs, that the year 1862 would transform them into the parade-ground for a nation of soldiers.

“I have always wished and intended to follow the profession of the law; but the advice of friends has tended of late rather to dissuade me from this, so that it is at present somewhat doubtful what course I shall pursue.”

Throughout four years of college life Bowman maintained an unblemished reputation, both among his classmates and with the Faculty. His dislike for routine study and inclination for general reading interfered with his rank, during most of his course; but during the Senior year he rose to a position among the very highest in the Class, es-

pecially in the departments of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Political Economy. Being finally among the twenty-two who obtained Commencement honors, he chose for the subject of his essay John Stuart Mill, who was his favorite among all the writers of the day; but partial sickness and the pressing emergencies of the career which he had just chosen led to his being excused from the performance of his part.

When the Class of 1862 graduated, the war between the North and South was at its height. In common with most young men connected with the University, Bowman felt the strongest desire to give all his energies to the cause of the Federal government. From the moment hostilities began, he had earnestly wished to enlist in any capacity in which he might be useful to the cause of the Union, and only the urgent solicitations of his mother and the advice of his instructors prevailed upon him to forego his intention. But upon graduation, having obtained the reluctant consent of his parents, he determined to carry into execution the plan which he had long before formed. His own wish was to enter the land service; but this inclination he also waived in deference to the entreaties of his dearest friend, and so applied for admission into the navy, where it seemed his position would be one of less danger to himself, and perhaps of equal benefit to the cause which he espoused. Accordingly, upon the recommendation of Hon. A. H. Rice, a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, and a personal friend and relative, he was appointed to the post of Acting Assistant Paymaster in the navy, and was shipped in the steam sloop-of-war *Kittatinny* in September, 1862, for service in the Gulf of Mexico.

From the time he entered the service until his death, two years after, he was almost constantly on duty, and always proved himself efficient. He was respected by all who knew him, and beloved by all his friends. Though his position in the service was not conspicuous, yet he never

was found wanting when physical courage was required. In the autumn of 1863 he was in many notable engagements. He took part in the movements at Brazos Santiago and on the Rio Grande; in the capture of the works at Aranzas Pass and those of Port Cavallo on Matagorda Bay; and, later, in the attacks upon Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines in Mobile Bay. It was shortly before the time of these engagements, I believe, that he was removed from the Kittatinny to the sloop-of-war Virginia.

The spring and summer of 1864 wore away without the opportunity being presented to the Squadron of the Gulf for any great achievements. The convulsive efforts made at that time by the Rebellion to strengthen itself in Virginia drew from the States bordering on the Gulf all their warlike supplies, which would at best have been inadequate to cope with the overwhelming superiority of their formidable foe. As it was, save the capture of an occasional blockade-runner, or an often-repeated onset upon the works at Mobile, the Gulf Squadron during the last months of the war was almost inactive. But cheery news came to them from time to time of the great work that was doing in Virginia by the army of Grant, and in the South by the army of Sherman. None looked forward to the happy termination more eagerly than did Bowman. Called into the service by the voice of duty only, and compelled by that mandate to leave behind him a mother dearer to him than his own life, desiring ardently to begin the studies which should fit him for an honorable and useful professional career, he eagerly awaited the hour of his discharge. That hour came sooner than he expected.

The squadron to which his ship was attached was lying off New Orleans in the autumn of 1864, at a time when the yellow-fever was prevalent in the city. The malady got among the ships, and Bowman was one of its first victims. He died after an illness of a very few days. Fortunately, a college classmate connected with the army was in New Or-

leans at the time, and was able to attend to the last sad rites of burial. His remains still rest in that city.

He died at the age of twenty-three. Tall and well formed in person, with brilliant hazel eyes and a most genial aspect, he had also great mental strength and activity, and a firm and independent will. He was fond of study, but it must be pursued in his own way, and his opinions be formed without bias from those who were around him. This might make him seem at times unsocial, but the solitude he sought was that of an earnest and truth-seeking mind. Of unbroken Puritan ancestry on his mother's side, he showed the vigorous traits of Puritan character, though born in Alabama. Yet his favorite authors — Bentham and Mill in philosophy, Gibbon and Buckle in history — gave him a bias to liberal, if not towards sceptical opinions, in religious and social matters. Exceedingly generous in his sympathies, and generous almost to a fault with his purse, he had also an even temper and much patience and forbearance. He carried these traits into his naval career, and did not die too soon to bequeath an example of self-devotion.

JOSEPH PERRIN BURRAGE.

Sergeant 33d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July 18, 1862; Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1863; killed at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., October 29, 1863.

JOSEPH PERRIN BURRAGE was born in Boston, May 4, 1842, the son of Joseph and Sophia (Perrin) Burrage. Through his father he was descended from John Burrage, who settled in Lynn about 1630. Through his mother he was related to Hon. D. P. Thompson, the well-known novelist of Vermont, and also to Count Rumford. He pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, and entered Harvard College in the autumn of 1858. He secured and always maintained a good rank as a scholar, and soon made a public profession of religion. After the attack on Fort Sumter and the Baltimore riot, he felt a great desire to enlist, but decided to complete his college course. He therefore remained in the University and graduated honorably in the Class of 1862. He pronounced an oration at the Commencement exercises, and three days later enlisted as a private in the Thirty-third Massachusetts Volunteers. Four days later, just one week from his graduation, he entered upon his duties in camp at Lynnfield.

He was immediately appointed a Sergeant, was soon after made the First Sergeant of the company, and in May following received a commission as Second Lieutenant. All who knew him felt that his promotion was fairly and honorably won, and was but the earnest of still higher honors. Indeed, his captain wrote, that, had he survived the engagement in which he fell, he would at once have been promoted.

His regiment joined the Army of the Potomac, with which it remained nearly a year. It bore its part in the fruitless

struggle at Chancellorsville, and participated in the perils and honors of Gettysburg. After the disaster at Chickamauga it was sent to reinforce the imperilled Army of the Cumberland.

On the evening of the 28th of October, 1863, the regiment, wearied with the fatigues and hardships of a long passage, reached Brown's Ferry, in the vicinity of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and encamped with the hope of an unbroken night's rest. It was soon discovered, however, that the Rebels had obtained possession of a hill near Lookout Mountain, which commanded the road and the railway. It was necessary that they should be dislodged. They were evidently in force and carefully intrenched. To assail them was a work of peril, but at all hazards it must be done; and the wearied troops were called out at midnight. In the bright moonlight the assaulting column was formed; the Thirty-third Massachusetts and Seventy-third Ohio in the advance, the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York and Fifty-fifth Ohio as a support. At the word of command they moved forward with a cheer. As they climbed up the steep ascent, that full October moon made them but too plain marks for hostile fire; but they pressed on till the routed enemy was driven in confusion. Colonel Underwood wrote, that the Massachusetts Thirty-third that night won the applause of the veteran Army of the Cumberland.

When the brief struggle was over, along the slope of that steep hillside were strewn the wounded, the dying, the dead. Two thirds the way up the ascent, falling in the second charge while cheering on his men, the body of Lieutenant Burrage lay peacefully in the soft white moonlight. He fell in his early prime, scarce twenty-one years of age, struck by a ball which pierced his heart.

Lieutenant Burrage had great simplicity of character. He was thoroughly honest, and transparent as crystal. There was a great charm in his naturalness and guilelessness, his

unaffected modesty and truthfulness. He had also great kindness of heart. No one was readier than he to do a favor, and to do it without seeming to impose an obligation. He was remarkably pure-minded. He came from college with his heart unstained, and he maintained the same character to the end.

JAMES INGERSOLL GRAFTON.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), November 1, 1861; First Lieutenant, July 21, 1862; Captain, November 9, 1862; killed at Averysborough, N. C., March 16, 1865.

JAMES INGERSOLL GRAFTON was the youngest son of Major Joseph Grafton, of the United States Army. His father served in the war of 1812. His eldest brother was also in the military service, dying in it during the Mexican war. His mother was Maria (Gurley) Grafton. He was born in Boston, June 16, 1841, received his early education at Boston (where he studied with William P. Field, Esq.) and at Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and entered Harvard College in August, 1858.

On the 1st of November, 1861, he left college to join the Second Massachusetts Volunteers as Second Lieutenant; he was made First Lieutenant, July 21, 1862, and was promoted Captain, November 9, 1862.

He served faithfully with his regiment through all its hard service, declining a colonelcy, on one occasion, from unwillingness to leave it. His first fighting was in the retreat of General Banks from the Valley, at Newtown and Winchester, Virginia, in May, 1862. At the battle of Cedar Mountain, where his regiment suffered so severely, he was badly wounded in the head, and was off duty for several months. He was again severely wounded (in the leg) at Chancellorsville, and could not rejoin his regiment till after the battle of Gettysburg. In the autumn of 1863 the Second Massachusetts was ordered to the West, and took part in Sherman's famous march. He was absent for a time on recruiting service, the ranks being exceedingly depleted; but he returned in time for the entry into Atlanta. He wrote many graphic letters, describing the experiences of the march, and the following extracts are taken from the few that have been preserved.

“ATLANTA, GEORGIA, November 1, 1864.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — Before this letter reaches you, we shall be on the march, a fine winter’s campaign. . . . A move has been expected for the last fortnight, in what direction or for what purpose every one is open to speculate upon. Orders have just come in to have all surplus baggage at once sent to the rear for storage, that is, to Chattanooga. My opinion of the move is this, . . . that we are about to move on Savannah, and open a water communication. The last move of General Hood, or rather Beauregard, has demonstrated that we want some other road of communication than the present one. If this is the move intended, some time will elapse before I again shall hear from the North. This move will be attended with much hard marching and rather slim rations, but with little fighting. Rather pleasant for the army to enter Savannah, and afterwards, say, Charleston.”

“SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, January, 1865.

“MY DEAR BROTHER, — I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter. My letter, dated Argyle Island, left off with a general account of our march through the State of Georgia. I had scarcely finished my letter when our brigade was ordered across the river to the sacred soil of South Carolina, and there remained for two days, threatening the only road left open to the Rebel forces under General Hardee, and skirmishing pretty sharply with Wheeler’s cavalry. On the second day we heard of the evacuation of the city of Savannah. We were, however, pretty well assured of the fact before news came to brigade head-quarters ; for from our position we could see baggage, carriages, cavalry, and camp-followers passing along the Charleston and Savannah roads. On the next day we returned from the sacred soil, and encamped with the division half a mile from the city, where we have remained to the present date. The city of Savannah is a very pleasing old place, possessing very many elegant residences. Very few of the inhabitants left with the Rebel army, and the city consequently presents quite a cheerful aspect. Last week the various corps were reviewed by General Sherman. The review took place in one of the principal streets, and I believe it was the general opinion that our corps carried off the laurels. The regiment received numerous compliments as to its appearance and marching. On New-

Year's day, early, head-quarters in the city were thrown open, and, in company with other officers, I made my calls. I had the honor and pleasure of shaking hands with General Sherman,—Tecumseh, as he is commonly called by the soldiers. The General occupies a really elegant house, and entertained his guests on that day in a truly hospitable manner. He possesses a very happy faculty of catching one's name directly when introduced, and pronouncing it, with rank attached, very distinctly, and also a happy faculty for remembering any officer he may have by chance seen before, and extracting from him, in an incredibly short space of time, all the information he possesses. He is a truly great man, as he has and will prove himself to be. Your hope that we shall now remain quiet until the winter is over will not be fulfilled. An hour ago orders came to be in readiness to move at seven to-morrow. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps several days since embarked and landed at Hilton Head or thereabouts. To-morrow our corps crosses the river to the South Carolina shore. Augusta, or some point on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad, will be, I suppose, our first objective point. That General Sherman commands the army is sufficient guaranty that there will be little rest."

Captain Grafton accompanied his regiment on its march northward through North Carolina. They marched with inadequate supplies, without proper clothing, and amid increasing opposition. At Averysborough, North Carolina, they first encountered the enemy in force, on the morning of March 16, 1865. The action was thus described by an eyewitness:—

"At about seven, A. M., on the 16th, our brigade, with skirmishers in front and cavalry on both flanks, advanced over the works, and had gone but a short distance when we met the enemy's skirmish line. This was driven about a mile, though it contested the ground with some spirit; but at that distance we encountered a line of battle, with artillery, and our force being inadequate to break it, we were forced to pause and wait for troops to come up.

"It was on our skirmish line, which was but a short distance in advance, that Captain Grafton was killed. The enemy was so near and his fire so close, that it required the greatest exertion to

hold him until the necessary relief should arrive to attack his position. Captain Grafton had command of about twenty men, — his own company and another, — and worked hard with them against heavy odds until he was struck in the leg. He started to the rear; but, in his anxiety to do his whole duty, turned back to give some last instructions to his men, and received a mortal wound in the neck. He was seen staggering back, and was helped to the rear; but he never spoke, and died in a few minutes.”

The death of Captain Grafton was deeply felt, not merely in his own regiment, but throughout the corps to which it belonged. The circumstances of his fall were soon after mentioned by Major-General Slocum, in urging upon Governor Andrew the importance of filling up the ranks of the Second Massachusetts. He wrote thus: —

“In almost every battle it has lost heavily, until it now has but one hundred and thirty men for duty. One of its best officers (Captain Grafton) was killed but a few days since while in command of only six men. Its officers are too valuable to the government to be sacrificed under such circumstances. Justice to these officers and to the regiment demands that the ranks be filled. No regiment that ever served with me can show a better record. It is an honor to the service and to your State, and I earnestly hope no efforts will be spared to preserve its organization.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Morse, commanding the regiment, wrote as follows to Captain Grafton’s brother: —

“JAMAICA PLAIN, May 1, 1865.

“Please, Sir, to accept my sincere sympathy for the loss you have sustained by the death of your noble brother. Although I never knew him before he joined the regiment, I have since that time been on terms of intimate friendship with him, and during the last three years have learned to love and respect him more than almost any man I ever knew. In everything he said and did he was always manly, honorable, and noble; he attracted respect and attention wherever he served, both from superiors and inferiors. We had a review at Fayetteville a few days before the battle. As the regiment passed the reviewing officer, General E.

Slocum pointed out Captain Grafton to General Sherman, mentioning, I think, that he was your brother, and telling him what a fine officer he was. On the night of the battle some one told Sherman that he had been killed that morning. The General said, 'What, that splendid fellow that Slocum pointed out?' and seemed to feel his death as a personal loss.

"I have seen and noticed the faces of a great many men as they stood up to face their death, but I have never seen on any of them such an expression of fearless gallantry as was on Captain Grafton's when I gave him his last order. I was quite near him when I gave it; he looked me full in the face to catch every word, then, fully understanding what I wanted, he turned and gave the necessary orders. I shall never forget that face, so cheerful, so handsome, and yet so full of stern determination to do or die. The records of our regiment can show the name of no braver man or better officer.

"I am very truly yours,

"C. F. MORSE."

Captain Grafton's character was thus described by one who knew him well:—

"Endowed by nature with a powerful frame and vigorous constitution, and of a cheerful and sanguine temperament, Captain Grafton was well suited for a soldier's life. He was eminently a courageous man, not only physically, but morally and mentally courageous. He never fell into that attitude of discouragement and dissatisfaction into which so many brave and good officers have at times fallen during the long course of this varied and at times disheartening struggle. To see his strong, handsome face, his firm step, his resolute carriage, and to hear his cheery voice, was at such times a cordial and an encouragement. He never wavered in his firm belief in the success of the cause. He never indulged in that unfavorable criticism of the administration, or of the generals employed by it, which has been at times so rife in our army. He never attended much to political matters, but his sound judgment early saw the necessity or propriety of many of the measures which for a time threatened so greatly to weaken the confidence of the army in the government. He was a strong, clear-headed man, hopeful and courageous. He enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of

life as much as any man ; but the cheerfulness and zeal with which he would go through fatigue and exposure, and brave danger, were never surpassed. In the marches through Georgia and the Carolinas he suffered greatly from rheumatism, and his pluck in persistently marching with his company, and refusing the offers of a horse or an ambulance which were made him, was perfectly characteristic of him."

The announcement of his death, with that of Lieutenant Storrow, who fell on the same field, was received with peculiar emotion among a large circle of those who had known these two young men in their native city, — from the very fact that the war seemed so nearly ended and their perils almost over. They were nearly the last of the Harvard men to fall on the field ; and the historian of the Great March wrote truly of Captain Grafton, "He could not have found a nobler death, nor could we have lost a nobler soul."

SAMUEL CUSHMAN HAVEN.

Second Lieutenant 162d New York Vols. (Infantry), September 20, 1862; First Lieutenant, February, 1863; died at Baton Rouge Hospital, La., June 23, 1863, of disease contracted in the service.

SAMUEL CUSHMAN HAVEN was born at Nauvoo, Illinois, February 19, 1843. His parents were James Henderson Haven and Elizabeth, daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Cushman, both natives of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Through his father he was descended from the venerable Samuel Haven, D. D., for more than half a century pastor of a church in Portsmouth, and from the Sheafe family, which, for several generations, held there a prominent position in social and public life; while through his mother he traced a direct line of ancestry to the Elder Cushman, so celebrated in the early history of the Plymouth Colony. Mr. Haven's residence in the Mormon city was very brief. He soon removed to Quincy, Illinois, and thence to St. Louis, which was the earliest residence of which the subject of this memoir retained a remembrance.

Cushman, — as he was always called by his family, — though not morbidly precocious, exhibited from the very first plain tokens of mental quickness, activity, and vigor. His father was by education and profession a chemist, and the son early took a vivid interest in the father's pursuits. He recalled with entire distinctness in after years the details of experiments and chemical processes which had been exhibited and explained to him in his early childhood. His curiosity was thus early awakened with reference to machinery, the applications of steam-power, and the various industrial operations that lay within the range of the long walks on which his father was accustomed to take him. His friends at that period cherished high expectations of his future, and discerned in his observing, reasoning, thought-

ful boyhood the promise, if not of surpassing eminence, at least of substantial ability and usefulness.

In the summer of 1848 his mother brought him to Portsmouth, with the design of spending the winter with her father. On the 26th of January, 1849, Mr. Haven died suddenly of cholera, and his widow and her children for the ensuing six years lived together in Portsmouth. During this period Cushman was under the charge of several different teachers, and was with all of them a favorite pupil. At the same time he gained possession of Silliman's Chemistry, and, it is believed, studied it understandingly, without the aid of an instructor; while, with such simple apparatus as he could command or construct, at little or no cost, he repeated many of the chemical experiments which he had witnessed at St. Louis, and tried many others indicated or suggested by his text-book. He also attempted by himself the study of the German language, which proved a profitable mental exercise, though he then attained no great proficiency in it.

With a rare amount of scientific and general knowledge for one of his age, and with singularly studious and reflective habits, yet with a rather desultory school education, he was placed, in the autumn of 1855, at Phillips Exeter Academy. Here, without confining himself to the prescribed course, he soon formed the habit of regular and systematic study. He assumed and steadily maintained a high place in his class, while his conduct evinced that he was under the control of the purest principles. He had at once the confidence of his instructors and the love of his fellow-students. Mirthful, fond of play, with an already outcropping vein of wit and humor, he was far enough from being a bookworm, though the extent and variety of his converse with books might have made him appear so. He took a very active interest in "The Golden Branch," — the old academy debating-society, — whose exercises gave at once strength, direction, and culture to a habit of argumentative

conversation which characterized him from early years. Here, too, it may be supposed that he first practised the art of English composition, though his Exeter themes, still preserved, manifest a correctness of diction and a maturity of thought which would have done credit to one several years his senior.

At Exeter he remained four years, completing the sub-collegiate course of study, and then pursuing with an advanced class the course of the Freshman year in college. In 1859 he entered Harvard University as Sophomore. His three years at Cambridge were eminently happy. Domesticated with near kindred, who fully appreciated him and strongly sympathized with his tastes and pursuits, he was relieved of the loneliness and exempted from the temptations (if temptations they would have been to him) of the barrack-life which to most young men is a sad but inevitable necessity of our college system. He was rather a diligent learner than a hard student. He did not aim especially at college rank, though, as he was conscientiously faithful in all his college work, it was impossible that he should not attain a high rank, even if he fell short of the leading place which his partial friends believe might have been his. He read many of the best books both on the subjects connected with the academic course and in general literature; and always seemed solicitous to look beyond his textbooks and to follow out the subjects of inquiry suggested by the lessons.

As may be supposed, his early fondness for chemistry was now renewed; and under Professor Cooke's tuition he pursued his favorite study with avidity and with signal success, acquiring with his theoretical knowledge skill in the manipulations of the laboratory. He distinguished himself also as a mathematical scholar, taking the advanced mathematical course with Professor Peirce during his Junior and Senior years. At the close of his Senior year he received the Gray prize for proficiency in mathematics, — a prize the

awarding of which depended on a prolonged and thorough examination. In addition to this he received, by vote of the Faculty, high college appointments at the Junior and Senior Exhibitions, and at Commencement. His performances on these occasions, and his themes and forensics, indicate the habit of independent and continuous thought, and a command of words which would with competent practice have made him an able and efficient writer. This is especially the case with his Dissertation at the Senior Exhibition of his Class, on "The Judicial Corruption of Lord Bacon," — a very happy discussion and refutation (in brief) of Hepworth Dixon's defence of his noble client.

It is believed that Haven passed through college with the cordial esteem of all who knew him, and the affectionate regard of all who knew him well. His character had developed itself with no unlovely attribute, and with no habit or tendency that could give the most watchful friend uneasiness as to his future career. Of the sentiments of his fellow-students toward him there can be no better proof than his having been chosen a member of at least four college societies, of which one only — the Phi Beta Kappa — professes to follow any rule in its elections except the elective affinities of its members. At the same time he had every college honor to which he was eligible, together with numerous tokens of the sincerest esteem and of strong personal friendship from those of his teachers with whom he was brought into intimate relations. Though one of the youngest of his Class, he had a thorough manliness of spirit and character, and had learned to look on life, not as a mere play-ground, but as an arena for earnest and faithful endeavor. Yet with a manifest tendency to graver topics of discourse, he retained a boy's love of fun and frolic; and in the commerce of joke and repartee, in young and gay society, he left no one his debtor. No doubt a somewhat premature manliness may have grown out of his position as his mother's eldest son, her natural protector and helper, and

capable by example and influence of moulding the character of a younger brother. Then, too, he shared with many others that rapid maturity of thought and action which come through the influence of patriotic feeling.

On graduating he was for a little time in serious doubt as to the course which it was right and fitting for him to pursue. His strong sense of his country's rightful claims upon her youth led him from the first to look to the military service as a part of duty. On the other hand, there was not an element in his nature or a habit of his life which did not seem averse from the military profession. There were, moreover, circumstances which at that time rendered his sympathy and services peculiarly needful to his mother, and for her sake rather than his own he delayed a decision in which she had so precious a stake. Meanwhile his friends sought to obtain employment for him as a teacher, but were repeatedly disappointed when they supposed that they had made success certain.

In August, 1862, about a month after his graduation, he resolved to enter the army, and went immediately to New York to put himself under the tuition and drill of Colonel Tompkins, being determined to qualify himself thoroughly for his duty before seeking or accepting a commission. In connection with the regular exercises of his novitiate, he did all in his power to prepare his system for exposure and fatigue, taking long walks, and simplifying his mode of living in every possible way. He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in Company B, One Hundred and Sixty-second Regiment New York State Volunteers, the commission dating from September 20, 1862. In October he joined his regiment, then waiting orders at Ricker's Island, in New York Harbor. Thence the regiment was first ordered to Washington, next to Annapolis, and then to Hampton Roads. While lying near Fortress Monroe, the superior officers of his company left him for a little while in command, and during that period his courage and presence of

mind were severely tested by the mutinous behavior of a portion of his men ; but by his resolute bearing and prompt and decisive measures, order was soon restored, and the recusants returned to duty. After a few days' detention the body of troops to which he was attached sailed for the Mississippi. They encountered a heavy storm off Cape Hatteras, stopped for coal at Key West, and arrived at New Orleans on the 16th of December. They immediately proceeded up the river to Carrollton, where they went into camp and remained till March.

During this interval, on a brief expedition to Plaquemines with two companies besides his own, Lieutenant Haven found himself under fire, and the troops remained by night for several hours exposed to the artillery of a United States gunboat, whose officers took them for Rebels. In February, while as officer of the guard he was engaged in quelling a disturbance in the camp by night, a stand of arms was thrown down, and a ball, thus accidentally discharged from a loaded musket, was lodged in his leg, inflicting a flesh-wound which rendered it necessary for him to go into a hospital in New Orleans. The day after this accident he was appointed to a First Lieutenancy. His early promotion, when we consider his extreme youth and his lack of influential friends, affords no slight corroboration of the statement made at that time by his captain, that he was the best-drilled officer in his regiment. Indeed, until this accident, he had had for the most part the command of his company ; the captain and his senior lieutenant being on detached service. The major of his regiment writes that the field officers were unanimously in favor of recommending him to the Governor of New York for immediate promotion to a captaincy, — a measure prevented from being carried into effect only by his death.

While Lieutenant Haven was confined by his wound, his regiment went to Baton Rouge to take part in an attempt on Port Hudson. Finding the place then impracticable, the

loyal army took Fort Bisland, and then followed the enemy up Western Louisiana as far as Opelousas, where they halted a few days for supplies. During this halt Lieutenant Haven, though by no means fully restored, rejoined his company, foreseeing active and perilous service, and unwilling to remain absent from his post at so critical a period.

It was probably during his stay in the hospital that his resolution and patriotism had their severest trial. An academic life had held a foremost place among the day-dreams of his youth. His attachment to his Alma Mater was intensely strong, and his fondness for literary and scientific pursuits could not easily have been greater. His letters show that he felt nothing connected with the military service so painfully as his separation from books and the means and opportunities of a higher culture. He had been a favorite pupil of Professors Peirce and Cooke, and they both now sought his services in their respective departments; the former nominating him to a vacant tutorship in mathematics, the latter requesting his appointment as assistant instructor in chemistry. A letter was written to him, informing him that either of these situations was at his command, if he saw fit to resign his commission. It was thought and suggested by his friends that the lameness occasioned by his recent wound, and a slenderness of frame and constitution that seemed ill adapted for prolonged exposure and hardship, might justify his leaving the army. He replied promptly and decisively that, though life at Cambridge was what he desired more than anything else, yet every principle of honor and duty made it his imperative obligation to remain in the service of the country so long as he was needed. No one who knew him can doubt that this answer involved for him the sacrifice of all that for his own sake seemed most precious, and demanded the highest effort of courage and self-denial.

From Opelousas the division of the army to which Lieutenant Haven belonged proceeded to Port Hudson by the

way of Red River, crossing the Mississippi at Bayou Sara, sixteen miles above Port Hudson, then marching rapidly down, and effecting a junction with the division that had moved up from Baton Rouge, — a series of operations which was attended with an unusual amount of fatigue and anxiety, especially for the officers, and which must have seriously impaired the general health and strength of one still suffering from a local injury.

On the 27th of May a general assault was made upon the enemy's works, and in this Lieutenant Haven behaved with such distinguished gallantry as to receive the special encomiums of his commanding officer. A few days later he wrote to his mother : —

“No mail is allowed to leave here, for obvious reasons; and in fact I was in doubt whether it would relieve your mind to hear from me before the fight was over, but finally concluded to take the opportunity of a special messenger to say that I am safe and in perfect health. The 27th was quite destructive, and it is possible that the capture of the place will be left to the artillery, in which case I shall be in no danger. But if anything else should befall, you know, my dear mother, where to look for comfort. Don't take thought for the morrow, at any rate. As soon as the siege is over, I will write you again.”

There was not another general assault till June 14th; but meanwhile there was a great deal of hard and dangerous duty to be performed in the digging of rifle-pits and establishing an advanced line of pickets. In all this work and peril Lieutenant Haven sustained his part with unabated energy. On the 13th of June a demonstration preparatory to the attack on the morrow was made under the direction of General Dwight. While this was in progress Lieutenant Haven applied to the surgeon of the regiment on account of painful and annoying symptoms of throat disease. The surgeon forbade his participation in the contemplated assault, and advised him immediately to go into the hospital. An ambulance was in readiness for Baton

Rouge, and he was carried at once to the hospital at that place. His ailment proved to be diphtheria. The symptoms do not appear to have been alarming at the outset, — certainly they did not appear so to him. He wrote to his mother, “I have a bad sore throat which may keep me here a week or ten days. As soon as my throat grows a little less painful I shall write again.” This was his last letter. There was no moment of convalescence. The attack was not violent, but it probably came upon a system that had borne to its utmost capacity, and had no reserved strength to resist disease. Everything that skill and kindness could do for him was done, and his few remaining days were made tranquil and happy. Not without the hope of recovery, he yet became gradually aware that the issue of his case was very doubtful; but his cheerful self-possession, sustained, to all appearance, by firm religious faith, forsook him not for a single moment. He sank day by day, and died on the 23d of June, 1863.

His body was interred in grounds near the hospital. His grave was at first a rude mound, with a board to mark the spot. Friends who became strongly attached to him while he was in the hospital at New Orleans, — sisters of charity whose chosen work it was to minister to the sick and wounded of the loyal army, — have attested their kind remembrance of him by enclosing and sodding the grave, and placing over it a slab, on which are inscribed his name and age, with the text of holy writ, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God”; and beneath it the stanza from Longfellow, —

“He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.”

Lieutenant Haven gave presage of an unusually accomplished man; and all who were conversant with his intellectual capacity and development anticipated for him distinguished success in whatever might be his chosen sphere.

He had no glitter, show, or pretension ; but he had a mind remarkable for its working power. He acquired rapidly ; he systematized what he learned ; he made his knowledge a part of himself by the digestive and assimilating processes of his own intellect ; and he imparted what he knew, thought, or believed, with clearness, precision, and directness. He would probably have chosen chemistry as his specialty ; and had he been permitted to enter on a scientific career, he must have made himself early and favorably known as a teacher, lecturer, and writer, and, we can hardly doubt, as a pioneer mind in the advancement of his cherished science. But here we have only the broken column, and can barely conjecture what would have been its finished proportions and beauty.

Not so, however, as to his domestic and social character. Here his kindred and friends know all that they have lost, and feel that he could not have been more to them than he was from early boyhood till the day he left them. As a son and brother he was not only affectionate, but thoughtful, self-forgettingly kind, watching for opportunities of filial and fraternal service. For similar traits of character he was dearly cherished in the entire family circle and among his classmates and associates. Unassuming, generous, genial in speech and manners, loving society, and always glad to contribute his full portion to its entertainment, he made many warm friends, and can have been well known to none who were not his friends.

As regards his moral character his life was blameless and pure. As we look back upon it we can see no portion of it to be recalled with other than grateful emotions. His tastes and his principles were equally averse from the indulgences through which so many young men are led into ruinous and degrading vices. Religiously educated, and reverent in spirit, he had that profound sense of obligation and accountability to the Supreme Being which is the one sure safeguard of character. His life was such that we can only think of his death as a summons to "go up higher."

JOHN HODGES.

Private 8th Mass. Vol. Militia, April 17 – August 1, 1861; First Lieutenant 19th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 27, 1861 – June 19, 1862; Major 50th Mass. Vols., November 8, 1862; Lieutenant-Colonel 59th Mass. Vols., February 7, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.

JOHN HODGES, JR. was born in Salem, Massachusetts, December 8, 1841, the son of John and Mary Osgood (Deland) Hodges. He attended school in his native city until August, 1858, when he entered Harvard College as a Freshman. The coming national storm had already increased the interest in military matters in Massachusetts, and this rather interfered with his scholastic progress. In the middle of his Junior year he left college to return no more. The degree which he afterwards received was a compliment to his patriotism and success.

Previous to the war he joined as a private the Salem Light Infantry, better known as the Salem Zouaves, where an unusually high standard of discipline was enforced and an uncommon proficiency attained. The rules of the company were rigid to the extreme, and Hodges showed his aptitude for true soldiership by the readiness with which he obeyed. When the first call for troops was issued in April, 1861, he eagerly hailed the opportunity. His company was attached to the Eighth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, as right flank company, being detached from its proper regiment, the Seventh, for that purpose. There was much hard work and exposure to try the fortitude of the young soldier during those first three months of real service, though the regiment did not take part in any engagement.

This campaign resembled a protracted picnic rather than the stern realities of war, so soon to follow. Floral decorations, flag presentations, boxes and visits from friends,

and one enormous wedding-cake, varied the monotony and relieved the hardships of camp life in very essential particulars. More notable incidents were the seizure of the ferry-boat at Havre de Grace, the capture of the Rebel Tilghman, and more especially the securing and bringing round from Annapolis to New York the old frigate Constitution. Our young heroes had their first taste of soldiers' hardships on board this ship, for she was, in the hurry, most inadequately provisioned for the voyage. The decision, energy, and generosity which made our young soldier so successful amid his later responsibilities were developed, as might have been expected, in directions slightly abnormal and amusing, at this stage of his career.

He was exceedingly popular in the company. "Johnny," as he was then called, always brought two sticks of wood when his turn came to help feed the camp-fire, thus sparing a comrade his share. Baked beans were for the company, as they frequently are, a cherished solace after the fatigues of picket. One morning Company I came in and found beans enough and to spare in a neighboring company, while for themselves there was displayed a barrel-cover of hard-tack only, Captain Devereux not approving of reciprocity in the matter of rations. A somewhat animated discussion ensued, which culminated in Johnny's kicking the hard-tack into the air, a feat which he immediately expiated in the guard-tent with sincere repentance. Such was his popularity, however, that the whole company laid down their arms at the news of his disgrace, and were with difficulty pacified and induced to return to duty.

The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment was stationed near the Eighth, and John, with others, was detailed to drill them. They gave him their company letters to wear, offered him a commission, and parted with him on the very warmest and pleasantest terms.

On the return of his regiment, at the expiration of its term of service, he was offered and accepted a position as

First Lieutenant in the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, then organizing at Lynnfield. On the way to the capital, when he was prevented from reaching a certain railway train in season, his men demonstrated his popularity by unshackling a car from the train to keep the tardy officer from being left behind. For three months after leaving the State, in August, 1861, his regiment lay at Poolesville, on the Upper Potomac, occupied in the work of making a thoroughly disciplined force out of raw material. This was the only time the regiment ever had for instruction, but that time was well used, and it afterwards found itself in a condition of proficiency that was never lost. It was frequently selected for exhibition by its corps commander. Hodges kept his place throughout this period as one of the assistants detailed for instruction. The winters of 1861 and 1862 were spent in hard work on picket and fatigue duty, guarding twelve miles of the Potomac and building forts. The regiment formed part of the force in the battle of Ball's Bluff, but was not engaged. It joined the Army of the Potomac at Fortress Monroe, early in the spring of 1862, participating in the siege of Yorktown and battle of West Point. At this time Hodges had become very much reduced by sickness, and was sent to Baltimore to recruit. His ardor would not allow him to remain long away from his post. Though entirely unfit for duty, he went back to Fortress Monroe. Thence he was misdirected to Newport News, where he could find no transportation, nor even join any military force on its way to the army. But being resolute to join his regiment in time for any new ordeal of battle, he set off on foot. His tramp through woods and swamps, excited and enfeebled as he was, pulled him down the second time. When, from sheer exhaustion, he finally gave up the effort to find his regiment, he had abandoned everything, even his overcoat, except his letters only, a large bundle of which had been intrusted to him by anxious friends. These he kept and had the pleasure of delivering, after a second more successful attempt.

His health being already impaired, the new sources of disease in the Chickahominy swamps proved too much for his strength. He became completely prostrated by fever and dysentery, and reached so low a point as to make his comrades fearful of his death. He was compelled reluctantly to resign, the surgeons pronouncing him incurably disabled. Incessant watchfulness one moonlight night, followed by a wearisome twenty-four hours' advance in line with axes through the swamps and brush, brought on a crisis, but a discharge was obtained from General McClellan in time to save his life. He brought home, as a token of regard, a sum which his men contributed, and which he then intended to devote to the purchase of a medal with appropriate inscriptions. After his promotion he consented to purchase a beautiful sword and scabbard, suitably marked in memory of the givers, from whom he was now separated. His loss was severely felt by his comrades in the regiment, several of whom were serving now as officers, and, like himself, had marched in the ranks of the same company in the three months' campaign.

He was then but twenty years old, yet had performed duties above his rank and years. Such was his popularity at home that his name sufficed to raise one hundred and twenty-five men in two days for a company in the Fortieth Massachusetts Volunteers, after his return. His next actual commission, however, was as Major of the Fiftieth Massachusetts Volunteers, a nine months' regiment, which passed through Boston on its way South, November 14, 1862. Here again, for various reasons, the command devolved largely upon the Major. Being destined for General Banks's expedition, the regiment went into camp on Long Island, near Brooklyn. On the 12th of December it embarked on board transports for the South. Six companies had marched from the camp in East New York to Brooklyn, under orders to embark on the steamer Niagara. The men on the way down had contrived to obtain liquor, and

one company, never very well disciplined, was particularly unruly. Five companies, with their baggage, had been transferred from the shore to the steamer, loading her down so that her guards were scarce three feet from the water, and the company previously mentioned was nearing her on the tug, when the men, in open defiance of their officers and in the noisiest and most offensive manner, refused to go on board. The confusion was such that their officers could not make themselves heard, and were evidently powerless to suppress the disorder. Major Hodges stood on the promenade deck of the Niagara watching the scene. As the tug ranged alongside, he drew his revolver, and springing to her deck, where the crowd was thickest and most threatening, he shouted "Silence!" threatening to shoot the first man who dared to open his lips or disobey an order; and the sudden hush that followed sufficiently attested their belief in his truth. They were afterwards heard to remark that the Major was the only man who could have cowed them.

In different detachments and under divers experiences, the regiment reached New Orleans about February, 1863, and was soon sent up to Baton Rouge, being assigned to General Augur's division of General Dudley's brigade. It accompanied General Banks in his first advance to Port Hudson, and after returning from this expedition remained at Baton Rouge until arrangements had been perfected for the siege of Port Hudson. An officer of the regiment says:—

"We arrived at Baton Rouge at nine, A. M., and were ordered into a field for rest. The storm had ceased, and the heat of the sun was intense. While here, I had occasion to consult with the Major, but he was not to be found. We were wondering where he could be, when he hove in sight, dashing with his usual headlong speed down the road and into our midst. Unnoticed by us, on our arrival there, without even dismounting, he had ridden back to Montecino Bayou and obtained a bag with some coffee in one end, and some hard-tack in the other, and returned to us again. Call-

ing the officers around him, he ordered them to see that every man had his share of the food. I have thus particularly related this incident, at the request of some men who were members of my company, and were present at the time, in order to show the self-sacrificing care he manifested toward his men. As in this instance, without thought for himself, after having passed two nights and nearly two days of exposure, fatigue, and hardship, without rest or sleep, he flew to minister to the wants of his command.

“Our division, being nearest the scene of operations, was the first to invest the place. We left Baton Rouge, May 4th, for the front, and were first assigned the defence of a bridge upon one of the principal roads leading to Port Hudson, and thus protecting the rear of our army. The night before the assault, on the 27th of May, we marched to Port Hudson, and at daylight were assigned to support an Indiana battery. About noon four companies, including mine, were assigned to the storming column. These were under the command of the Major, and all applauded his courage and steadiness. Soon after we began to advance, one of my own men was struck in the leg by a grape-shot. He fell quite near the Major, and he pulled off his neck-tie and hastily bound it round the poor fellow’s leg, being all the while under fire.

“Then followed several weeks of siege. In the assault on the 14th of June, only the Major took the field with the regiment. We were obliged to perform a long and difficult march in the night, proceeding through the woods. The Major dismounted, led us in, and participated in the work of the next day. We arrived at the end of our march, if march it could be called, at three o’clock in the morning, when we stacked arms and lay down behind the stacks, to await further orders. After seeing every man lie down in his place, the Major accepted a portion of my blankets, and we lay down and entered into a short conversation, during which I took occasion to say, that I thought it would make but little difference to him when we returned home to Massachusetts, as I thought he would immediately enter the service again. He replied, that such was his intention, and also that he intended to stay in the service, if he should live, while the war lasted. I said, ‘I am afraid you will lose your life in the service.’ Said he, ‘Captain, I expect it. I have no doubt I shall lose my life in the service.’”

The two following letters will tell the conclusion of this story.

“BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 2, 1863.

“DEAR MOTHER,— Our time is out, but we can't come home. I hope this will be over soon, and then we can come back better satisfied. The regiment offered its services to General Banks till July 14th. The men are very much worn out, and I never was so puzzled and tried in my life. I am in command of two regiments, the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth New York and the Fiftieth Massachusetts. Give my love to all.

“ From your affectionate son,

“ JOHN.

“ All are well.”

“PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA, July 15, 1863.

“DEAR MOTHER,— I don't know when we shall come home. I hope we have done our duty. My hand is a little sore. All are well. General Augur gave me his picture himself. I have been an Acting Brigadier-General in front of Port Hudson. I send you the official order received by me as General, announcing that Vicksburg had surrendered. This is a hard, hard life. All are well. Most of the regiment have gone off with the Rebel prisoners. Give my love to all. May Heaven help all, guide and protect you and me. You receive this rough epistle from

“ Your affectionate son,

“ JOHN.

“ I burnt my hand with powder. No harm, but I can't write.”

Port Hudson surrendered, and the Fiftieth came home by railroad. The quondam mutineers, whom he had controlled, kept together, and inspired through unusual temptations and dangers, parted with their “little Major” amid the wildest enthusiasm. But it was not long before he was again in the field as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts, for which regiment he began recruiting on the 23d of November, at Salem. The regiment left the State in April, 1864, and after only three weeks of quiet was repeatedly in action. Then followed the arduous final campaign. Many anecdotes became current in the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts, as to traits of generosity or self-

devotion in their young Lieutenant-Colonel, — his yielding his horse to a worn-out soldier on the march, and carrying the man's rifle, or his pulling off his own stockings to cover the blistered feet of a private. On one occasion a force of veterans was ordered to charge a battery, and the Fifty-ninth was to support them. Three several times they saw them march up with firm step, and three several times they saw them waver and fall back under a tremendous fire from the Rebel works, — a sight which might well have caused an older regiment to falter. At this juncture Colonel Hodges received the order to advance with his regiment. For a moment they hesitated, and but for a moment, and it was a critical moment. Colonel Hodges saw it, and dashing toward the color-sergeant, caught the colors from his hand, and without uttering a word, advanced towards the battery. The effect was magical. A sergeant rushed forward and, waving his cap over his head, shouted, "Look at your Colonel with the colors. Come on, boys! come on!" A charge, and the battery was carried.

On the way to Petersburg he lost men by scores, and officer after officer, until one captain, nine lieutenants, and two hundred and fifty men only were left. An eyewitness thus describes the eventful day at Petersburg, July 30, 1864: —

"I was at the battle of the 30th, and then for the first time met Lieutenant-Colonel Hodges, in the crater, about two hours after the explosion of the fort. His regiment, as well as mine, had advanced beyond the fort that was blown up. I advanced with my regiment, and was wounded, and returned inside of the crater of the fort. On my way to the rear, after being relieved, I saw your brother sitting and leaning back against the embankment, and also near him Lieutenant-Colonel Wright (Twenty-seventh Michigan), both of them being wounded, Colonel Hodges through the thigh, Colonel Wright through the shoulder. I stood in front of them, and talked with them about their wounds, the war, and the prospects. After a moment, they made room for me, and invited me to sit between them, we all wishing to be on the ground awhile to see

the colored troops make a charge, as we had expressed a doubt as to their bravery, and wished to see them personally. After I sat down, your brother leaned lightly on my shoulder, and appeared weak. Colonel Wright spoke, and asked if we had not better go on to the rear. Your brother said, 'We can't get there until the colored troops pass by.' They were then going through the exploded fort to make the charge. As the colored troops passed, the Johnnies ranged their batteries so as to throw their shells into the crater of the fort, and some twenty exploded there within half as many minutes. On the explosion of a shell some ten or twelve feet from us, while sitting in the position I have described, a piece of shell struck him on the back of the head, killing him instantly. He did not fall, as he was supported by me on one side and the bank on the other. I spoke to a soldier to assist me, and he laid him down carefully, examined his pockets, found his watch, some papers, and a pencil, which I herewith enclose. The man took a blanket, after laying him in an easy position, with one hand by his side, the other across his breast, and covered him up, where I left him, and where I doubt not he was buried, as the enemy afterward took the fort, and buried all the dead in the fort in reconstructing."

This surmise was afterwards ascertained to be correct, through a flag of truce. Thus died at the early age of twenty-two, after serving his country from the very outbreak of the war, in almost all parts of the field, and faithfully sharing the fortunes of four different regiments, the brave, generous, and ardent John Hodges.

ARTHUR CORTLANDT PARKER.

First Sergeant 33d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July 21, 1862; Second Lieutenant, March 3, 1863; killed by guerillas near Bristoe Station, Va., August 24, 1863.

AT the end of the undergraduate course at Harvard University each student is requested to write an autobiography, which is preserved as part of the Class records; and perhaps this memoir cannot be better prefaced than by a part of the brief paper which Lieutenant Parker then contributed.

“I was born in Boston, October 21, 1840. My father, William Parker, is the Superintendent of the Panama Railroad,—formerly Superintendent of the Boston and Worcester, Baltimore and Ohio, and Boston and Lowell roads. He was educated at Captain Partridge’s military school. I belong to the Parkers of New Jersey, who came over from England in 1670. All my paternal ancestors held numerous offices under the Provincial, State, and general governments, and seats in Congress, the New Jersey Legislature, and the Governor’s Council. The family mansion, a large stone building, called the Castle, was fortified in the Revolutionary War.

“I am descended, on my mother’s side, from the Scollays and Whitwells of Boston,—the former, an old Norse family (mentioned in the life of Sir Robert Strange), came over from the Orkneys in 1640; the latter, from Colnsbrook, in England, in 1735. My mother’s name was Lucy Cushing Whitwell.

“I lived in Boston and Newton till 1848; went to Baltimore in that year; returned to Boston in 1853; went to Chicago in March, 1859; and returned to Boston in December, 1860. I have attended in Boston the Latin and High Schools, graduating at the former in 1857, and spending the next year at the latter. I received at these schools four prizes for Latin and English verses and for mathematics.

“I entered college in 1858. At the end of six months I left

and went to Chicago, where I stayed till December, 1860. I then returned to Cambridge, and rejoined my Class in September, 1861."

As a child Arthur was a generous, impulsive, mischievous little fellow, very quick-tempered and fond of fun. A friend of his mother writes:—

"I remember Arthur as the handsomest, gayest, bravest child I ever saw. His entire fearlessness often astonished me. I can see him now as if it were but yesterday, standing on one foot in the hand of his uncle's outstretched arm, his other foot clasped in his little hand while he balanced himself with his other arm. There he stood joyous and triumphant."

When Arthur was nearly nine years old, his father removed to Baltimore. Here he began his Latin Grammar, and was soon brought forward as the show scholar whenever visitors came to the school. At thirteen he entered the third class of the Boston Latin School, and under its excellent training his love for the classic languages increased. He spent much of his leisure time in reading Horace and Lucretius, and in writing Latin verses; and when in the second year of the school, gained for a Latin ode the prize which belonged to the first class.

It was his way to adopt one or two pursuits, and to follow them with enthusiasm, while he cared little for any others. About this time he took a great interest in gymnastics, in which he was fitted to excel by a strong and compact frame and a fearless spirit. He graduated at the Latin School in 1857, taking another prize; and as his father thought it best for him to defer entering college for a year, he entered the second class at the High School. Here he wrote an English poem entitled, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, on his favorite subject of physical training, and, contrary to custom, he was requested to recite it on the graduating day of the first class.

He entered college without conditions, but had been there only six months when an advantageous offer was

made to him to go into a store in Chicago, which he thought it best to accept on account of his father's circumstances at the time, and because, although he enjoyed college life, he did not intend to study for a profession. Arthur's experience in Chicago was much the same as that of all young men who begin at the foot of the ladder and live with great economy. His chief pleasures were, as before, reading the classics, studying languages, and practising gymnastics. In the last he was very proficient. He writes: "I ended up a coil of rope weighing nine hundred and four pounds a day or two ago. . . . I have at last learned to pull myself up with one arm, hanging perfectly taught, and starting with a little jerk."

After he had remained at Chicago nearly two years, he expressed to his brother a strong desire to return and finish his education; and his parents, on hearing of it, immediately recalled him. This was in December, 1860, and he could not be examined until the following summer. He told his friends that he meant to enter as a Junior, but he had secretly resolved to rejoin his own Class, from which he had been absent two years. He studied by himself, and on returning from the examination he surprised and pleased his mother by saying, in his playful way, "Mother, the Faculty and I have concluded that it is not worth my while to stay more than a year in College, so I entered Senior, and without conditions." He did not study for rank, but preferred to devote himself to whatever he thought he most needed. His faculty for learning languages was rather remarkable. Latin was a passion with him. He received a prize at college as at school for verses in that language. He was continually making Latin verses and playing upon words, and in the outset of the national struggle his *secedere est se cedere* found its way into many of the newspapers. One day he surprised his mother by asking for a copy of Dante, as she knew he had never studied Italian. He said he did not altogether like the less advanced class,

and intended to join one which was studying that book. His mother expressed her doubts of his ability to learn the lessons, but found that, with very slight assistance at first, he was able to do so. He was a very good French scholar, and had given some attention to German and Spanish, which last studies he continued while in the army.

In the beginning of the war Arthur had expressed a strong desire to go with his companions to the defence of his country, but acquiesced without a murmur in the wish of his parents that he should finish his college course. Three days after graduating, finding that he could not immediately obtain a commission, he enlisted in the Thirty-third Massachusetts, and was appointed First Sergeant. The regiment left Lynnfield in the fall of 1862, and was encamped for some time near Alexandria. Arthur found the position of First Sergeant to be no sinecure. He writes:—

“I am not so content with my position as not to envy the leisurely lieutenant, who is not continually harassed with applications for everything that is missing or lost in the company, and with requests to be ‘passed out’ for wood and water. He is not, like the orderly, between two millstones, the captain and the men, subject to be scolded by the one and grumbled at by the other, though I have no right to complain on that account, for my position is not more uncomfortable than that of most of the orderlies, but, on the contrary, generally a pleasant one.”

In another letter he says:—

“I am on pleasant terms with the men; laugh and joke with them freely, and yet they obey my orders readily, form line promptly, and seldom grumble at my punishments.”

Again he writes:—

“Every one is after the orderly. Nothing is heard but ‘Orderly!’ ‘Sergeant!’ &c., whenever I am near. I have run myself into real training trim, and feel as active and light as a squirrel. I have a good deal of fighting to do, answering complaints and com-

posing difficulties, but I rather like it. It is an intellectual exercise which agreeably varies the physical. In truth, I am in the best health and spirits."

Arthur's previous gymnastic training was here of great advantage to him, and enabled him to endure fatigue and hardship. The October weather was getting cold and stormy. He writes: —

"We left Alexandria, and taking the cars for about eighteen miles, camped over night on a hill without shelter, and drenched through as we slept by a pouring rain. I turned out at three, A. M., with one or two others, built a fire and waited for day; at whose coming we made coffee and disposed of a box of sardines and a few hard crackers, making a very comfortable breakfast. . . . Mother makes me laugh when she talks about hardships, for I have suffered *nothing* yet. I am exceedingly tough, and in better health and less capable of being fatigued than when I was at home. I eat with a fine appetite and enjoy my meals with Sancho Panza's gusto."

The new year found the regiment encamped opposite Fredericksburg. It was just after our terrible repulse before that city, and the feeling throughout the army was exceedingly gloomy. The rations were short; many of the men were sick. The coughing at night sounded mournfully. Arthur was off duty for a few days, but soon recovered both health and spirits. Under date of January 25th, after returning from an expedition defeated by rain and mud, he writes, "We seem to be destined not to go into a fight. We were just too late last year for the Bull Run and the Fredericksburg fights, and this expedition has turned out a failure." In February he replies to a letter from his aunt as follows: —

"It is very refreshing to listen to your sentiments in regard to the soldiers and the cause of the Union. Nothing truer has been said than that the women sustain the war, North and South. You perceive by this that I am not wanting in appreciation of the influence and importance of the sex. I received ——'s letter a day or

two before yours, and take this opportunity to assure you that my political views are the same as his. I am first for supporting the government and prosecuting the war by every constitutional means, without regard to prejudices of color or race, and with the destruction of slavery in view as an aid in restoring the Union. I look on the bright side whenever there is one, and have a good deal to do to fight the desponding views of the men, who are many of them too ready to believe evil reports and to discredit good ones. Whether or not the direct object of Providence is by means of this war to overthrow slavery, I am convinced that this will be the result, and shall rejoice to see it accomplished."

Arthur was naturally desirous of promotion; but in a letter, dated March 8, expresses himself as follows: —

"I am in *no hurry* for a commission. I am willing to remain Orderly six months if the Colonel does not recognize me as possessing the material for an officer. . . . If I have to wait for my commission till after a fight, I shall be quite as well satisfied."

He had been promised a lieutenancy in a New Jersey regiment, but he preferred not to leave his own; and he was at length rewarded, as appears from the following extract from a letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Underwood: —

"I always thought your son did a noble thing when he preferred to go into the service at once in the ranks to waiting on the uncertainties of a commission which had been promised him some time. His conduct has been uniform with this start, and the other day he showed himself quite as high-minded in preferring to stay as a Sergeant in his own regiment to going elsewhere with a commission. I have once or twice called the Colonel's particular attention to him and recommended him. I am very happy to inform you that the Colonel has recommended him to the Governor as second lieutenant to fill the last vacancy, and by this time he is probably commissioned. I wish we had many more young men like him."

The commission soon arrived, and Arthur writes, "I am much gratified to receive a commission in this regiment, in which I have a pride and an interest." He was soon after detailed for duty in the provost guard, but disliked the easy

and monotonous life, and was impatient to be again with his company and on the advance; and about the 10th of May he was relieved. Then followed a campaign which is pleasantly described in his letters.

“BEAUTON STATION, June 11, 1863.

“DEAR —, — We marched all night the day we left, and the weather was showery. At about four, A. M., we halted at Spotswood tavern and rested till ten; then a day’s march brought us to this point, where we camped at six, P. M., in a fine oak forest. We carried no tents, only blankets and haversacks. The next morning the men received six days’ rations additional, which were stowed away in their knapsacks. We rested all that day, as we had need of doing after marching forty miles in a trifle over twenty-four hours. At about five, P. M., we received sudden orders to march, and made about four miles, when we bivouacked in a wood without fires. I was so thoroughly rested that I hardly slept at all. . . . I enjoy this active life intensely. That march of ours showed no common pluck and endurance on the part of the men. We lost two men, who fell behind the first night, and one sent back sick. One company lost eleven; no other over three or four.”

In the battle of Gettysburg the regiment was not very actively engaged, but was ordered to support a battery, and in doing so the men were forced to be inactive while exposed to the shelling of the enemy’s guns. Arthur felt hungry, and gave an instance of his coolness by making a fire against a stone wall and cooking and eating his dinner. His comrades, whom he invited to share it with him, preferred to wait until a quieter season. The following letter, written on the 5th, gives a partial account of the battle.

“DEAR —, — The Baltimore Clipper of the 4th gives a weak account of our successes. The fight of Friday, P. M., the climax of the whole, had not been heard from. I have just been to a part of the field where the Rebel masses were urged upon our intrenchments, and met with a terrific slaughter. I give no *newspaper account*. I saw in one place a company of fifty or sixty, with the captain and lieutenant, on one flank, laid out in their ranks nearly as thickly as they advanced in line, occupying about the

space of a company and a half. In five small fields there were, I was told, fully one thousand dead, and my eyes confirmed the estimate. The wounded had all been removed, and a considerable part of the dead already buried. Regiments are going out with picks and spades to finish the work. The Rebels were advanced to within fifteen or twenty rods of the fortifications, when the batteries opened with grape and canister, and the lines rose from the ramparts and poured in their volley. As for our part, we reached here on the 1st, after a very rapid and trying march. We took up our position in front of the cemetery and behind a stone fence. The batteries did all or nearly all the fighting in that quarter, and we were not engaged. The next day we moved to the right centre, and in the afternoon were taken up to a field in front of one of our batteries. A Rebel battery soon opened and played on us and the guns we supported for over an hour. We lay behind the stone fence with the shells bursting all around us. One shell instantly killed two of our company, another lost his arm, a third was severely wounded. Other companies also suffered. Companies I, D, and A were then sent out as skirmishers. Soon after, our battery silenced the Rebels, having exploded a caisson and done other damage. The Rebel battery drew off. At dusk the Rebels were evidently preparing to attack, and our skirmishers retreated. When Companies I and D were within about twenty-five rods of our lines, a column appeared in our rear to our right, immediately behind us. We quickened our pace, you will believe, and succeeded in getting in without loss, and forming a line with the rest of the regiment behind the stone wall to the right of the battery. Here we maintained our position with a number of other regiments in the division, and in about fifteen minutes, after a tempest of cannonading and musketry, the Johnnies fled, leaving their dead and many of their wounded on the field. The regiment lost here about fifteen killed and wounded. Only the right wing was engaged in this place. Our men behaved *perfectly.*"

Soon after this Arthur was appointed an Aid on the staff of General Meade, and came home on a short leave of absence early in August. He rejoined the staff near Warrenton, and found the duties very pleasant. He writes: "Tell G—— not to feel any anxiety for my happiness, for I am

far happier here than I could possibly be anywhere else. I am more in my element and more at rest than I ever was before in my life. I pray God I may always be as happy."

On the 24th of August he visited his regiment, which was then lying about nine miles from head-quarters. He was last seen by a picket as he was returning, and for a long time he was supposed to have been captured by guerillas; but all inquiries were unavailing. After fifteen months his friends received certain information of his fate. Captain Rennie of the Seventy-third Ohio reported that on the 11th of September, 1863, he was going with an orderly on horseback from Catlett's Station, where Lieutenant Parker's regiment was, to Bristoe Station, to join General Howard as an Aid. The road runs close to the railroad, here and there crossing and recrossing till it reaches a stream called Kettle Run. There the road is on the right of the railroad. The crossing was bad, so that Captain Rennie took another road leading off into higher land. This route returns the traveler soon to the main road, but takes a circuit of half a mile or more, going up a hill and through a piece of woods. On the other side of this wood, just before the main road is regained, in a low spot, a sort of ravine, Captain Rennie was met by three men with United States army clothing, though without coats, who, pointing their pistols, called on him to halt. He replied, "There 's some mistake, you 're of my side." He was again asked, "Do you surrender?" Looking about him he saw that on one side was an impassable ravine, in front these three men, on the other side three more, and behind three others, all clothed in the same way, but armed and aiming at him and his orderly. So he surrendered himself as a prisoner. His captors said to him, "Well for you that you did; for we should have served you as we did young Parker, General Meade's Aid, the other day." "How was that?" he asked. They replied that they had halted him at the same spot; that he did not surrender, but put spurs to his horse to pass through

them, and that therefore two of them had fired at him and he had fallen dead ; that they had buried him near by in a place somewhat cleared, where there were some scrub-oaks, — and they pointed out the grave to Captain Rennie. Captain Rennie's orderly had dined with one of these men a week before, supposing him to be, as he professed, a Union man. With one exception they declared themselves to be Mosby's men.

Thus ended a short life, just on the verge of manhood. Arthur went to the war entirely from feelings of patriotism. He was by nature a scholar, and had little taste for a soldier's life. The rough experience of the army had strengthened him and developed his manliness, and he had found that rest of spirit which comes from the performance of duty. The tenderness of his affections, his strong sense of justice, his disinterestedness and generosity, endeared him to his family. He was fastidious in the choice of his friends, and nearly all whom he most loved have fallen with him in the same glorious struggle. Shall we not believe that they are all rejoicing with us now in the emancipation of a race? Religious feeling was the foundation of that patriotic ardor which made him so anxious to defend his country when the war first broke out, although his aversion to cant was so strong that he rarely spoke on religious subjects.

This memoir cannot be better ended than by an extract from the letter of a classmate : —

“I cannot close without offering my personal tribute to the manly character, activity of mind, and generosity of heart which so distinguished Arthur when with us, and with which he must have won the respect and esteem of all through life. . . . Our Class has not refused to send its members to do battle for our country's right, and that they have done their duty is fully proved by the large number who have fallen in their country's defence. Arthur won the esteem and respect of his classmates by his studiousness, talents, and ability as a scholar, and their admiration by his courage, his manliness, and fearless devotion to duty as a soldier and a patriot.”

HENRY ROPES.

Second Lieutenant 20th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), November 25, 1861; First Lieutenant, October 2, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

HENRY ROPES, the youngest son of William and Mary Anne (Codman) Ropes, was born in London, May 16, 1839. His parents at that time and for the three years following resided in England. Soon after their return to this country Henry was placed at the Chauncy-Hall School in Boston, where he remained more or less steadily till 1852 or 1853. At this time his eyes began to show disease, and for the succeeding six or eight years they were a constant source of trial. As he had a very vigorous constitution and an active, inquiring mind, this infirmity hindered and annoyed him beyond measure. He was obliged to leave school and was for a short time under the instruction of Mr. William W. Goodwin, now Professor of Greek in Harvard College. On the departure of Mr. Goodwin for Europe in the summer of 1853, Henry was placed under the care of the late George D. Porter, and afterwards of Sidney Willard, who fell at Fredericksburg as Major of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers. Mr. Willard was of the greatest service to Henry in developing his physical powers by gymnastic exercises, — boxing, rowing, walking, and fencing. Under his tuition he passed four happy years, during the last of which his eyes became sensibly better. Having completed his preparatory studies in July, 1858, he obtained admission to the Freshman Class of Harvard College, passing a satisfactory examination and entering without conditions.

He was at once recognized as a leader by his classmates, and took an active and prominent position among them. Hardly had he begun, however, the duties of his first term

in College, before the old weakness of the eyes returned, and increased to such an extent that, at last, much against his will, he was compelled to yield to the command of his medical advisers and give up college life for several months, and when he came back to study with the aid of a reader.

Interested in everything relating to physical development, Henry Ropes from the first football match to the last boat-race was ever prominent. As a man of great strength and uncommon powers of endurance, he was known to all the College; while his position as president of one of the earliest boat-clubs and as member of the victorious University crew gave him especial influence. His college life was eminently happy. From the first a great favorite, his personal popularity never declined. His high sense of honor, straightforward honesty and integrity of character, and sound common-sense, secured him the confidence and respect of his classmates; while his genial temper, his hearty frankness, his kind and loving nature, won their esteem and affection. He pursued the regular course of study with his Class through the Sophomore, the Junior, and part of the Senior years, his life being only disturbed by the war of the Rebellion, which had now begun to absorb the attention of the students, and which gave rise to the warmest debates between the representatives of the different sections of the country. In all these controversies Henry felt a deep interest, and took a manly and consistent stand against the advocates of secession.

His impatience to be with the army in the field became more and more marked. His attention was directed almost exclusively to the study of military tactics and drilling, and during the summer of 1861 he obtained an appointment as Second Lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, then organizing under Colonel William Raymond Lee. His parents were unwilling that he should give up his course in College, and, yielding to their wishes, he declined the proffered commission. But when the news of

the unfortunate disaster at Ball's Bluff reached the North, in October, 1861, he again determined to enter the service, and now obtaining the approval of his parents, he accepted the offer, and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers on the 25th of November, 1861. On the 1st of the following January, 1862, he joined his regiment at Camp Benton, near Poolesville, Maryland, and with characteristic energy entered at once upon the duties of his new career. The winter at Camp Benton was spent in pursuing the usual round of camp duties, and the only active service in which the regiment was engaged was in picketing the Potomac from Edward's Ferry to Seneca Mills. Lieutenant Ropes soon gave evidence of a fitness for military life which fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and proved to them that he had not mistaken his calling. Particular in the discharge of the minutest details of duty, he became known to his superiors as an efficient and trustworthy officer. In a letter written soon after he joined his regiment he says : —

“My little experience has taught me that business ability, fairness of judgment, consistency of character, and a spirit of disregard of personal comfort are necessary to a good officer. Above all, he must be prompt, and not make mistakes.”

Another letter, written by him some time after, illustrates some traits in his character. He says : —

“You speak of discouragement. I have never for an instant felt discouraged or looked wistfully towards home. When I lay abed sick, I was, of course, very uncomfortable and in pain ; but I have never once wanted to go home, and shall not, until the regiment returns, if my life is spared to return with it. Of course we have all sorts of discomforts, and perhaps I am not quite so cheerful as I used to be in Cambridge, and do not see enough of the fellows, &c., but I am not in the slightest degree discouraged or disappointed with my profession ; and although I long to see the war over for the sake of the country and humanity, and would very well like to come back as one member, however humble, of a conquering army,

and lay aside the sword, yet personally I am willing to stay for any length of time. I find here an opportunity to do as much good as I shall find in any profession. My time is occupied very fully, my pay is sufficient, my trade honorable, and one which calls out all the ability a man may possess. I have enough of pleasant companions, and I can see nothing better to look forward to in life. As to the danger, somebody must endure it, and why not I? Above all, I feel now it is my *duty*. If I live till the war is over I shall probably find some other path open. So do not think I am discouraged, or longing for home, for comforts, and for society. I do want to see you all, though, very much; and being away from you, and mother, and all, is the greatest trial I have. But this is not discouraging, only an evil every young man must bear."

On the 25th of February the Twentieth Massachusetts broke camp, preparatory to entering upon an active campaign. The regiment at this time belonged to the Third Brigade (Dana's), Second Division (Sedgwick's), of the Second Corps (Sumner's). The division crossed the Potomac near Harper's Ferry in the early part of March, to render assistance to General Banks in his advance down the Valley of the Shenandoah. Here Lieutenant Ropes received his initiation into active military life. On the 27th of March the Twentieth embarked on board the transport *Catskill*, on the 28th started for the Peninsula, and on the 31st landed at Hampton, Virginia. Sumner's corps marched towards Yorktown on the 5th of April, over a country utterly desolate, and through the recently abandoned fortifications of the enemy. In a letter dated Big Bethel, Virginia, April 6, 1862, when an engagement was expected to take place immediately, Lieutenant Ropes wrote as follows:—

"I expect before this reaches you I shall have been in the greatest battle which ever took place on this continent. I do not like to write much, but of course I know what may happen, and I feel perfectly prepared for any result to myself, and feel only anxious to do my duty in battle. God grant I may. I do not feel much concerned for my own life, and am glad to rest the result in higher hands."

Before Yorktown the Twentieth performed its share in arduous and perilous picket duty, beside much fatigue service. It was among the first to plant its flag upon the abandoned fortifications of the enemy; and Lieutenant Ropes, temporarily in command of Company K, had the honor of leading it first within the works. From Yorktown the regiment went to West Point, and on the 7th of May were engaged with the enemy there. Of Fair Oaks Lieutenant Ropes writes:—

“Our regiment was opposed to the famous Hampton Legion of South Carolina. They fought well, and rallied in the open field just at the last, and we drove them there at the point of the bayonet, which was no doubt the last charge of the day. General Petigru was found on this field. So you see we have done our part.”

As to his own feelings during the battle, he says:—

“I think no man of sense would act differently in a battle from the way he before determined and expected to act. I really do not remember that I had any particular feelings to describe, except, perhaps, a sort of eagerness, and a strong desire to beat the enemy, the latter feeling one I had not before expected to have particularly. . . . I do not suppose it was at all a trying battle, but I certainly felt perfectly collected, and do not think my conduct was at all influenced by the knowledge of the danger.”

The Twentieth immediately after the battle was placed on picket, where it remained nearly twelve days. During these twelve days it rained almost ceaselessly, and for a part of the time the men were without blankets or tents. From this state of things Ropes draws certain conclusions.

“I really suffered a good deal. I did not remove my clothes from Saturday, May 31st, till Wednesday evening, June 11th, and was soaked with water a great part of the time. . . . So you see there are some inconveniences of campaigning not down in the books. In fact one has to get over one’s old ideas of necessaries and comforts, and finds out how little is really needed for a man to live with.”

On the 28th of June the army began its retreat towards the James, and in the terrible scenes of the seven days' battles the Twentieth Regiment took a prominent part. At Peach Orchard, Allen's Farm, Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Nelson's Farm, and Malvern Hill, it was either actively engaged or constantly exposed. How it suffered, the lists of killed and wounded will show. At Nelson's Farm alone, seven officers and sixty-three enlisted men were killed or wounded. Half the men in Ropes's company were hit, and two of his sergeants were instantly killed.

His hopeful temper and unconquerable spirit never, perhaps, showed to greater advantage than after these reverses. The North was disheartened, stunned by the succession of disasters to the Army of the Potomac. A letter dated at Harrison's Landing, August 10th, has the following passage:—

“I am astonished at the fears of the people at home. We have none here. Our army is in splendid fighting trim and ready for anything. . . . We have no idea of giving up, and if the people at home could only come out and see the army, they would hurry to enlist so as to be in time to see the last struggles of the Rebellion. . . . Our army is healthy, well fed, and confident. I fully believe we shall utterly crush the Rebellion before cold weather.”

In August, 1862, the Twentieth left the Peninsula and was sent from Newport News to Alexandria. After crossing the Potomac with the rest of Dana's brigade, and advancing a few miles beyond Fairfax Court-House, it took position there, and allowing Pope's army, then in retreat, to pass by, covered the rear.

At Antietam the division under the immediate direction of General Sumner was in the thickest of the fight. The Twentieth lost one hundred and thirty-seven enlisted men in killed, wounded, and missing. Lieutenant Ropes was struck twice, once by a spent ball, and once by a round solid shot. The former, he says, “made a hole in my coat, scraped up the skin a little, and made me lame for a day.

The cannon-ball I saw distinctly. It first hit the branch of a tree, glanced, passed between my legs, slightly bruising my knee, and leaving a black mark on my pants." A comrade writes of this circumstance, "He (Ropes) took it so coolly, I laughed outright."

On the 2d of October, 1862, Ropes was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. His conduct through the Peninsular campaign and in the battle of Antietam had not been unnoticed. He was offered positions on the staff, which he resolutely declined. His own words on this subject were, "I intend to stand by the Twentieth as long as we both last."

At Fredericksburg the Third Brigade, then under Colonel N. J. Hall of the Seventh Michigan, a captain in the Regular Army, crossed the Rappahannock in pontoons on the afternoon of Thursday, December 11, 1862, and after a fierce and obstinate contest, which lasted till evening, occupied most of the town of Fredericksburg. It was the difficult task of the Twentieth, then under command of Major (now Brevet Major-General) Macy, to march up the main street, exposed to the cross-fire from the houses and from behind walls and fences. Early in the engagement Lieutenant Ropes was left to command his company, his captain having been wounded. How well he discharged his duty may be inferred from a letter of a brother officer:—

"We were under a most terrific fire. Poor Ropes was almost alone when I arrived; scarcely three files of his company were left. I formed my fresh company on his left, and opened fire. We stayed there till we were relieved by two other companies. Once, during the fire, we stopped to speak to each other. That instant he was struck by a spent ball. The blow was so violent that he would have fallen if I had not caught him. It nearly took away his breath, and we both supposed he was badly wounded, and I helped him a step or two to the rear; but in less than a minute he was back in his place, saying, 'It was only a spent ball, —! I've got my breath again!'"

The same writer, speaking of the fight of the next day, in which again the Twentieth was terribly exposed, says:—

“I showed him (Ropes) a hole in my coat made by a bullet, and he showed three or four places where his coat and knapsack had been struck, and, laughing, said, in answer to my question, how it felt, ‘Like fishes nibbling.’”

On the morning of Thursday, July 2, 1863, the Twentieth, after a series of rapid marches, reached the battle-field of Gettysburg. On the evening of that terrible day, when the firing ceased, nothing remained in our front save the dead and wounded. Throughout that whole night, Lieutenant Ropes, unmindful of previous fatigue, forgetful of his own anxiety, and regardless of his own comfort, was engaged, with a detachment of men, in bringing the sufferers within our lines, cheering them with words of encouragement, and ministering to their wants from his own canteen. “It was his last night on earth, and it was all spent in labors of love.”

On Friday morning, while the Twentieth, partially sheltered by a slight and hastily constructed breastwork, was awaiting the attack of the enemy, a New York battery, hardly fifteen feet in the rear of our line, was shelling the works of the Rebels, firing over the regiment. Henry was sitting with his back to this battery, reading a book. A fragment of a shell which exploded at the moment of leaving the gun struck him as he sat there, and, uttering only the words, “I am killed,” he fell back and expired instantly.

“Corporal Jones, of his company,” writes a brother officer, “suddenly cried out to me that Lieutenant Ropes was killed. I ran over to him, and grasping his hand, spoke to him. Though his fingers closed on mine and seemed to return the pressure, he never spoke again. His eyes were just fixing, with the most placid expression on his face I ever saw. It was purified of everything earthly.”

“Few tears,” writes another, “are shed by soldiers over their comrades killed in action; but even while the battle of Gettysburg

was still raging, officers and men alike *wept* over Lieutenant Ropes."

His remains were sent to Boston, and on the 8th of July, 1863, all that was earthly of Henry Ropes found a resting-place in Forest Hill Cemetery. A family monument has since been erected, on which is a simple inscription commemorative of his life and death.

His character was one able to bear the closest scrutiny. There were no qualities which a biographer would fear to approach, no weaknesses he would wish to conceal. One who saw him constantly in the field in times of distress and anxiety, of suffering and death, (Rev. J. W. Alvord,) writes as follows: —

"Your son not only bore himself nobly as a soldier, but as a man and a Christian. I remember interviews with him repeatedly on the Peninsula last summer, amidst misfortune and disease, and yet himself always cheerful. . . . This tone of constant cheerfulness — Christian, I will call it — seemed to me to give to his influence in the regiment a *morale* and value even beyond that of his high military example. Its religious effect was invaluable. Be assured, dear sir, that I do not attempt eulogy, when I add, our army has but few left like your beloved son."

A letter from the officer commanding his brigade, Colonel Norman J. Hall, written on the field of battle, will indicate the estimation in which he was held by his superior officers.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION, 3D CORPS,
"GETTYSBURG, PA., July 5, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR, — The painful duty of recording the death of your son has been imposed upon me. He died at his post in battle.

"We have become so familiar with scenes of blood and death, that our comrades fall beside us, barely claiming the most ordinary rights of burial; but I speak of this brigade at least, when I say that an unusual bereavement has befallen us in the death of your most noble son, and shrouded in deep gloom even the hearts that

would leap with joy and thanksgiving for the great victory accorded our arms and the holy cause to which they are devoted.

“The living example of that true nobility which it is possible for a man to attain has indeed passed from us; but we must ever remember with pride that we have been honored by association with a heart so pure, a spirit so brave, with a man who would not hesitate to give his life cheerfully for his and his country’s honor.

“I cannot give expression to the admiration and love which your son, above others, claimed of us, still less speak in fitting terms of the profound grief that fills our hearts. While we live, his memory will be sacredly cherished, and we will always point to Lieutenant Ropes as an heroic man, worthy of a life-long effort to imitate in every particular.”

One more testimony may be added.

“Lieutenant Ropes was physically so strong that no exposures seemed to affect him, while no hardships could disturb the cheerfulness of his temper. Wholly devoted to his duty, thoroughly chivalrous and manly, kindly and generous, he added to it all the graces of a remarkably pure and Christian life. The officers of the regiment cannot now speak of this beloved brother without tears.”

GOODWIN ATKINS STONE.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Cavalry, November 13, 1862; First Lieutenant, April 14, 1863; Captain, March 25, 1864; died at Falls Church, Va., July 18, 1864, of a wound received at Aldie, July 6.

GOODWIN ATKINS STONE was born in Newburyport, July 12, 1841, the son of Jacob and Eliza (Atkins) Stone. His characteristics in early childhood were marked. A picture of him at four years of age shows a sweet grace and dignity about him, as well as much beauty. He had a quick, inquiring mind, with a reflective turn, and a very sensitive conscience. He was an affectionate child, with a remarkable love of nature, which developed rapidly as he grew into boyhood. When about nine or ten years old, he studied at home with me for some time, and I remember well his eager, fresh delight in physical geography, as we studied it from Mrs. Somerville and Guyot. I remember that he understood and delighted in the generalizations and analogies of Guyot. He enjoyed botany very much also, especially the structural part of it; and we took many long rambles, often in the early morning, for every flower in its season. He alludes to these pleasant walks in a letter written from Virginia in the spring of 1863, when he mentions "a lovely morning, just like the mornings years ago, when we set off for columbines or hepaticas, — the sky like a pearl, robins singing, and pine-trees murmuring, — everything quiet and peaceful in the scene except the ranks of troopers and clanking of sabres."

Harriet Prescott, who was often our companion in these walks, used then to quote the lines from Matthew Roydon's *Astrophill* as describing Goodwin's face exactly: —

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face, —
The lineaments of Gospel books."

As soon as he was old enough he entered the High School and commenced his preparatory course for college. For a year or two at this time he was less quiet and meditative than before. He was a very merry boy, apt to laugh and full of good nature; but a forward, bright scholar. I remember his teacher's saying that his translations were remarkably graceful and easy. He was playful in his study time at home, so that his father would often ask if his lessons were getting any attention; but he always surprised us by knowing them without apparent labor. His perceptions were very quick, and he took mathematics easily. He began to be much interested in machinery and the construction of everything he handled, and we have many mementos of his boyish skill in the use of tools. He was so much given to experimenting in connection with some of his studies, that his brothers and companions called him for a long time either professor or philosopher. He had usually some pet animal, which he cared for with the greatest tenderness. He was fond of music also, and learned to play the flute with some skill. He had so much native courtesy of manner, and such a frank, pleasant face, that strangers were always won by him, and at home we cannot now remember that he was ever rude, unkind, or inconsiderate.

In the spring of 1854 he left the High School for Dummer Academy, Byfield, where he remained four years. During this time he was at home every Sabbath, and the evenings were almost invariably spent chiefly in the singing of sacred music by the whole family.

During these years, as his mind and body grew, his religious emotions deepened and strengthened into principle. The influences around him, though religious in their spirit, were liberal and unconventional, and he was never urged to any special act of religious avowal, or any set method of religious growth. His nature had always been a devout one, and he had loved those books best in his little library which cultivated this spirit; but now his thorough

introspection and his faithful self-dealing led him to place restraints about himself, and to take positive steps in religious advancement. The following extracts from a letter written to his sister, who was away from home, indicate this.

“October, 1856.

“I have thought lately a great deal about joining the church. I am reading a book called ‘Ware on the Formation of the Christian Character,’ and I am very much interested in it. The author says, ‘He who believes and is resolved to live and die in his belief, has a right to this ordinance (the Lord’s Supper); and it is the duty of every one who believes to offer himself for this celebration.’

“I am resolved, if I do believe, to live and die in the belief; but I am so indifferent, I surprise myself. I cannot be so wicked and foolish as to doubt God’s power to help, but I have too great an opinion of my own strength; yet I hope, with God’s help, and through Christ who strengtheneth, to overcome my pride and selfishness and fear.

“Write a long letter soon. O that Christ would take possession of my heart and make me his!

“Your most affectionate and devoted brother,

“GOODWIN.”

The following is from a fragmentary diary, about this time:—

“*January 1, 1857.* — To-day commences another year. As trying to improve our natures, and fit ourselves for usefulness in this world and happiness hereafter, we should commence the year with new resolutions and holy purposes to live more according to the will and commands of God, as expressed in his holy Word.

“Therefore I hereby resolve, with the help of God, to live a more righteous and sober life, and more as one who has given himself up to God, and who has determined to become a disciple of Jesus Christ, should live, than I have hitherto; and I hope that by daily prayer, and by trust in God and his promises, and by reading his Word, I may soon be cleansed of all my sins and become a true Christian, and finally be led to heaven, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

“Feeling deeply sensible of human weakness and liability to fall

into sin, and that we can do nothing of ourselves except God be with us, I humbly trust and pray that he will assist and bless all my efforts to become a true child of God.

“ SUBJECTS OF DAILY MEDITATION.

“ Review of conduct during the day. Strict examination of thoughts pursued. Use of time. Use of opportunities. The goodness and mercy of God. My ungratefulness to him. Compare with the example of Jesus. Deportment towards others. Motives of action. Whether I am doing all the good I can. Whether I am making proper progress toward heaven. The temper sustained throughout the day.”

The short daily entries which run through the year are in accordance with the spirit of these resolutions. The following extract from a school composition, written at fifteen years of age, seems to express the motive-power of his whole life : —

“ Each one has a work to do, and if he cannot satisfy himself for what he is best fitted, no time need be wasted in indecision ; there is always something to be done, something too in which we can exert our powers to the utmost, and which we can make our labor.

“ If we see any way in which men can signally promote the best interests of mankind or advance the glory of God, no one is so weak that he cannot assist towards effecting it. Inspired by such a cause, there is nothing which a firm, energetic mind, with the help of God, cannot perform.

“ What grand object is worth living for, if it is not worth dying for ? ”

In the spring of 1857 his health seemed delicate, and it was thought best that he should try riding on horseback, so that he exercised almost every day in this way for some months, and became strong and well again. In August of this year he went with his brother Henry, who was three years older than himself, on a pedestrian trip to the White Mountains. They left home one Monday morning, and as

we bade them good by with some anxiety, Goodwin repeated gently and seriously the lines we had been singing the evening before,

“Thy providence attend our way,
To guard us and to guide.”

The two boys took very little with them. Goodwin had his flute, which he could now play very agreeably; and he expected that this, with Henry's singing, would win their bread and lodging on the way. They must have relied upon it considerably, for the entire sum expended on the journey was but nine dollars, most of which was given for a single night's lodging. They walked up and down Mount Washington without a guide, and reached home in a four days' tramp from the summit of the mountain, the last day walking more than forty miles.

In September, 1857, Goodwin made a public profession of his discipleship to Christ, in the Unitarian Church. There was no pretentious piety about him. He was generally light-hearted and merry, and entered into every interest, whether work or play, with perfect *abandon*. But the thoroughness of his religious principles was more and more evident; they permeated his whole life, increasing the unselfish thoughtfulness of his conduct at home. He seemed to us to be almost without fault, though he so seriously accused himself at times of a “hasty and ungovernable temper” that he must have had difficulty in controlling it; but it was so well controlled that we saw it only in the quick color which would flush his face when he was unjustly accused or suddenly provoked. I think he was constitutionally indolent, and apt to be dilatory, but he struggled hard throughout his life to conquer this tendency, and succeeded so well, that as a man and a worker no one would have suspected its existence.

His intellectual training at Dummer Academy was thoroughly and wisely conducted. Mr. Henshaw, the principal, was a kind friend to him. The school was so small

in numbers that each could receive judicious attention, and Goodwin's mind developed rapidly and symmetrically. His love of nature, too, was stimulated by the scenery around him. He always took a prominent part in the public exercises of the school, and was the valedictorian of his class. At sixteen years of age he was prepared for college, but his parents and teacher agreed that he had better wait a year before entering. During this last year of his preparatory course, he acted as an assistant in the school, and he received from the trustees and the principal much commendation for his teaching.

In the summer of 1858, being just seventeen years old, he went to Cambridge for his examination, and was admitted as a member of the Freshman Class, without conditions. His health was good, and everything was favorable to his success and happiness as a student. He had pleasant homes in the families of two of his aunts who lived in Cambridge, so that he was not removed from the most kindly social influences. He was determined to bear the expense of his education as much as possible himself, and succeeded in paying about half of his expenses by his own exertions, with the aid of scholarships. In his summer vacations he made several pedestrian trips to the White Mountains and Moosehead Lake, and wrote home animated descriptions of forest life and hunting scenes. In the summer of 1861 he was one of four of his Class employed by the State in a survey of Concord River. He enjoyed an out-of-door life very much, and every summer it seemed to strengthen his constitution and renew his vigor after the year's study. In Concord he was cordially received, and began the acquaintance of those who welcomed him the next year to their cultivated and hospitable society.

Goodwin was social in his tastes, and became intimately acquainted with several of his classmates. He usually passed his vacations with one or more of them, either at his own or their homes, or on some summer excursion, and

always seemed perfectly happy in the freedom of their society. He was a prominent member of the Harvard Glee Club, and for some time of the Chapel Choir. He was fond of singing, and had a deep bass voice, but he gave up his connection with both of these when he found that it interfered with his duties. He belonged to the Hasty-Pudding Club, and delivered one of the Annual Orations before it, on the subject, "The Heroic Yankee," which I have heard praised by members of the Class as one of the best things he ever did. He paid especial attention, the last two years of his course, to classical studies and to *belles-lettres*. He was an attractive speaker, with unusual grace of manner, an easy dignity, and a full, rich voice. He had prominent parts at the public exercises of the College, and gave the Salutatory when he was graduated. Though we sometimes desired him to act more with reference to his nominal rank in the Class than he was inclined to do, yet he always stood among the highest, and was conscientious in the discharge of his duty. The following are extracts from his letters while at College : —

" October, 1859.

" Our rank-list was published the other day. There is nothing that troubles or discourages me so much as to have father and mother disappointed in and ashamed of me, when I ought to work so hard that they would try to hold me in rather. No one knows what I have to contend against. If it were not for pleasing my friends, I think I should not try to stand high ; but, if I could be energetic enough, would pursue my studies in a different way."

" March, 1860.

" The Communion, if rightly employed, is one of the highest privileges granted to a Christian, and one of the most efficacious means for Christian advancement. We are all in great danger of falling away from our principles and highest intentions ; and for this reason we need a certain portion of each day for self-examination and communion with God and the study of holy books, which must be scrupulously observed, for by these means the religious part

of our nature is developed and a higher tone given to our whole life.

“When we look at a life like —, and consider that we are all of us living over again the same threescore years and ten, a feeling of weariness comes over us which passes away when we consider what lies before us, — the bright earth, kind friends, battles to be fought and won, and the death to be died.”

“May, 1861.

“MY DEAR FATHER, — Knowing your patriotism, I was not surprised to hear that you had joined the Veterans.

“Dr. Peabody, in a sermon a short time since, said that the three principal causes of this war were, ‘a general decline in virtue, neglect of the preliminary duties of citizenship, and a mutual spirit of recrimination and abuse.’ The first I think is vague, and in general all evils in society may be ascribed to a lack of virtue, and the last is a consequence of the second; for the spirit of recrimination has been exhibited principally by those placed at the head of affairs, through the neglect of the preliminary duties of citizenship. And it seems to me, that, so far as the North has contributed to bring civil war to pass, she has done it by this neglect. The unexampled prosperity of our country, and the many opportunities offered to an energetic man for success in business, have fostered a spirit of money-making; and the pursuit of wealth has come to be regarded as of the highest importance. The preliminary meetings in our elective system, where every man has perfect freedom to exert an influence in proportion to his real merits, are considered unimportant, and are left in the hands of base men, who make a business of politics. . . . I suppose this is all an old story to you, but I have just begun to think about such things. Our attention has been turned to these subjects by topics given out for themes, as well as by the state of the times; and the more I study our institutions and become familiar with the principles of our own and of other governments, the more am I convinced that the glorious fabric of Washington, Adams, and the other heroes of the Revolution, is the highest development of the idea of government, and the last step in human progress.

“I have spent a leisure hour this evening in writing you my ideas on the one subject, which are doubtless insipid platitudes, of

interest only to me, still I will send this letter. I wrote you a letter in Latin a few weeks ago, which, as you never acknowledged, you perhaps never received.

“March, 1862.

“I have had my last vacation, and look forward to a good many years of hard work. I shall try to get some employment, commencing the day after this term closes, so that there shall be no more trifling away my time till I have done some good in the world. It is very easy to make good resolutions and lay nice plans. I only hope I shall have strength enough given me to overcome, for I have the courage and the will.”

“May, 1862.

“Would n't it be glorious to gallop out with your life in your hand, your threescore years compressed into a few short hours, thrilling with great ideas of self-sacrifice, careless of danger and death, — a rush, a struggle, a brave fight, and victory or perhaps death (if I did not fear to seem pedantic, I would quote you some splendid lines from Horace on this topic),— instead of dribbling along year after year, overcoming trifles and worn away by cares, till, dusty and tired with our weary march, we are glad to sink into our graves? I suppose, though, we ought to consider it only a harder fight, and nerve ourselves to struggle long and well; for to a stout heart victory is certain at last, and in proportion will be the more glorious. I feel strong enough for the fight.

“I hope to find some lucrative position as a teacher before I graduate, for I want to commence my ‘good fight’ the very day after my college course ends.”

“—, 1862.

“My course after college I cannot now determine. I am afraid I shall never be settled enough in my theological views to be a minister, if there were no other objection, though I have thought seriously of it; but I have faith to believe that I shall find my station, or rather my field, for I do not wish to be stationary.

“Give me an object to live for, to labor for, to die for, something definite and tangible; or must we plod along, only grubbing up the weeds that are around us, one after another, slowly?”

“Midnight, June, 1862.

“We passed our last examination to-day, — one by one the ties that bound us to the dear old University and knit us so closely together are being sundered. ‘I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.’ But ‘the thoughts of my youth are long, long thoughts.’ My experience to-day has been a varied one. I have rehearsed parts of all my deepest experiences for the last four years. In the examination this morning my college life turned its wan face once more towards me from the verge of its grave.

“This evening . . . our student’s life awakened merrily, yet sadly, for it was our parting; we formed the ring with clasped hands, singing ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ hand to hand, then closer, breast to breast; a few heartfelt words, three cheers, and we separated. Some of us walked into the yard and sat down on the steps of Holworthy, looking through the old familiar elms at the stars, as we have done how many times before! One by one the lights went out in the windows, till the buildings were dark about us, as we sat there sad and thoughtful; and then we went silently to our rooms, feeling that soon we are to be scattered and turned adrift in the world, each man to enter the valley alone and fight for himself, — no, not for self, but for truth, justice, right, — and so for God, as his soldiers.”

The feelings with which he was regarded by his classmates will be best understood from their own testimony. Says one: —

“The strength and clear integrity of his character were as remarkable abroad as at home. He was thoroughly tested, and I say with deliberation, what his college friends rejoice to declare their individual opinion, that Goodwin was the most perfect young man we ever knew. . . . In our college days we frequently remarked the appropriateness of his nickname, ‘Good.’”

Goodwin’s room-mate during three years of his college life, with whom he had a brother’s intimacy, writes of him: —

“July 27, 1864.

“Of all men whom we have ever known, Goodwin was most

prepared to die. His mind was as pure as a woman's, and no mean or ignoble thought was ever harbored there. I roomed with him for three years, and saw him in every circumstance of that life, and never knew him to do even an ungenerous act. His equal I have never met; I mean, I never knew a man who combined such apparently opposed qualities, — a wild and splendid bravery with modesty and womanly purity; an earnest faith and strong religious convictions with genial habits; strong passions with perfect mastery over them. Many men do their duty as a duty, but a few do their duty as their life, and these alone touch our hearts. Such a man was Goodwin; he never preached to men, but lived an incarnate lesson of purity, strength, and nobility. It is a noble thing to have known a man whom you can praise without reservation, and who will live in your memory as an incarnate spirit of truth, faith, and manhood.

“As I think of my old college associations with him, his daily acts and words come back to me. I remember his moral courage and his physical bravery in the Freshman year. I remember his joining the church, and saying it was the duty of every one to take a stand. In our Senior year, I remember Goodwin's saying one day, ‘We have read of knights and chevaliers, who rode through the world fighting for the right, and helping the sick and weak; but it seems to me, that now, if ever, is a time for noble adventure and chivalrous deeds.’ Again, I remember his saying, ‘It seems to me that, though one man cannot perhaps do much by himself, yet it is his duty to do his best, and by joining some great and noble movement add his weight and force to it.’ Goodwin had about him such a noble faith that no one who knew him well could ever be an atheist.”

At the outset of his college course he had joined a students' society for mutual religious improvement, and had been a constant member. A classmate told me that Goodwin's presence at any social meeting of the Class would save it from any wrong proceeding. Another said that he never heard Goodwin utter a word on any occasion which he would not have been as ready to utter in the most refined presence. Another said that his influence alone decidedly raised the moral tone of the Class.

After graduation he obtained the position of Principal of the High School in Concord, Massachusetts. The school was to open in August. In the mean time he was more and more persuaded that duty called him into the army. His brother Henry had, at the outset of the war, enlisted as a private, and had been rising gradually to well-earned position as an officer, and his example and letters had constantly stimulated Goodwin's patriotic ardor. While at home, before the opening of the Concord school, he, with Charles Tuttle, Esq., made a good deal of effort to raise a company in Newburyport. But August came, and he went to fulfil his engagement at Concord. His mind was still bent, however, upon the war, and against the entreaties of all his friends, and against his own tastes, his conscience still directed him to the "good fight for country, freedom, and for God." He told me soon after he went to Concord that he must go into the war, and if he could not get a commission, he should go as a private. I remonstrated, on the ground that his father and mother would hardly be able to bear such a disappointment of their hopes in him, that they had suffered much anxiety for Henry, and that his constitution and habits had not fitted him for the hardships of a private. But he said, "My case is not a peculiar one, and I feel like a coward to stay out. Say nothing to mother about it now, but I am decided to go."

He wrote from Concord : —

"September 14, 1862.

"My surroundings here are delightful, and I should feel that 'my lines had fallen unto me in pleasant places' indeed, were it not for this horrid nightmare of the war. As soon as I can get a chance to enter the army, I shall throw up my school. I think in many cases it requires a more obstinate perseverance to stay at home than to go ; but I cannot get over the feeling that, in resisting every impulse to sacrifice yourself for the country, you are crushing out whatever spark of heroism the emergency ought to kindle in all of us."

He now made systematic efforts to obtain a commission, and was finally commissioned as Second Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, Colonel Lowell. He was busy in recruiting for this regiment until appointed Acting Adjutant at Camp Meigs, where he remained until ordered off with a part of the regiment in February. He then went immediately into camp at Gloucester Point, Virginia. The following are extracts from his letters : —

“ February 23, 1863.

“ I am sitting in my tent on the end of my valise, with a tin plate on my knee and my paper on the back of it, and I find that it makes a very good writing-desk. I am officer of the guard to-night, and sit up till twelve o'clock, and must be on the alert, ready for any emergency all night.

“ I am Acting First Lieutenant of Company K, Captain Holman, a very pleasant fellow and an experienced officer ; we have a beautiful place for a camp, on bluffs on the bank of York River, and the views are fine in all directions. The morning after we arrived here, the birds were singing, and everything looked as bright and fresh as a day in June.”

“ May, 1863.

“ There is much that is discouraging in our conduct of the war, to be sure ; but however great the evils of divided counsels and incompetent commanders, magnified by our impatience for the end, our cause is worthy of all the sacrifice which a mysterious Providence calls us to make, and in the end must triumph. . . . One thing is plain, the longer the war lasts, the more thoroughly will slavery be rooted out. Wherever our armies advance, the foundations of the institution are overthrown, and though to our anxious minds a few years seem long, they are producing abundant fruit. The closer I come in contact with slavery, the more foul and hideous it appears to me.”

“ GLOUCESTER POINT, June, 1863.

“ MY DEAR MAY, — We enjoy beautiful weather on this Point, — the evenings are lovely. I often take my favorite horse, Meg, about sunset, and take a gallop ‘over the hills and far away.’ She is a fine horse, and as gentle and amiable as a kitten ; she trots along demurely, curving her neck prettily, and I only

have to speak to her, when she spreads her nostrils wide, tosses her head up, and, shaking her mane, shoots off like a thunderbolt into a rattling gallop, just as easy as a cradle. I will give her to you when I get home, to make you a famous rider; she leaps like a bird.

“Certainly we have a quiet, pleasant life here. It is like spending a long vacation at the sea-shore, our work being interesting, while we are learning new drills, and not very fatiguing.”

“June, 1863.

“MY DEAR AUNT LUCY,—I think myself fortunate in being connected in this regiment with so many officers who have been in service with Regular Army officers, and acquired their discipline and habit of command.

“Here all is fact and reality. We come face to face with the excesses and the horrors of war, with the misery which the leaders of secession have brought upon a people already piteously degraded by the curse of slavery, with its train of sin and outrage. But above and beyond the evils attending war, which are but the dust on the banner, is the strength that a great cause inspires, the energy and determination of acting instead of theorizing for the right, the indomitable, confident spirit which fills our army, and which years of apparent failure and mistake cannot subdue.

“Did I not consider this war a sacred duty to me and to all, the lessons which a soldier’s life teaches, the training it gives, would be invaluable,—the scorn of trifles, the readiness to exert all one’s faculties in an instant, and the stern self-control.”

“September, 1863.

“If success were obtained so that any reduction of our army would be safe, I should feel justified in leaving the service; but at present we want a larger army. Our regiment is not large, and, it is possible, may be at some time consolidated with others; in that case, if the war were clearly at an end, I should go home, for I sometimes remember that I have yet to prepare myself for some occupation, and there are men enough with more taste for bush-whacking to officer a national police-gang. But if this war continues, or a war with France arises, I think I shall go into the black cavalry (a large force of colored cavalry will probably be raised before long); and indeed I know not if I could find a wor-

thier object than helping the race we have degraded to achieve their independence, and bearing my part in expiating our national dishonor."

Goodwin afterwards obtained a leave of absence, and reached home Thanksgiving eve. He was with us about ten days. We found the somewhat slight *physique* which he had a year before changed into a robust and almost powerful form, full of the elasticity and freshness of perfect health and vigor. His character had ripened, also. The light-heartedness of youth seemed to be giving place to the serious, responsible air of manhood, yet his manner was as gentle and affectionate as ever. He said but little about his experiences in the army, and was so free from parade that we never saw him in uniform at home, nor heard him speak of any achievement or success in his career. When he left us to return to camp we could hardly make ourselves anxious about him, he looked so strong in every way.

Soon after his return he received a commission as Captain, and at his own earnest request exchanged his position on Colonel Lowell's staff for the more active duties of a company commander. He writes: —

"I have got a splendid company, — eighty or ninety as fine troopers as ever mounted a horse, — Troop L, raised in California. I only hope I can keep it. I wish Colonel Lowell would be ordered to take the regiment to the front. General Tyler invited me to join his staff, but I had rather be in command of this company than serve on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. . . .

"I find that the accounts and papers of a company are much more important and complicated than is generally supposed. There must be a great deal of neglect among officers in this respect. My papers were, thanks to Captain Adams, all straight. . . . You ought to see my company kitchen, as neat and clean as possible; plenty to eat, nicely cooked. There is a good deal of pleasure in taking care of your men, so much can be done for their health and comfort that is commonly neglected.

“ . . . We have been quiet in camp for several days. A few of the guerillas are moving about in the woods, and we pick up one or two of them almost every day. Last Sunday morning we rode into camp from a two days' scout, which I enjoyed very much. The hills look beautifully in this cold, clear air, and bivouacking is delightful these fine nights, lying down before a good fire and looking up at the stars, as the noises of men and horses subside, and you hear nothing but the measured tread of the sentry, and the crackling of the big logs on the fire, till you fall into a sound sleep, and dream of home. Or perhaps you are awakened by firing from the pickets, and without any confusion or bustle an order is given, and a dark column uncoils swiftly from the dense mass of men and horses and starts out in the direction of the firing.”

“ May, 1864.

“ Hatch, who was killed, was my company farrier, and a first-rate man ; we buried him the next day at Vienna. The Chaplain was absent, and I performed the service ; the band playing ‘ Taps ’ as we lowered the coffin into the grave. I could not help crying.”

The incident so briefly alluded to in the last extract, we have learned from others, was one which revealed his character more deeply than any other to his brother officers and his men. In the discharge of what he took upon himself as his duty, — the burial of this soldier, — he stepped forward in the imposing presence of the brigade of cavalry, one of the very youngest of the officers present, and, in the words of the chaplain, “ taking the responsibility voluntarily,” he read the Scripture, and “ out of the fulness of his heart poured forth in prayer his own thoughts in his own words.” Some of the officers who were present spoke of it as a surprise to all, and most impressive and inspiring to the whole command.

The following letter describes his last experience in the service previous to the encounter in which he was wounded. It was written to a classmate : —

“ June 14, 1864.

“ Last night I returned from a scout through Dumfries and Oc-

coquan, through Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and Wilderness, and back by way of Manassas and Bull Run. We were out six days. What a conflict that was of the Wilderness! throughout that Wilderness, eighteen miles through, was a vast, hand-to-hand, grappling fight for days and nights; terrible throes and struggles it required to drive the Rebels out of the thicket. Unburied bodies, Rebels and Northerners, are now scattered among the trees. The trees are torn and shivered by the sleet of bullets that stormed through these woods. You read of bayonet charges where one or other always gives way before the bayonets cross: there was a fight for days closer than bayonet charges. I remember passing through one clearing about as large as the College yard, the pike running through the centre of it, and across the pike and the clearing a strong Rebel earthwork. A deep ditch is cut across the field about one hundred yards in front of the earthwork. Our troops came up the pike through the woods and deployed across the clearing in front of the earthwork, and the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York (old Duryea's Zouaves, re-enlisted) charged in line, and a battery was run up close to the works on the pike. The Zouaves charged across the plain, in the face of the fire, leaping the ditch, over the earthwork, into the midst of the Rebels, *five times*, and the last time mighty few returned. They sung the chorus 'Rally round the Flag' as they charged. The field in front of the earthwork and just inside is sprinkled with the bodies of those gallant fellows in their brilliant uniforms; the bottom of the ditch is covered; dead Rebels are mingled with them inside.

"Imagine the two or three hundred men that used to gather for our football games lying dead about the Delta, and you have an idea of the scene near the earthwork. Another fearful scene is where we drove the Rebs back on the plank road two or three miles; and in the woods half a mile each side of the road, and along the road, lie the bodies scattered among the trees,—our men and Rebels, but the Rebels are thickest; the trees are splintered with shot; and broken muskets and equipments, and now and then parts of a gun-carriage, are scattered along. I found men of the Twentieth Massachusetts there; some before dying had pinned bits of paper, with their names, on their sleeves; one sergeant had his warrant by his side.

"We brought in a good many wounded, who have been near

there since the fight, taken care of by the Rebels; we picked up a few prisoners."

He is said to have had a very soldierly bearing when on duty, and his orders were given in clear, prompt, ringing tones, full of courage and coolness. Many officers who saw him in action say that his coolness was unsurpassed. He was never agitated or bewildered, but appeared under every circumstance calm, brave, and decided. He made Colonel Lowell his model. He was very proud of his company, and from the time he was placed in command of it was very impatient for the regiment to go into more important service. He had never been disappointed in his men in any encounter with the guerillas, though the odds had several times been fearfully against them; and they manifested the utmost confidence in him and attachment to him.

On the 3d or 4th of July, Major Forbes received orders to take a detachment of one hundred and fifty men, principally raw recruits from New York regiments, to go in pursuit of Mosby, and remain out three days. Goodwin was put second in command. Eight only of the men were from his company. They went towards Leesburg, were out two days, and were ready to return, but to complete their allotted time proceeded in the direction of Aldie. About six o'clock in the evening of the third day, as they were returning to camp, they fell in with about five hundred of Mosby's men, and the disastrous encounter took place which cost my brother's life, and scattered the whole command, so that but two men returned to camp that evening.

Chaplain Humphreys, who was with the detachment, thus describes the encounter.

"It is hard to describe an engagement so short and disastrous. The first sign of the approach of the enemy was their firing upon our pickets, which had been thrown out upon the turnpike, about a quarter of a mile in advance, while we were resting and feeding. We had just finished, and the order had already been sent to draw

in the pickets, when the noise of firing commenced. Major Forbes at once detailed a lieutenant and ten men to go and see what the firing was, and meanwhile mounted his men and had them counted off as usual in preparation for moving in column. In a few moments the noise of the firing increased and drew nearer, and Major Forbes led his force across the pike into an open field, and formed them in two ranks, — Captain Stone having command of the first rank, and Lieutenant Amory of the second. Immediately upon the approach of the enemy in a wide and scattered front, Major Forbes gave the order ‘Front rank, first and third platoons deploy as skirmishers,’ which Captain Stone repeated; but our men had never been under fire, and as the Rebels came on with yells and an incessant discharge of small arms, they were too demoralized to be controlled, but broke at once. They were frightened also by the explosion of a shell near them, and the sight of the seemingly overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Major Forbes, seeing their condition, decided to draw them off into a less exposed position in the edge of a wood near by, and gave the order, ‘By the right flank, march.’ Once with their backs turned, of course the day was lost. Major Forbes was soon made prisoner, and, as chance would have it, I was by the side of Captain Stone, and saw his coolness and his efforts to inspire courage in the men, and to turn them about to face the enemy. After exchanging a round of pistol-shots with some of the foremost Rebels, he dashed ahead to catch up with and try to rally his frightened men. In a few minutes he had stopped a few and made a stand in the road, but he received a shot through the body, which completely disabled him, and he had just strength enough left to balance himself in that position, while his horse flew frantically along the road, chased by the Rebels; but they could not overtake him. He rode so some fourteen miles, till he reached a friendly house, and was then taken from his horse in an exhausted condition, and the next day was taken to camp.

“I did not see Mosby’s artillery, but I understand that he had with him two pieces.”

Tidings of his condition reached his home on the morning of the 8th, and his mother and his brother George reached Falls Church early Sunday morning. They at first inquired for the surgeon, fearing to surprise Goodwin; but

he said, "I should like to see any one surprise Captain Stone,—walk right in." Goodwin greeted them in his own quiet, cheerful manner, and said, "I thought you would come, George, but I confess I hardly expected to see mother." He looked so strong and well that it was impossible to realize the fact that his wound was dangerous. He had previously been in perfect health, and that was the only ground of hope. When his mother and brother arrived, the brigade had just been ordered in towards Baltimore, and was preparing to leave. It was a great trial to Goodwin to part with the officers and men. They came in one by one to bid him good by; the men wept as they took leave. Goodwin asked the Colonel if he could not be taken with them, saying, "I think I shall be able to take the saddle in a few days,—it is just the campaign I have been longing for." He felt assured that he should recover, although the pistol-ball had pierced the spinal column, and was lodged in some muscle where the doctor thought best to let it remain. His body was partially paralyzed, and he was able to move only his arms. He began to talk of the best route homeward, and thought he could get to Alexandria and take a steamer to New York. The vicinity of Falls Church was full of guerillas, and it was thought best for his brother and the surgeon to remain in Washington, and come out every day to see Goodwin, so that his mother and three men who assisted in the care of him alone remained. He grew daily more restless and feverish, but was always cheerful and quiet. The weather was intensely hot, but he was kept supplied with ice and every possible means of relief. He said very little about the engagement in which he was wounded, excepting when delirious, but talked more of home and old associations. He said, however, that, if he had only had his own company, he might have driven Mosby, after all, and that "it might just as well have been the other way," but he accused no one. In moments of wandering, towards the last, his mind invariably turned to the

scene of the disaster, and he called to the men, trying to encourage and rally them, and more than once gave the signal for a charge.

On the 14th his condition was so encouraging that the doctor expressed a strong hope that he might yet recover, but the next day a sudden change of symptoms intervened, chills and violent distress came on, and all hope was abandoned. The doctor informed him, in the presence of his mother and brother, of their fears. Goodwin looked up with evident surprise, and said, "You know, doctor, I have been very confident from the first," but no sign of agitation was perceptible in his voice or face; and when his brother asked him immediately if he felt afraid to die, he replied quickly and firmly, "O no," and closed his eyes. In a few moments, hearing that his mother was writing home, he said, "Give my love to them all"; and afterwards, on hearing of the many anxious inquiries made for him by his friends at home, said, with much feeling, "I should like to thank them all once more." George said to him as he sat by his bedside, "Well, Goodwin your work is almost done"; and he replied, with a very impressive cheerfulness and promptness of manner, "No, only a part of it." At one time, when his mother, in the stress of the moment, said, "O, it seems to me the sacrifice is too great!" Goodwin said quietly, "I don't like to hear you speak so, mother; it is narrow and weak and selfish."

The description of his last hours shall be given in his mother's own words: —

"His countenance beamed with happiness and affection; and as George and I sat by his side, he several times threw his arms about us, and we could not but be happy with him. We talked to him about singing, as was the old custom Sunday evenings. He wanted us to sing, and I was enabled to find some friends who came and sung near his room. After they had sung, 'There is rest for the weary,' he said earnestly, 'That is very sweet'; and as they kept on singing, we often heard his deep bass as he attempted to join.

A holy calm and quiet reigned in the room ; we seemed to have a glimpse of the heavenly state. When they had sung, ' My heavenly home is bright and fair,' Goodwin said, ' Ask them to repeat that chorus ' ; and, with his head supported by George's arm, and his arm around his neck, he sang with a full, clear voice, and in his natural way, ' I 'm going home to die no more,' persevering through the repetition until the chorus was finished. He then added, ' I 'm almost there.' And now, free from all restlessness, he was turned over, and, with his face resting upon his hands, peacefully closed his eyes and went to sleep to awake in heaven. I could only sit by him as the last moments hastened on, with his hand in mine, but no sign of consciousness from him, praying that God would take the beloved one to himself without suffering ; and I believe the prayer was granted. He breathed his last at the early dawn, between two and three o'clock, on the morning of the 18th of July. The birds sang and the day broke, while the glory of another world seemed shining upon the face and form still beautiful with the seal of death upon it.

" Ambulances and an escort of mounted men were sent down from the nearest camp to take us to Washington, and the same morning we left Falls Church with our treasure ; and, after a few days, loving hands laid it away in the spot he had loved to think of, covered with lilies and draped with the flag. Now the laurel is sculptured upon his simple stone, and there the record stands, —

' He died for his country.' "

WILLIAM JAMES TEMPLE.

Captain 17th United States Infantry, August 5, 1861; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 1, 1863.

WILLIAM JAMES TEMPLE was born in Albany on the 29th of March, 1842. His father, Robert Temple, was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, and, being appointed to the army, served in Florida and Mexico. Resigning his commission, he was afterwards Adjutant-General of the State of New York. Robert Temple married Katharine James of Albany. William, their son, was sent, when eight years old, to a boarding school at Kinderhook, New York; was there some years; then went to school at Geneva, New York, and afterwards to a school at New Haven, Connecticut. At the age of twelve, he lost both father and mother; there being left with him a brother and four sisters. He seems to have immediately felt that he was at the head of the family. Before he entered College, which was at the age of sixteen, he was already acting in the place of parent to his orphaned sisters, and throughout his short life he never forgot that he held this position. To a brotherly love and devotion there were ever added an almost fatherly care and anxiety, with that pride common to parent and brother. It was this responsibility that gave to him the dignity of manhood while yet a youth.

In 1858, Temple entered the Freshman Class at Yale College. He was there a year, and then came to Harvard, entering as Sophomore in the Class of 1862. He was at Cambridge so short a time that little can be said of his college life, further than that he immediately became a great favorite with his Class, and with all undergraduates who knew him, though his views of discipline did not quite coincide with those of the Faculty. When we follow Temple

to the army, a year or two later, we shall find that there had been quite a revolution in his ideas upon this subject, or at least in his practice; but at this time the strict discipline of the University made it necessary that for a while he should pursue his studies elsewhere, and he was sent for a few months to Stockbridge. At the outbreak of the Rebellion Temple was still studying there. The following letter shows that none came forward to maintain the integrity of the country with more promptness and with more zeal than he.

“STOCKBRIDGE, April 22, 1861.

“MY DEAR —, — Your letter reached me this morning. I have been back here some days, but I have not studied at all. I find it impossible to pay any attention to Greek and Latin, with the prospect of a commission before me. I wrote to — a few days ago. It is not yet time to receive an answer. I pray to God that I may get what I ask for. If I do not, I will enlist as a private soldier. It would be disgraceful to stay here in quiet while our country is so sadly in need of all the help she can get. I think it was a mistake for me to return to Stockbridge at all. I ought to have stayed in Boston, ready to enlist immediately, if my application for a commission fails. I am so restless and anxious that I cannot write more.”

Temple's patriotism was of the highest order. He never for an instant doubted that his fortune, his honor, and his life belonged to his country; and he did not consider this belief to be a virtue, so much as the lack of it to be a fault. Had he foreseen that he must die for his country, he would have asked, not for the honors which we with grateful hearts pay to all who have so fallen, but that the eulogy pronounced upon him might simply be, “He was tried and not found wanting.”

But there was something in addition to patriotism that made him eager to put on the sword, — something besides that with which every heart should beat, — qualities not so noble, but the possession of which will make the patriot a

more serviceable soldier. Nature had fashioned him for a soldier. Besides great strength and beauty, she had given him a love of adventure, a strong imagination, a wild and intrepid spirit, and an ambition to be distinguished among men. All of these led him from early boyhood to desire to follow the profession that had been his father's. It was with double enthusiasm, therefore, that he rushed to the rescue of his country, now that an opportunity was given.

The commission Temple was striving to obtain, and to which he refers in his letter, was that of a second lieutenancy in the Regular Army. He was not at first successful; but each day he seemed so near gaining his object, that he never thought it best to enlist as a private soldier. Three or four long months he labored for this commission, entirely giving up the plan of returning to Cambridge. Much of this time he spent in Washington. In August the appointment came; and so favorable an impression had he made at the War Department when in Washington, that a captaincy was given him. He was appointed to the Seventeenth Infantry, and directed to report at Fort Preble, Maine. He reported at once, and was ordered to Biddeford, Maine, on the recruiting service, whither he repaired full of hope that he might soon raise a company, and be sent to the army, then before Washington. But early in the war scarcely any recruits could be obtained for the Regular Army; and then, recruiting for the Seventeenth was confined to Maine and New Hampshire. Besides, this regiment was a three-battalion regiment, and there were a great many officers for only a few men. Temple was disappointed. The youngest captain in the army was as far from seeing active service as when studying at Stockbridge. He got no men at Biddeford, and naturally formed rather a low opinion of the patriotism of that town. When, some time after, the Adjutant-General of the Army wrote him that he had put government to great expense for very little gain, he was quite bitter in his reply, intimating that he might as well

try to recruit a company in a village of Georgia as in Biddeford, and that troops were needed in Maine as well as in Virginia. This shows the impatience with which he looked upon those whose patriotism was lukewarm during the great struggle.

In December, Temple was ordered to a recruiting station in Albany. He was there until the summer months approached. He had many acquaintances in the city, and during the winter delightful measures occupied his attention rather than dreadful marches; and, as the army seemed frozen up before Washington, he was well content to be where he was. But when the spring opened, and the season for campaigning came, he suffered great mortification. His place seemed to be in the field; and if he could not serve his country there, he almost wished himself out of the army. Northern cities were already filling with officers who took good care never to be in an action, and he feared lest he should be regarded as one of these. And when, later, the Army of the Potomac went to the Peninsula, and there came the reports of its battles, he was ashamed to meet the eyes which in the winter had so often assured him that his presence was a source of pleasure. In June he was ordered to Fort Preble, and assigned to the command of a full company. There he worked hard for two months. The ease and rapidity with which he acquired a knowledge of the duties pertaining to his position were remarkable, and he was equally successful in instructing his men.

In August, Temple was sent to the field with a detachment of a hundred and thirty men, including his own company, to join his regiment, which he found at Harrison's Landing, where the army had lain the month following the retreat across the Peninsula. The regiment belonged to what was known as the Regular Division, or Sykes's division, Porter's corps. There was a great contrast between the soldiers who had served through the campaign

and the men who had just come out ; and our young captain was at first rather unfavorably impressed with the Army of the Potomac. There should never be that want of system in his company, he thought, that was visible everywhere else. He should have no difficulty in keeping his men up to what seemed to be the required standard. "They are," he writes in his journal, with the pride common to good officers, "an intelligent, hardy set, the average of morals and physical strength being as high as that of any company I have ever seen, and much higher than a large majority. It will be my fault if in three months I do not make them a crack company." The appearance of his brother officers seemed still more at variance with military propriety. He found them sauntering about in straw hats and linen jackets ; while he, on the very hottest day in the year, appeared in dress coat and military cap. While Temple was criticising his brother officers, they were looking at the new-comer. Many were jealous that one so young should be higher in rank than they, and those above him were at first disposed to treat him as a boy. But he overcame this, at once taking a decided stand, though with perfect composure. Kind and courteous to his subordinates, he was exact in the fulfilment of duty to those above him ; while his real merits soon showed that he was below rather than above his proper position. He frankly acknowledged that he envied the experience of those who had served through the Peninsular campaign ; and he writes of the officers he met, "Their laurels already droop gracefully from their brows, but mine are yet to be won." He was self-confident, and knew that he should succeed. What General McClellan would do with his army was at the time Temple went to the field a matter of conjecture. Temple, in his enthusiasm, hoped he would move upon Richmond. But it had already been decided to go up the James River.

Leaving Harrison's Landing, Sykes's division marched

down the Peninsula to Newport News. Temple was ill the first day of the march, and could scarcely crawl along, and on halting for the night slept in an ambulance; but he resumed the march the next morning; and never, during the long campaign that followed, was he absent an hour from his company. At Newport News, Porter's corps embarked in transports for Aquia Creek; thence it marched to Fal-mouth; then followed the famous march from that place to join Pope's army, the disastrous campaign under that officer, the retreat upon Washington, the reassuming of the command of his old army by General McClellan, and the brilliant Maryland campaign, ending with the battle of Antietam. In all this the part taken by an infantry officer could not attract general attention. But in looking back upon these long marches, many who were in like positions will remember Temple. They will recall his handsome figure, the beauty of his head and face, his light step, his clear, ringing voice. Many will remember the knot of officers that would group together when the division was massed in some field for rest, and they will not forget Temple's ready wit, his animated conversation, his cheerful smile. His commanding officer will recollect that he was always prompt, that his men marched well and rarely straggled. Those more intimate with him will remember him at night when the camp was reached. They will remember the precautions he would take that he might not become foot-sore, or break down on the next day's march. They will smile as they recall the satisfaction and contentment with which he would drink great quantities of tea, to him an all-restorer. They will remember him at the scanty bivouac fire, as after the evening meal, frugal or bounteous as the case might be, the last pipes were smoked. He never seemed wearied nor desponding, whatever had been the fatigue or fortune of the day.

In this campaign Temple saw his first battle,— the second Bull Run. His first experience was to lie all day ex-

posed to a heavy artillery fire, with nothing to do but keep his men quiet and give directions to carry the killed and wounded to the rear. Just at dusk, however, he learned what a battle really is. The day had gone against us, and our forces were in full retreat, when the division to which he belonged was moved to hold the road upon which the artillery must be withdrawn. Could the enemy be checked half an hour, we might fall back to the heights of Centreville under cover of night. Hardly was the division in position when the attack came. The fight took place in a belt of woods. For three or four minutes the fire was terrific, but the Rebels were at a disadvantage, their opponents having cover, while they made the attack. In the smoke and darkness now rapidly coming on, it was difficult to see what had been the effect of our fire. Here Temple gave evidence of great prudence and coolness. While the average number of cartridges spent by the soldiers of the regiment was twenty-five, his men fired but five each. Though others kept up a tremendous roar, he observed that, after the first volleys, no balls came towards him, and directed his men to fire only when they saw something at which to take aim. For this he was afterwards complimented in the regimental report of operations. Night came, and brought a welcome end to the unfortunate day.

Save a little skirmishing, the next seventeen days were spent by Sykes's division in marching. Temple now found himself at Antietam; but in this renowned battle he was a mere spectator. Most of the division was in reserve, or rather supporting the heavy guns in the centre, where there was no attack. Temple had so fine a view of the entire field, that he writes that it seemed to be a magnificent spectacle merely for his benefit. In a letter to a friend he makes no claim for himself or the division. "Our heroism in this fight consisted in looking on with an eye of approval, from a safe position, upon the fierce battle swaying to and fro before us."

Two days after Antietam a reconnoissance was made across the Potomac. It was an ill-conducted affair, and the whole force had a narrow escape from capture or being driven into the river. However, it was a good day for Temple; he was in the skirmish line, and showed himself to be pre-eminently cool and brave. The campaign was now over, and he thus sums it up:—

“I have had a good deal of valuable experience since I last wrote in this journal. The position of the Army of the Potomac has been changed from the Peninsula to the Northwest of Maryland. We have seen some fighting, been defeated, and gained victories, and passed over hard-fought fields that other of our battalions had won for us. We have suffered somewhat from hardship; have slept in bivouac for nights in succession, without covering of any sort, or fire, and often without sufficient food; have had hard marching to do occasionally, and hard fighting afterwards, sometimes under able leaders and sometimes under generals unfit for their positions, who had not our confidence to start with, and who would have lost it if they had.”

There now came a few weeks of rest on the bank of the Potomac. Here Temple was earnest to promote the efficiency of his command. He had become a favorite officer with the men. Always a strict disciplinarian, he had at first been greatly disliked; but none discern the true soldier more quickly than the enlisted men. They had found that, if he was an exacting officer, he was just; that, if he required *of* them, he required *for* them; that he was always mindful of their wants; and that no company fared better than his. He had never been absent from them in the time of danger. In their long and toilsome marches he had walked on foot with them. They trusted in his courage, in his caution, and in his skill. They felt that not only would he never send them where he would not go himself, but that he would not unnecessarily expose their lives; and they felt that which gives soldiers the greatest confidence,—that, should they be in a bad place, nobody could get them

out better than he. They knew that he was at all times temperate, and ever prepared for any duty. They saw with pride the position he took among other officers; they saw that he was listened to with respect, that his associates were able men, and they felt that among them all none was more able than he. With the better class of men there sprang up an attachment for him which lasted till they lost him.

Six weeks were passed in this camp. The army then crossed the Potomac, and soon the Rappahannock was the barrier between the hostile forces. During the march, McClellan had been relieved by Burnside, who, after lying in the vicinity of Fredericksburg three weeks, crossed and attempted to carry the heights. The Regular Division, though moved up to the river-bank two days before, did not cross until the afternoon of the 13th of December. Temple was ill. He writes in his journal that morning: "I feel so ill with intermittent fever that I can scarcely stand. I don't know whether I can march from here to the battle-field or not. My head aches and swims fearfully." However, he did cross with his regiment, which just before dark was posted in the line of battle behind the town, a couple of hundred yards before the famous stone wall held by the Rebels. Sunday morning, soon after daybreak, the line was advanced a hundred yards, when all lay down, and there till night they lay hugging the ground, having for their only protection the stiff bodies of Saturday's dead, — exposed to a galling fire, and returning scarcely a shot. Did a man move any part of his body, the fire of fifty muskets was directed to the portion of the line where he lay. In this most undesirable position Temple showed his utter fearlessness. In the early part of the day he had occasion to seek his commanding officer, separated from him by half the length of the regiment; and officers have often spoken of the coolness with which he walked slowly up the line and then slowly back again. He himself afterwards regretted

this act, as it brought a heavy fire on others than himself. At night the regiment returned to the town.

The fever had now a firm hold upon Temple, and he sought a couch in a dwelling-house, his company bivouacking in the street below. In twenty-four hours more the army had recrossed the Rappahannock, and was occupying the camp of the last three weeks. Temple immediately applied for a sick-leave. It was more than a week before he was permitted to leave his coarse bed and food, and rough nurse, for the more dainty comforts and gentler hands necessary for his recovery. Then by easy stages he went to Newport, Rhode Island, where his sisters resided. His leave was extended, and he did not return to the army until the 1st of February, when he was entirely well. The camp seemed melancholy enough, but he met with a warm welcome. He was at work immediately, and, with the few yards of canvas allowed him, he contrived to make a cheerful habitation. The sanitary condition of his company then occupied his attention, and the men were directed to pull down their old huts and build new.

To the army three months of apparent inactivity followed. There was only a little picket duty, with just enough drilling and fatigue duty to keep officers and men in health and discipline. Temple was detailed week after week as Judge-Advocate of different courts-martial, and had the reputation of being the best judge-advocate in the division. This duty kept him so busily employed that he could rarely join the officers in the amusements of camp life; for to many the camp near Falmouth seemed nothing but a holiday muster. A horse-race, a ball, a dinner-party, or a soldiers' carouse came off every day. This was a deprivation to Temple. Still he found time to be a good correspondent. A few extracts from his letters will show that he retained his former enthusiasm, and hope, and ambition. It may be well to say, that he was at this time endeavoring to obtain the colonelcy of a volunteer regiment.

“You ask my opinion about the colonelcy. I would not hesitate a moment in accepting the command of any regiment which may be offered me. I would not, of course, be willing to pass from the field to such a life of inglorious ease as — paints. But such an idea is preposterous. As soon as a regiment is mustered into the service, it is under the President's orders; and as soon as I obtained a command, I would apply for service in the field, which service would undoubtedly be granted. If I can only get hold of a regiment, I have no fear for what may follow. Once in the field, it is an easy task to make the regiment what one pleases. . . . The volunteers is the only place for a man who wants the rewards as well as the labors of a soldier's life, and I confess that I am one of that sort. Don't wonder, then, that I am anxious for a regiment. It is the only road to glory and the yellow sash. . . . If the President begins to confer brevet rank for merit, I will have myself to blame if I am not soon a field officer by brevet in the Regular Army. I would give a leg for a brevet, and think I had made a good bargain.”

He had long before written: —

“There ought to be some decoration, like the Legion of Honor, or the English Order of Valor, in our army, to reward conspicuous gallantry. We neglect the sentiment of fighting too much.

“ . . . I hope that we will have a battle soon. We have been getting lazy this winter, and want something to stir us up. If we do meet the enemy, I will get a brevet, or go under. Our army is in capital condition.”

On the 27th the army broke camp; it was for the Chancellorville campaign. The army was fated to return to the old camp, though, alas! many a familiar face would be wanting. All went forth with brave hearts. In Temple's journal, on the second day of the march, it is written: “I am glad that our campaigning has commenced again. I am tired of camp, and like knocking about the country.” Three or four days of rapid marching followed. The rest is a painful story, and yet a proud one. It is the story of Temple's death.

The night before he was killed, just as the day's weary labor closed, General Hooker congratulated, in orders, the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps upon the achievements of the last three days. The enemy must now leave his intrenchments, and fight in the open field, where certain destruction awaited him. As the troops bivouacked for the night, it was whispered that Lee was already on the road, and that to-morrow would bring the long-looked-for battle, — the glorious battle that was to end the war. Sykes's division lay in the advance, upon the straight road between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, and every man who wore the white Maltese cross upon his breast lay down to sleep with the thought that he was to be soonest in the strife. No heart beat lighter than Temple's. The bravest in the combat are at such times often silent. Thoughts rush upon the mind that carry the soldier far away. The dread uncertainty of to-morrow, the homesickness which comes upon men, the thought that they never again may meet those whom they fondly love, will make men shrink before a battle who, in it, are lions. Not so Temple. He did not forget the unutterable suspense with which those who loved him were looking for news, and those at home were dearer to him than all the world besides; but he was a soldier, and his thoughts were chiefly of the day to come, — of the proud triumph the commanding general had promised, — the glories and honors to be won. This was the vein in which he talked to a comrade with whom he shared his blankets, after they had wrapped themselves up together for the night.

The day broke. "Friday, May 1, — a fine day, the sun a little clouded, but shining very hotly when it comes out," — was the last entry made by the young soldier in the diary which was taken from the blood-stained coat that clothed his dead body on the battle-field, a few hours afterwards. Temple rose very early. There were the same whisperings of the battle. Any moment would see the division drawn

out into the road. He made his toilet with the same care as if he had been going to appear upon a dress-parade. Seeing his clean collar, his polished boots, his white gloves, his neatly brushed and well-fitting clothes, one would never have dreamed that he had been marching for four days, and that only thirty-six hours before he had waded a stream waist-deep. He looked the model of a soldier. After breakfast he smoked a cigar, and then inspected his company.

At ten o'clock the order comes. The division is stretched out along the road. In a few minutes it strikes the cavalry pickets engaged with the enemy. The cavalry is relieved by the infantry, and the Seventeenth is deployed as skirmishers. The advance is continued, brisk firing all the while. The rest of the division marches on in three lines of battle. If the skirmisher looks back he sees in the open field six thousand glistening bayonets. Colors are flying that have waved "proudly in victory and defiantly in defeat" in many a battle before. He knows that beyond the road, on his right, two corps are advancing, and on the left his own corps stretches to the river; and the whole Army of the Potomac is supposed to be immediately at hand. He turns again to the enemy with renewed confidence, and is happy and proud to be in the foreground of the stirring picture.

The enemy had been driven back rather more than a mile, when Temple was struck by a musket-ball. It entered his breast, passed through the right lung, and made an ugly exit from his back. At the fatal moment, his company was stretched along behind a stone wall, and the skirmishers of the enemy were behind another wall, a hundred yards distant. Temple, disdainful to seek any cover for himself, stood erect, a rod or two to the rear of his company, a mark for a hundred rifles. He was considering how his men should best cross the field and dislodge the opposing skirmishers. To the Adjutant of the regiment, who ran to his support, he said, "It has killed me," and fell.

A moment afterwards two of his men bore him toward a little farm-house between the first line of battle and the skirmish line. His beautiful face, hanging back towards the ground, was recognized by the general commanding the division, and his staff. The sun was behind a cloud. The general bade a member of his staff see what could be done for the favorite officer. It was the friend who had slept with Temple the night before. This comrade supported him in his arms, and, as he looked into his seemingly conscious face, bade him good by, and said a few words in reference to his well-known wishes; but there came no answer. He was dead. Tenderly he was lifted up and carried into the farm-house, and there left, with a soldier as a guard.

Meantime the advance was continued. But an hour after, General Hooker had decided not to fight that day. The grand advance was after all but a reconnoissance, and the army fell back toward the Chancellorsville House. The glorious day for the final surrender was yet far off, but to Temple this was a day of victory.

Before the division fell back, his body was tied upon a horse and taken a couple of miles to the rear, where it was placed in a rough coffin made of ordnance-chests. There were no means of transporting it across the river, and it was left by the roadside, the soldier still standing as sentinel, till the officers of the regiment returned. That evening it was necessary to bury the body, for the lines then held might be abandoned during the night. Soon after dark a grave was dug by four men of the company, under a large oak within three rods of the line of battle. But three officers could be present, for the enemy, grown bold at the retreat, now meditated an attack upon us, and just before the coffin was lowered the attack came like a sudden shower. First came a few scattering shots, and then the swelling roar of thousands of muskets. It was a funeral for a soldier. It was as grand as anything Temple ever imagined in all his fancies.

The first firing called one of the officers away. He cut a sprig of green, left it to be thrown into the grave as a last tribute of love for the dead, and, with tears in his eyes, hastened to his post. The other two nailed down the lid of the coffin amid the roar of musketry, and as the four soldiers lowered the coffin to its resting-place there came a fitting requiem. A few rods to the right rested the left of a battery of twelve guns, which now opened upon the enemy with all their fury. It seemed as if all this were for the funeral service ; for when the grave had been filled up, and the two friends turned away, the attack ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and there was no more fighting that night.

Of the few days that followed, all know the history. Three weeks afterwards, Temple's body, then within the enemy's lines, was recovered under a flag of truce, and it now rests in the family vault at Albany.

JOHN HENRY TUCKER.

Private 38th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July 31, 1862; killed at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863.

JOHN HENRY TUCKER was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 19, 1835, the son of Ebenezer and Eliza Bradley (Foster) Tucker. In his autobiography in the Class-Book he thus narrates an adventure of one of his ancestors, which linked the family traditions very closely with the Revolutionary War: —

“At the burning of Charlestown, in 1775, a number of families embarked in a boat to escape from the conflagration. The boat was full, and as the sailors pushed off from the shore a little girl appeared on the shore; she was the daughter of one of the women in the boat, and had been inadvertently left behind. Throwing herself into the water, the little girl endeavored to get on board, but the sailors, declaring the boat was already full, would not stop for her. Some one of the women, however, catching her hand, drew her some way through the water, and at length succeeded in getting her into the boat. That little girl, named Sally Trow, was my father’s mother. What the event would have been had not the little girl been thus providentially saved, cannot be told. This little girl’s father, my great-grandfather Trow, was a Captain during the war, but, incurring disease from exposure, was obliged to resign his commission, and, returning home, died before the close of the war. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill.”

Tucker attended school in Cambridge, and finally left the High School, as he supposed forever, in April, 1851. His mental and spiritual experiences are narrated by himself so earnestly and simply in the Class-Book, that extracts from this autobiography, written at the age of twenty-seven, will be freely made.

“In February, 1850, my attention was called seriously to the subject of religion. I felt the necessity of personal piety as I never

had before ; and then it was, as I humbly trust, that my heart was changed by the Holy Spirit, so that ever since my life has been entirely different from what it was before. A complete change was wrought in me, affecting my motives as well as my outward conduct. I took an interest in many things which before I had been averse to, and I began then to have something of an aim in living, which I had not been conscious of before. Previously I had been inclined to wander from the path of rectitude, and found more delight in doing wrong than in doing right ; but now I had a desire to lead an honest, upright life. In May, 1850, I became a member of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church.

“ I remained at the High School till April, 1851, when my father thought it best I should leave and learn a trade. Accordingly I became an apprentice to my brother, who had just established himself in business, to learn the carriage-painter’s trade. Obligated to do the drudgery, which, owing to the peculiar nature of the business, is very hard and disagreeable, I was much discontented for a while, and more than once partially determined to give it up, and go into something else ; but as I had agreed to stay until I was of age, I finally made up my mind to be contented, and learn the trade as well as I could. As I learned more of the business, by degrees it became pleasant to me, and in due time, my apprenticeship being over, the man with whom I had worked when I became free (my brother having changed his business) offered to employ me as a journeyman at good wages ; so that I probably gave him satisfaction as a workman.

“ In January, 1855, I joined the Mechanic Apprentices’ Library Association, a society formed, as its name implies, for the benefit of the apprentices of Boston and vicinity. Here I enjoyed the privilege of reading many books which I could not get elsewhere, and, as I was fond of reading, I appreciated it highly. The few months that I was a member of this Association was the pleasantest part of my whole apprenticeship, and often have I regretted that I did not know of its existence earlier, so that I might have had the benefit of a longer membership. So anxious was I to attend the meetings of the Association, and to get books from the library, that I considered it no hardship to walk in and out from Boston in the evening twice, and often three times, a week. My connection with this institution has had a great deal of influence upon my life. . . .

I began to entertain the idea that possibly I might at some time go to college. . . .

“I had the honor of being elected by them to deliver the address upon the occasion of the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the Association. I did not think that I was a suitable person to perform this duty, since I was comparatively a new member, having belonged but nine months, and had never addressed a public assembly. Accordingly I was reluctant to accept the office of orator for that occasion; but as it seemed the universal desire that I should attempt it, I finally consented to do it, and on the evening of February 22, 1856, I delivered the address in Meionaon Hall, Boston. The subject of the address was, ‘The Position of the Mechanic in Society, and the Claims presented to Young Men to enter upon a Mechanical Occupation.’ . . . The address was afterwards printed in a pamphlet, which is the only composition of mine which has appeared in print, if I except a few short articles in the newspapers, such as, for instance, a few words upon the nomination of John C. Frémont for the Presidency, in the Boston Daily Chronicle, and a short reply to a correspondent in the Watchman and Reflector, who had censured antislavery lectures, and a few others which are scarcely worth alluding to.

“About the time that I was twenty-one years of age I thought more seriously of renewing my studies and attempting to get a better education. I thought a good deal upon the subject, and finally concluded that I would try, thinking that, if after a few months I did not succeed as well as I expected, I could give up the idea and go back to my trade. Accordingly, when my apprenticeship had expired, with this plan in view, I only agreed to work four months as a journeyman, and in July, 1856, began upon a course of study with the intention of trying to enter college in two years. Soon finding that it was almost impossible to get along alone, and ascertaining that I could enter the High School without any difficulty, where I should have the advantage of studying with others, as well as the advantage of having the instruction of a competent teacher, having made the necessary arrangements, I entered the school in December of the same year.

“ . . . After leaving college I think I shall study theology, intending to become a minister of the Gospel; and if I carry out the

plan which I have in view, the instruction and discipline acquired while in college, I have no doubt, will prove of service to me.

"The only society that I have been a member of while in college is the society of 'Christian Brethren,' to which I have belonged during the whole course.

"I hope, with the blessing of God, to be successful in getting an education, and afterward to accomplish in an humble way some good in the world."

Having given up the trade to which he had applied himself so assiduously, and entered college as a preparatory step to a theological course, it is needless to say that Tucker proved himself an earnest, hard-working student, and when he graduated carried with him the wisdom and knowledge that can be gained only by faithful study. His plans for the future were now matured, and he was ready to enter the Theological Seminary at Newton, Massachusetts, when a conflict of duties arose in his mind, which is best described in a letter to a friend.

"All of us ought to be willing to do what we can for our country. I did not deem it necessary to go while men enlisted so readily. Now the time seems to have come. Men are needed faster than they seem ready to volunteer. The same reasons apply to my not enlisting now that applied a year ago. I left my trade with a deep conviction that it was my duty to prepare myself to be a preacher of the Gospel. This conviction has never left me, and I have not hitherto felt it would be right to turn aside from the pursuit of this object. But now the country is plunged into war, a terrible war, by Rebels who are seeking to overturn the government, and degrade it from being the freest government the world ever knew, to be a mere slave oligarchy. If they succeed in their hellish design, and this government is overthrown, then perishes all civil and religious liberty, our national life ceases, and nothing is left worth having. Since this is the case, the question arises, Is it not the duty of every man, to whom God has given strength and ability, to do what he can to prevent this, even to shouldering the musket and taking the field to meet force by force? If, as we are sometimes told is the case, God has placed the institutions of civil

and religious freedom in the hands of the people of this nation, then do we not serve him by maintaining these institutions? And if we prove recreant to our trust, shall we not justly merit his displeasure? Life is sweet, and I suppose it is as sweet to me as to most people; but I do really feel willing to offer my services to my country, place myself upon her altar, fight, and, if need be, die in her defence. I have thought it proper, in thinking of the matter, to consider that it was more than a possibility, even approaching a strong probability, that, if I went to the war, I should be maimed, disabled for life by wounds, or contract disease which would render me a helpless dependant upon friends, if I was not killed; and I have asked myself, if the cause demanded this of me. I admit that it does of many young men, but does it of me, situated as I am, about to commence a course of theological study? I have patriotism enough to lead me to make any sacrifice of time, substance, life itself, for my beloved country. I wish to go to the relief of my fellow-citizens, almost worn out with their severe campaign. It seems ignoble for me to remain here at home, resting in inglorious ease, while many better men than I am, or can ever hope to be, are bravely defending my country's rights and honor. Shall I be any the less doing right, by becoming a soldier and helping to fight my country's battles, than are those thousands of clergymen and good men of the North, who are doing all they can to induce young men to enlist?"

He writes in his journal at this time: —

"It is not congenial to my tastes to go to war, but it seems now as though all who love their country ought to be willing to take up arms in its defence. . . . I hope I shall be faithful in the performance of my duty when on the battle-field."

On the 31st of July, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company F of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was mustered into the United States service on the 13th of August following, passing his time, meanwhile, in hurried farewell visits to friends in Maine and New Hampshire. On reporting at Camp Cameron, being then disabled by a painful sore upon his right hand, he received a furlough which was afterwards extended till the departure of the regi-

ment; and he was thus enabled to take part in the many war meetings in Cambridge and vicinity, and his stirring appeals were eloquent, because heart-felt.

When the regiment reached Camp Belger, near Baltimore, the need of a chaplain was severely felt, and some concerted action was taken, but to no effect, except to draw out and bind more closely together a band who thenceforward constituted the "church" of the regiment. Services were held every Sunday morning by the Colonel, and in the afternoon by a private soldier. Other meetings were instituted, and continued till the regiment was so depleted in numbers by sickness and death that but a very few of the original attendants remained. In these meetings Tucker was always prominent, dividing the charge with the comrade before mentioned; and as he added the influence of his private life to that of his exhortations, he was known in the regiment as "the peacemaker."

In a paper which he had read before the Irving Literary Association in Cambridge, a short time previous to his departure, he had contrasted the causes of the Revolutionary War with those of the present struggle; depicting in a striking manner the steadfast determination of the heroes of former days to overcome all obstacles and make every sacrifice; and declaring that of such material alone should the new army of liberty be composed. Being himself of a strong constitution (though short in stature), inured in some measure by the toil of past years to the arduous service he was now to perform, and, above all, being of a cheerful, uncomplaining spirit, disposed to compromise with every necessary inconvenience, he was far better fitted for the severe duties, exposure, and accumulating privations of the campaign in Louisiana than might be supposed. He went through the first advance on Port Hudson and the Têche campaign without losing a day's duty or being once under the surgeon's care; though he had a narrow escape at Fort Bisland, where a shot from the enemy marked in its course

the very spot where he had just been resting, and from which he had but slightly moved.

In a letter to a messmate, who had been left behind at Algiers on account of sickness, he writes : —

“ If we should be called on again to meet the enemy, I hope it will not be till after you are with us, so that, as we have been together so long ‘ in city and in camp,’ we may have it to say, that we have been on the battle-field together. But I am not very anxious, individually, to again go into battle ; not that I am afraid, but really I cannot understand the pleasure of shooting at these unfortunate men, who are fighting against us more from necessity than from choice. If there is any other way of bringing them to terms, even by marches so long that our past ones would be but pleasant walks, surely, for the sake of humanity alone, it is preferable.”

On the morning of the second day of the fight at Bisland, he received the news of the death of a brother at home ; and a few days after he parted with another, an elder brother, who had enlisted in the same regiment, and was then serving as hospital steward, having had a practical medical experience of several years in Cambridge. Their parents were destined to lose three sons within the short space of four months. Members of the same church, they were earnest colaborers in every good cause. Now, for the first time since leaving home, they must forego each other’s presence and assistance ; now for the first time were they to meet sickness and suffering without that precious antidote, — so precious when away from home, — a brother’s watchful care. They parted, to meet no more on earth ; the one, on his way to the hospital and to the grave ; the other, marching on to the battle-field.

The Army of the Gulf, having driven the Rebels out of sight, left Alexandria, and arrived in the rear of Port Hudson on the 23d of May, 1863, and after a skirmish on the 25th, in which the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts was engaged, a general assault was ordered on the 27th. On the morning of the 27th the Thirty-eighth was ordered to sup-

port Duryea's battery, which was in position on the edge of the woods in front of the Rebel works. In a short time after the troops were thrown forward, the skirmishers, having worked their way up to the ditch, were seen running up the embankment, and the fire from the enemy had almost ceased. In the words of an eyewitness: —

“It was generally believed that the outer line of works had been abandoned, and the regiment, issuing from the rear of the battery, formed in line of battle, and charged on the double-quick; but, on account of the ravines and fallen timber on each side the roadway, the line of battle could not be maintained, and the order was given, ‘By the right flank,’ which movement was immediately executed. Another regiment, in advance, through some misapprehension, did not move forward, and the two commands were badly mixed up, the colors being nearly side by side. By this time, the breastworks were fully manned, and a volley of musketry met the advancing column; but there was no hesitation, when, to the surprise of the regiment, the order came to ‘lie down.’ Accustomed to obey orders promptly, the men dropped at once, some in the roadway, others in the ravines to the right and left. And now the enemy had it all their own way; safe behind their works, they took deliberate aim at every man in that exposed position who showed signs of life.”

Company F was in the direct line of fire, down the road from the works, and it seemed a miracle that but few were wounded. Tucker was the first on the list. He was struck by a ball in the left shoulder; and, after being helped into a ravine a few rods to the rear, remained there for two hours before it was possible to get a stretcher so far to the front to convey him to the field hospital. His nearest comrades meanwhile endeavored to make his last hours as easy as possible. Upon the surgeon's examination it was found that the ball had glanced inward from the shoulder-blade to the lungs, and no care could save or help him. He died in an hour after he was brought in; dying as quietly as if falling asleep. In answer to a comrade he said

that his hurt was very painful ; yet from beginning to end there was not a groan, not a murmur.

A peculiar coincidence of dates should be here mentioned. On the 3d of March previous, the company to which he belonged wished to send a letter of condolence to the family of their former First Sergeant, afterwards Sergeant-Major, then just deceased. Tucker was on the committee, and not knowing that another member was then writing the letter, wrote a hurried draft for one in his diary, taking the precaution to write on pages several months ahead. After his death, his friends were astonished to find, when reading his daily notes, written up to the night before the battle, that his own hand had unintentionally inserted an obituary most appropriate for himself, under a date corresponding with that of his death, speaking in warm praise of "his worth as a friend, his excellence as a soldier," and expressing "the hope that his example of cheerful endurance of the discomforts of a soldier's life and faithful performance of a soldier's duty may not be lost upon us."

The following extract from a letter written by a comrade to the Cambridge Chronicle, met a heart-felt response from all who knew him, either in the regiment or at home.

"Our first attack upon Port Hudson cost us the life of one well known in Cambridge for his literary acquirements and Christian labors. . . . No one came into the army with purer motives of patriotism ; no one more devoted to the cause of his country ; and no one more prepared for entrance into 'that undiscovered bourn.' A friendship of many years was made yet closer by the intimacy of camp life, and our connection as messmates and chosen friends. Sleeping under the same blanket, reading the same books, taking the same walks, acquainted with each other's friends at home, and having many tastes in common, justify me in asserting that I never knew a truer friend, a nobler or more self-sacrificing patriot, a more modest possessor of true merit, a more honest fulfiller of all supposed obligations, a better example of true manly character, or a more upright Christian and faithful exponent of true Christianity."

In the following spring, the Irving Literary Association, of which he had been an active and a loved and honored member, — twice holding its highest office, — made arrangements for bringing home the bodies of the brothers Tucker, and were aided cheerfully and liberally by the Class of 1862 and by the church which had lost two faithful members. By the assistance of the friend and messmate before mentioned, now an officer in the Eighty-eighth United States Colored Troops, the arrangements were successfully carried out, after once failing by reason of an unexpected attack from a large force of the enemy, which drove in the pickets, and scattered those who were searching for the grave where a summer's growth had utterly transformed the spot. The remains of the two brothers arrived in Cambridge, Friday, May 6; and two days after, impressive services were held in the Cambridge Baptist Church, by Rev. Mr. Annable, who took for his text the dying charge of King David to Solomon, "Show thyself a man." The past and present members of the Irving Literary Association attended in a body, accompanied by college and regimental associates of the deceased. The military organizations of Cambridge performed escort duty, and many citizens assembled to do honor to the memory of the brave. Side by side before the altar lay the two coffins; and side by side, in the cemetery, lie the two graves, with the inscriptions,

"HOME AT LAST."

"REST IN PEACE."

1863.

AUGUSTUS BARKER.

Second Lieutenant 5th New York Cavalry, October 31, 1861; First Lieutenant, May 3, 1862; Captain, October 24, 1862; died near Kelly's Ford, Va., September 18, 1863, of wounds received from guerillas, September 17.

AUGUSTUS BARKER was born in Albany, New York, April 24, 1842. He was the son of William Hazard and Jeannette (James) Barker. His grandfather on the paternal side was Jacob Barker of New Orleans, Louisiana. His mother, who died soon after his birth, was the daughter of the late William James of Albany. He attended a variety of schools, — at Albany, Sing-Sing, and Geneva, in New York; at New Haven, Connecticut; and finally at Exeter, New Hampshire, where he was a pupil of the Academy. In July, 1859, he entered the Freshman Class of Harvard University.

In College he was genial, frank, and popular. His college life, however, closed with the second term of the Sophomore year, and he soon after entered the volunteer cavalry service of New York as a private in the Harris Light Cavalry, afterwards known as the Fifth New York Cavalry, Colonel De Forrest. His first commission as Second Lieutenant of Company L bore date October 31, 1861; his commission as First Lieutenant, May 3, 1862; and his commission as Captain, October 24, 1862. His regiment passed much of its early career in camp near Annapolis, Maryland, under the command of Brigadier-General Hatch, United States Volunteers, "a very energetic and agreeable man," as Barker wrote, "who superintends in person, and instructs and suggests when he sees the officers at a loss." Although convinced of the necessity of drilling and disciplining the men for active service, Barker was soon weary

of the monotony of camp life ; for in a letter to his sister, under date of March 17, 1862, he said : —

“ I wish that we could move immediately from here, as this fearful monotony is becoming wearisome, — anything but this passive warfare. I did not come here to wait and wear myself out with vain hopes of a speedy departure. I came here to learn to be a soldier, and then to practise ; and as we have become quite efficient in this particular arm of the service, we are daily in expectation of orders to march. . . . To-day or to-morrow I would gladly go to fight, either to distinguish myself or *die*. It destroys my disposition to read of victories, day by day, on all sides of us, and not be able to share in any of them. It is too bad. Never mind. I will be in a battle, if practicable in the least degree, or never go home.”

The regiment was afterwards joined to the corps of General Banks, and was actively engaged in his disastrous Virginia campaign. While at Winchester, in April, Lieutenant Barker was ordered with a small body of picked men to escort General Rosecrans, of whom he speaks in the warmest terms in a letter of May 2, 1862 : —

“ I found General Rosecrans a man full of sympathy, amiability, and yet thoroughly strict in everything he did or ordered ; and so definite was he in all details, that I had no hesitation in the performance of my duty, knowing if I acted rightly I should receive his praise, and if I erred through inattention or negligence I should receive his severest rebuke. He appeared to delight in youthful company, throwing off all restraint and that military stiffness which is so apt to paralyze the free actions and thoughts of a young fellow ; but he is such a *man* that he won my affections so much that I felt and even wished that danger might have threatened, so I could have shown my feeling towards him by my ardor and sincerity in averting it. . . . Besides the invaluable instruction I have received from him in person, his official business so required his presence here and there and everywhere, that I gained quite an idea of the country between Harper's Ferry and Woodstock (which was then the advanced head-quarters), a distance of sixty-two miles. My idea of scenery hitherto has been governed entirely by the region of the Catskills and Berkshire County ; but never

have I seen so beautiful and peaceful a scene, at the same time grand and extensive, as the Valley of the Shenandoah presented. Forever our home on the Hudson, and our haunt in the hills of Berkshire, may be silent when the recollections of Central Virginia occur."

Very soon after the Virginia campaign, about the 1st of August, 1862, Lieutenant Barker was taken ill with typhoid fever, but before yielding to the disease, he had, in a severe skirmish near Culpeper Court-House, taken three prisoners single-handed and brought them in. He succeeded in getting to within a mile of Culpeper Court-House, more than a day's ride from where he started. There he was obliged to alight, being unable to proceed any farther. Having had a trooper detailed to escort him and assist him, he was placed under a tree by the roadside and was left alone; his companion spending a whole day in the effort, at last successful, to find him a conveyance to the Alexandria railway, whither he had been ordered. His father, hearing of his illness (but not until ten or twelve days after), proceeded at once to Alexandria, and found him in an extremely low condition, so much so that his surgeon had no hopes of his recovery. His father, however, took the responsibility of removing him to Washington, and to his great joy and happiness saw him begin to rally at once, convalescing so rapidly that in a fortnight he could set out for the North. He went by slow stages to Lenox, Massachusetts, suffering no drawback. His health was rapidly restored, and he rejoined his regiment in the same year, November 16, 1862, at Fort Scott, Virginia, near Washington.

On the 9th of March, 1863, Captain Barker was taken prisoner with Brigadier-General E. H. Stoughton, they having been surprised in their beds at midnight by Mosby, near Fairfax Court-House. The General and his staff were betrayed into the hands of the Philistines by Miss Antonia J. Ford, — "Honorary Aide-de-Camp" to the Rebel Gen-

eral Stuart; she had planned the capture with Rebel officers. When near Centreville, on his way to Richmond, Captain Barker made a desperate effort to escape. He was on a strange horse, without saddle, and surrounded by fifteen or twenty Rebel cavalymen; but, watching his opportunity, he suddenly wheeled,—in the effort unhorsing several of the enemy,—succeeded in getting clear of the guard, and dashed off, the Rebels in full pursuit; a dozen or more shots were fired at him without effect, but coming suddenly upon a formidable ditch, the horse bolted and threw him over his head, without serious injury. The Rebels were upon him in a moment, and, knowing then it was useless to resist, he surrendered.

A graphic description of this daring attempt, and of the subsequent demeanor of Captain Barker in prison, can fortunately be given in the words of his companion in the misadventure, General Stoughton.

“Early in the month of March, 1863, before the gray dawn of day had replaced the darkness gathered during a stormy, cold, and gusty night of rain and sleet, I found myself riding side by side with a young man through the thick pine woods of Virginia, our horses floundering in the mud caused by the recent rains. We were surrounded by several Rebel soldiers, each carrying his pistol in his hand, cocked and ready for use should we attempt to escape; but in spite of this vigilance he managed to communicate to me his name, and his intention to escape as we neared Centreville, rouse the garrison there, and liberate his fellow-prisoners. I reminded him of the peril of the attempt under the circumstances, to which he paid little heed, seeming only anxious as to the horse's capacity to leap the stream which then separated us from Centreville, running only a few rods to our left, and parallel to our course of march. It was now the gray of the morning, and suddenly he dashed from my side directly toward the stream. Almost instantly the report of several pistols broke the stillness of the morning air, and Barker fell forward on his horse's neck, the horse still plunging toward the stream, on reaching which he raised himself on his hind legs as if to make a spring to clear it, when, suddenly turning short to the

left, Barker fell to the ground, as we all supposed at the time mortally wounded, in this most intrepid attempt to release his fellow-prisoners from captivity. Such was my first acquaintance with Augustus Barker, and so much was I pleased with him, that the next day, when I was paroled and permitted to leave the other prisoners, to become the guest of General Fitz-Hugh Lee, I asked that he might accompany me, which request was granted. Afterwards, in Libby Prison, under the most depressing circumstances, he displayed the rarest qualities; his buoyant spirits and good cheer never deserted him. He was, I may say, a great pet with all the prisoners, cheering the downcast and encouraging the anxious and low-spirited. He was a child in spirits, and eminently a man in action. His frank, joyous, and patient bearing was envied and admired by all.

“I slept under the same blanket with him during his entire imprisonment, and I recollect very well that one morning, as upwards of sixty officers from the Western army were turned into our room, — which already literally swarmed with about one hundred and eighty inmates, — having been stripped of their blankets and overcoats by General Bragg, by whom they had been captured, Barker was the first to relieve their wants so far as lay in his power, and commenced by dividing his own blankets among them. His extreme generosity was, without consciousness or ostentation, made apparent in almost every act of his daily existence.

“A harsh or unkind word I never heard him use to any one, and his careful attention to those stricken down by disease in prison bespoke the most gentle and thoughtful nature.

“The beauties of his disposition, and his daily acts of kindness during an acquaintance of several months, had endeared him to me quite beyond my power of expression. I heard him repeatedly assert that he would never again be captured alive, and he indulged in great anxiety lest his friends should attribute fault to him for his capture; that was the only thought that ever seemed to affect his spirits. I never saw him after our release from captivity, but I learned of that brave, generous boy’s untimely death with great sorrow.”

After two months of imprisonment, Captain Barker was, on the 6th of May, exchanged, and ordered to Annapolis,

where he rejoined his regiment on the 27th of the same month. He was engaged in many severe fights and constantly in skirmishes, and his regiment particularly distinguished itself at the battle of Gettysburg, under General Kilpatrick. He went into the fray with thirty-two men, and came out with only three, the others being either killed, wounded, or missing. A minie-ball passed through his blanket, his horse was killed, and a round-shot struck the ground within a few feet of him, almost burying him with earth; but he escaped without a scratch.

On the 16th of September, 1863, the regiment having moved from Hartwood Church, Virginia, and crossed to the southern side of the Rappahannock, Captain Barker was left behind in charge of three hundred men, picketing the river, and on the 17th, while on the march to join his regiment, as he was riding with a single man some distance in front of the column, he was fired upon by guerillas concealed in an adjoining wood. Two balls took effect, — one in the right side and the other in the left breast, — each inflicting a mortal wound. He was immediately carried to the house of Mr. Harris Freeman, near Mount Holly Church, about one mile from Kelly's Ford. From this gentleman and his family the dying soldier received the most tender attentions. Everything in their power was done to alleviate his sufferings; but he survived his wounds only twelve hours, dying on the 18th of September, 1863, in the twenty-second year of his age. His body was taken to Albany, where it was buried with military honors from St. Peter's Church, October 10, 1863.

WINTHROP PERKINS BOYNTON.

Second Lieutenant 55th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), July 8, 1863 ; First Lieutenant, November 21, 1863 ; Captain, November 23, 1864 ; killed at Honey Hill, S. C., November 30, 1864.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Boston, August 29, 1841. His parents were Perkins and Mary Anne (Simonds) Boynton. After two years spent at the Endicott School in Boston, he was sent to the Public Latin School, of which Francis Gardner, Esq. was principal. There he remained for six years, finishing his course in 1858, and having then no intention of going to college. In school he was not remarkable for any great brilliancy or especial endowments, but for steady fidelity to his duty.

In the early part of the year 1859, having conceived the idea of entering college, he returned to his studies, under the instruction of Mr. Edwin H. Abbot, and in July, 1859, was admitted to the Freshman Class.

In College he displayed the same characteristics as at school. While faithful to his work, he was not ambitious of distinguished honor, and contented himself with a respectable position in point of scholarship. His taste for natural history and the natural sciences was shown by his choice of studies, and was also frequently exhibited in his letters home from the army. He was distinguished for his strength and powers of endurance, was an active gymnast, and very fond of boating and other athletic sports. He was extremely reserved, contenting himself with a few intimate friends, and not seeking the acquaintance of a large number of his Class, so that to most of them he was comparatively unknown ; but by those who knew him best he was loved and respected. In 1857, when he was in his seventeenth year, he united himself with the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, and was ever faithful to the obli-

gations under which this relation placed him. His pastor says of him : —

“He was an earnest, ardent disciple of the Master, taking an active part in the meetings of the church, especially among his young friends. During the four years of his college course he kept his place in the meetings, faithfully discharging his duties. In the Sabbath school he bore an active part, and greatly endeared himself to the superintendent, scholars, and teachers. . . . He was decided in his character, manly in the expression of his views, uncompromising in his religious convictions, unswerving in his principles of integrity and honor.”

The testimony of his college chum so accords with what has been said that it is well to quote it : —

“He was reserved and of few words, so that few knew him thoroughly at College. But he was remarkable for stern moral purity, unswerving truthfulness, and deep religious faith, and was highly esteemed by all. . . . He was almost the type of a wholly developed man, an unusually strong and healthy frame, great mechanical ingenuity, discreet judgment, a taste cultivated by communion with the best books, . . . warm sympathies for others, high manly motives in his heart, and a constant sense of the love and presence of God; and all these without a spark of the consciousness that he displayed them.”

As his college course drew towards its close, he seems to have felt some doubts as to his proper vocation. That the war had lasted for two years was a source of great anxiety to his mind. At this time the experiment of forming regiments of colored soldiers had been much talked of, and was under trial. A few extracts from his letters at this time will best show the state of his feelings. His friend Crane (afterwards his Captain in the service, and always his intimate friend) was then in the nine months' service, having left College to enlist in the Forty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. To him he wrote, under date of February, 1863, that he had no idea what he should do after Class-day; but under date of May

19th he said, after speaking of his devotion to rowing and gymnastics, with reference to his great purpose: —

“My darling project of late has been to get a commission in a negro regiment. I fear that will prove but a mere dream. Commissions go by favor, or by that which makes the mare go; and, so far as I can learn, it will be of little or no avail to apply to the Governor in my own name.”

Soon after this the Forty-fourth Regiment returned home, and Crane received a commission in the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, a colored regiment then encamped at Readville. Meanwhile Boynton had made an application for a commission, which had been disregarded. At this time he was zealously studying tactics, and seeking to acquire a knowledge of military matters. One day when visiting Captain Crane at Readville, he offered to remain and assist in drilling the men, thinking thereby to add to his own knowledge and to increase his chances of subsequently securing the much-desired commission for himself. The offer was accepted, and he remained at the camp for several days, making himself many friends both among the officers and men. In consequence of his success and the earnestness which he displayed, Colonel Hallowell offered to use his influence to procure him a commission in the regiment, and on the 8th of July, 1863, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. His cherished desire was accomplished, and he was now in a position for which he was peculiarly qualified, and where, to use his own words, he was in his right element. His decided opinions in regard to the principles involved in the war, his sympathy with the negro race, his strength and power of endurance, his determination and self-control, and his strong religious principles, fitted him for the discharge of his duties, and combined to make him one of the most energetic and conscientious officers of the regiment. He always retained the good-will of his men, and was particularly successful in arresting the tendency to mutiny which

the soldiers at one time manifested, when they had been deprived for many months of their pay, in consequence of the action of Congress. In this matter his sympathy was entirely with them, and in his letters he frequently praises the spirit and persistency with which they demanded their rights, and their performance of their duty under so great discouragement, and speaks with indignation of those who withheld their dues. But he felt that the discipline of the service must be maintained, and was as strict in enforcing it as he was strong in his feeling for their wrongs.

From the time that he received his commission his history is identical with that of his regiment. He was usually at head-quarters, seldom on detached service. Active campaigning agreed with his constitution, and many months after leaving home he was mentioned as the only officer whose name had not been on the sick-list. So many officers had been detached that the service of the others was particularly severe; and as his health was always good, he seems to have had his full share, or even more. He left home as Lieutenant in the company of his friend Captain Crane, and for many months they were inseparable. During his whole term of service, in all of which he never received a leave of absence, he wrote home cheerful letters, — in some of them displaying a humor and keen wit which few knew him to possess.

On leaving Boston his regiment went to Newbern, North Carolina, where it remained for a few days. It was then sent to take part in the attack on Charleston, and encamped on Folly Island, where he accompanied it. He there passed most of his remaining life, with the exception of a few months spent in an expedition to Florida, and a few when with his company he garrisoned Long Island, South Carolina.

His descriptions of his life were very graphic and interesting, and he always seemed perfectly contented and happy. He wrote in one of his earliest letters to his college chum: —

“Your description of all you enjoyed during your vacation for a moment made me feel half sad, for it reminded me that I might have experienced similar pleasures if I had chosen. . . . Yet I would not change places with you for the world. I did not take the step I took without seriously weighing the matter from every point of view, and that step I have never regretted for an instant. You have mentioned the chosen pursuits of many old friends, but there is not one with whom I could be tempted to exchange. I could not, during the war, feel the minutest particle of interest in any of those pursuits.”

And in another letter written nearly a year later, and within about four months of the close of his life, he says : —

“I believe the army to be a first-rate school, which very often ruins its pupils ; but if they can sustain the training, they come out with greatly increased self-confidence, knowledge of men, power of self-government, and very many of those qualities which go so far to make up a real man.”

In speaking of his army life he regrets the loss of Sunday and of religious worship. In one of his letters he says : “I have not heard a sermon nor attended a religious meeting of any kind for three months.” In another, written some time after : “Religion does not flourish on this soil, and Sabbaths are unknown in our brigade. Each Sunday is for the men a day of cleaning up and beginning anew.” He follows this with quite a graphic account of the “Sunday inspection.”

Soon after arriving at Folly Island he had been placed third in the order for promotion on the list of Second Lieutenants ; and in a letter written January 21, 1864, he speaks of having been recently promoted First Lieutenant (November 21, 1863), and then says, “I find no trouble in making myself at home in camp, and enjoy the life there perfectly.” In the same letter he says, referring to his regiment : —

“I admire the spirit which these men show. They have evi-

dently enlisted on principle, and, moreover, being so nearly akin to the Fifty-fourth, they are eager to emulate their example. I have not the least doubt that they will fight to the death, the more because they expect nothing but the worst treatment from the Rebs. I admire, too, the manner in which they stick together in the pay matter. They have not taken a cent yet, and will not until the United States pays them as it does white soldiers."

About the 14th of February, 1864, his regiment was sent on an expedition to Florida, and participated in the battle of Olustee, where it covered the retreat of our defeated forces. Of this expedition he wrote under date of February 28th: —

"Just two weeks ago to-day we left South Carolina, and ceased, forever and a day, I trust, to be foolish islanders. We broke camp at daylight, . . . and embarked at noon . . . for the State of Florida. We had a delightful voyage, and I dreamed (by day) of De Soto and Ponce de Leon, and the romantic search for the fountain of youth. . . . We landed at Jacksonville, Monday, and bivouacked in town. . . . Next morning we marched eight miles, to Camp Finnigan, and the day following marched eight miles back again. Good thing that, for it taught us to make our packs as light as possible. One's eyes are wonderfully opened by a march with knapsacks to the fact that man needs but little here below.

"Companies D and H were detailed for provost duty in town, and Captain Crane and I were Assistant Provost-Marshal for two days. . . . Friday morning we started for the front, marching through magnificent open pine woods, and bivouacked at night between two swamps, I commanding the picket. Next morning we marched eighteen miles and reached Barber's. In the afternoon heard a fierce battle going on in our front, and marched towards it as fast as possible. Company H was detailed to guard a block-house and an enormous railroad-bridge. . . . Next morning news came that the enemy were in hot pursuit of our routed forces, and our picket was ordered to come in as quickly as possible. We were then a mile and a quarter from camp, and on approaching it found the army retreating in two columns, our regiment bringing up the rear of that on the right. . . . That day (Sunday) we re-

treated in good order to Baldwin, stayed an hour or two, and at nightfall started again and travelled thirteen miles more, — twenty-five in all. . . . Halted at midnight, and bivouacked in the woods. Were we tired and footsore? Did we (Will and I) have a good supper of fried pork and coffee? Did we then turn in, snapping our fingers at all fear of Johnny, and go to sleep to be awakened by daylight, which seemed to tread on the heels of twelve o'clock? All this we did and more. We started again at sunrise. . . . The retreat, though made in excellent order, . . . was a disgraceful affair, because entirely unnecessary. . . . This week we have been employed moving our camp from one place to another, and fortifying the town, which is now completely encircled by rifle-pits and several small forts. Reinforcements have also arrived, and there are troops enough here to defend the town against fifty thousand Rebels (I think).”

In another letter written somewhat later, but during the same expedition, he alludes to some invidious distinctions made between the white and black regiments, as follows:—

“An order has been issued by the commander of the post, that white and colored men are not to attend church together. I wonder he had not issued a general order specifying what shade of complexion and texture of hair a man must have to enter the kingdom of Heaven.”

Soon after, with his regiment, he returned to Folly Island. In the latter part of May, 1864, he was sick for two weeks or more with pneumonia, the first time that he was ever on the sick-list. He had himself put on the list for active duty, however, before fairly recovering, because there was only a small number of officers present with the regiment, and he wished to do his share of duty. He went out also with a fatigue party for two days, during the whole of which time there was a severe rain. But so strong was his constitution, that, strange as it may seem, no ill effects resulted from this exposure.

On the 3d of July he was engaged with his regiment in the capture of a battery on James Island. In this engage-

ment several officers were wounded, among them Captain Goodwin of Company D ; and Boynton was now detached and placed in command of this company, where he remained till his death.

In the latter part of September, 1864, he was detailed with his company, at his own request, to form part of the garrison of Long Island, and wrote thence, under date of October 12th : —

“I have been here twenty days. The island is thickly wooded with pines, live-oak, palmetto, persimmon-trees, and many others. It is surrounded by marshes like those described in the first article of the last Atlantic. . . . The delineations of a night in this Southern climate are very correct. A score of little points attracted my attention as being parts also of my own experience, — the large and high soaring fireflies, the rabbits leaping the narrow footpath, the oozy, treacherous marshes, and the piers and picket (or picquet) posts. . . . The writer is evidently no stranger among the sights and sounds of this Southern coast.”

He was commissioned Captain, November 23, 1864 ; but before learning his promotion he fell in the battle of Honey Hill, November 30th, at the head of his company. He fell, struck in the side, but, rising again, led his men on. Waving his sword and shouting encouragement to them, he was hit in the neck, and fell again. The line was repulsed, and his body was never recovered.

A writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser for December 4, 1865, under date of Charleston, November 25th, gives the following account of the battle : —

“Your readers may remember that Major-General Foster despatched General Hatch with some four thousand men, in November last, to cut the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and offer another objective point to Sherman, then coming from Atlanta shoreward. The expedition landed at Boyd’s Neck, on Broad River, and marched inland eight miles, encountering the enemy (about two thousand two hundred strong). . . . at Honey Hill, on the Grahamsville Road. In the fight which ensued, miserable gener-

alship won us as rare a defeat as the whole war has witnessed, we losing over twelve hundred men to the Rebels' forty. The Massachusetts Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth infantry were engaged. . . . My object in revisiting the field was to discover, if possible, and mark the graves of Captain Crane and Lieutenant Boynton of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, both killed in the action of November 30th, and said to have been honorably buried by the Rebels. We found the woods and swamp in which the fight occurred overgrown with weeds and bushes. Bits of clothing, scattered bones of men and horses, and all the *débris* of a battle-field, however, would have indicated, even to a civilian, that there had been a severe struggle upon the ground. . . . We crossed the little sluggish brook which had been our limit of advance in the fight, and ascended an abrupt slope to the substantial fieldwork which crowned it. Standing upon the embankment, and looking down at the stream and its dead fringe of thickly-set swamp-trees, only broken by the narrow opening of the road, we could not wonder that a concentrated fire of musketry and artillery, at hardly a hundred yards' range, swept back the gallant soldiers who advanced to so hopeless a charge. The narrowing of the road, bordered as it was by pools of water and slashed trees, broke the double column, in which the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts charged twice, into a crowded and confused mass, a marked target for the Rebel fire, which mowed down the front ranks, and rendered advance physically and morally impossible. . . . Captain Crane, who was acting as aid to Colonel Hartwell, fell in the stream, horse and rider being instantly killed by canister. Lieutenant Boynton, hit in the leg by a musket-ball, fell, rose again, staggered forward, and was killed by a discharge of canister, falling a second time upon his face in the water. The road was piled crosswise with wounded and slain. Marks of shot far up the trees were evidence of the wildness of part of the Rebel fire, which alone saved the regiment from utter annihilation. According to the stories of deserters, and (since the cessation of hostilities) of participants in the battle, the men were all buried on the side of the stream farthest from the intrenchments, and the officers, or at least Captain Crane, who was a Freemason, in separate graves on higher ground, still farther from the water. Upon search we found the trench in which the men had been interred. A narrow drain at the side of the road had apparently been wi-

dened, and the bodies thrown in and covered with a foot or so of mould. The earth seemed as if freshly turned, but was sunken from the effects of rain and drainage. We could find no other place of burial, nor indeed could we hope for success in our search unless aided by one of the burial party, for the weeds had grown up in the woods and at the wayside, all the ranker for their baptism of blood."

Colonel Hartwell (Fifty-fifth Massachusetts) thus describes these two officers of his regiment, who died together, and whose memoirs here appear in close proximity.

"They fell by the side of 'men of African descent,' brave and true as steel, who knew well the worth to their cause of earnest and educated gentlemen like Crane and Boynton. Crane obtained the position in the regiment for his classmate and near friend Boynton. All through the fatiguing siege of Wagner and the incessant labors and difficulties of the regiment in the Department of the South, these two men were always at work, and always so cheerfully and so efficiently that I became greatly attached to them, and mourn their loss to the regiment and to the service. They were alike in being particularly refined and gentlemanly in their manners and tastes, and in doing everything with great care and precision. I remember how clean and well-dressed they looked on the day of the action, and how calmly and intelligently they behaved."

HENRY FRENCH BROWN.

Private 2d New Hampshire Vols. (Infantry), September 5, 1862; died at Boston, March 3, 1863, of disease contracted in the service.

HENRY FRENCH BROWN was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, in March, 1840. Nothing is known of his parentage or childhood, but on the 5th of January, 1850, at the age of ten years, he was admitted into the "Farm School for Indigent Boys," in Boston Harbor. He was then an orphan, and was admitted on application of an elder brother.

He remained there for three years, during which time he sustained a good character, and was one of the best scholars in the school. When twelve years of age he wrote a school composition which attracted the attention of the well-known Boston philanthropist, Deacon Grant, who caused it to be printed for distribution among the pupils of the school. In 1860, a little pamphlet was published, entitled "A Brief Notice of the Five Browns, Graduates of the Boys' Asylum and Farm School; all bearing the Name of Brown and all from different Families." Five lines of this pamphlet are devoted to Henry French Brown, and he is described as "a good scholar, more fond of books than play."

He was discharged from the Farm School on the 18th of May, 1853, and went to New York with his former teacher, Mr. John A. Lamprey, to be employed in an insurance office. This did not last long, for some reason, and he was then taken by another teacher, Mr. Eben Sperry French, who removed him to his own home at North Hampton, New Hampshire, and made him a member of Exeter Academy. He entered the Academy at the age of fourteen, August 23, 1854, and remained there until his admission to the Sophomore Class at Cambridge, in 1860. Of his standing

in the Academy the following statement is given by the principal, Gideon L. Soule, Esq. : —

“ He remained in the Academy till he was well prepared to enter the Sophomore Class at Harvard. He was a chubby, fair-faced boy, looking younger than he was, healthy and always cheerful, and apparently happy. His good-natured wit and humor were a never-failing cause of merriment among his fellows. He was always distinguished in the school; but I can hardly say whether most by his good natural powers, by his laziness, or by his waywardness. He could lead his class when he chose to do so, but his application was intermittent. Sometimes it was a gratification to hear him recite. I remember his recitations in Cicero’s *Lælius* as particularly discriminating and elegant. So in his compositions he was always distinguished. If the theme had a practical bearing, especially affording room for his playful satire, he treated it in a manner very remarkable for one of his years and advantages. He never used others’ thoughts, but wrote like one of broad experience. I became very much interested in him, and he gave me a great deal of trouble.”

Brown’s college career did not open very successfully, and he remained at Harvard but one term. He afterwards taught school for a time, and finally enlisted in the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, as one of the quota of the town of Stratham, being mustered into the service September 5, 1862. He is said to have been taken ill at Washington, and to have died of fever at the house of a brother in South Boston. It is certain that his death occurred from disease, somewhere within the limits of the city, on the 3d of March, 1863.

WILLIAM DWIGHT CRANE.

Private 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 11, 1862; First Lieutenant 55th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), June 7, 1863; Captain, June 19, 1863; killed at Honey Hill, S. C., November 30, 1864.

WILLIAM DWIGHT CRANE was born in East Boston, Massachusetts, November 29, 1840. He was the son of Phineas Miller Crane, M. D., a native of Canton, Massachusetts, and Susan Hooker Dwight, daughter of Seth Dwight, a merchant of Utica, New York, and one of the earliest settlers of the place.

His grandfather on his father's side was Elijah Crane of Canton, for several years Major-General of the militia forces of Massachusetts, and also Grand-Master of the Grand Masonic Lodge of the State. General Crane was a man of strict integrity and uncommon firmness of will. His grandson William, though he had never seen him, had conceived a great admiration for his character, and frequently expressed the wish that he might prove himself worthy of such an ancestor; a wish afterwards fulfilled in a manner little anticipated.

He was admitted at an unusually early age to the Lyman Grammar School, and afterwards spent three years at the English High School in Boston. In his conduct at these schools he was exemplary, and in scholarship always successful. He became gradually so fond of study, that, although originally destined for a business life, he finally resolved to spend two years in the Public Latin School, to fit himself for college. He entered the Freshman Class at Cambridge in July, 1859.

Before this time he had devoted a good deal of attention to music, vocal and instrumental, occupying such leisure as he could command at home in practising on the piano-forte. In the spring of 1857 he began to play the

organ of the East Boston Unitarian Society, and to give lessons in piano-forte playing. His labors as an organist and teacher he continued until the period of his enlistment in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment; and at that time was esteemed a fine performer on both instruments, as well as a conscientious and successful teacher. Having thirteen pupils in music, to whom he gave one lesson each per week, he was obliged to be very industrious at Cambridge and very economical of his time in East Boston, to keep both his college standing and his professional engagements. So desirous was he, however, of paying the expenses of his education by his own exertions, that he made the most of every hour, and not only ranked well as a scholar, but also succeeded in his financial enterprise.

His college chum, John T. Hassam, thus writes of him: —

“His recitations at once showed his fine abilities. His marks for Greek and Latin were very high, while in mathematics few equalled him. He was one of the best mathematical scholars in the Class, and enjoyed the somewhat dangerous honor of being invariably called upon by the tutor in the recitation-room to solve the problems which proved too difficult for most of us. During the Freshman year he devoted himself a great deal to gymnastics, and was a prominent member of the base-ball and cricket clubs. His musical taste led him likewise to take much interest in the class for singing. He was one of the members of the Temperance Society connected with the University, of which he was successively Secretary, Vice-President, and President. During the Sophomore year botany and chemistry were included in the course of instruction, and into these studies Crane entered with enthusiasm. Few of the students under the instruction of Professors Gray and Cooke made such rapid progress in these departments. He also attended the lectures of Professor Agassiz on Comparative Zoölogy, and gave much time to the French and Spanish languages. He entered heartily into all the innocent relaxations of college life. When a military company was formed among the students, he showed great alacrity in joining it, and was conspicuous for punctual attendance at drills, and for eagerness to perfect himself in tactics.”

He had become a member of the Unitarian Church at East Boston, in company with eight of his young companions, on New-Year's day, 1860. At the time of his enlistment in the army he was not only organist to the society, and teacher in the Sunday school, but also librarian of the parish, and Secretary of the Mutual-Improvement Club; and his departure caused a gap which it was found very difficult to fill. When the war broke out he was a member of the Harvard Cadets, whose services were tendered to the Governor. Their going into the service was, however, opposed by the Faculty, and the offer was not accepted. A year later, however, Crane, with ten or a dozen other young men from East Boston, enlisted in Company D, Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. This was on the 11th of August. Daily drills were had in Boylston Hall and on Boston Common until Friday, August 29. At that time the military ardor of the people was so great, that most of the stores were closed at two, P. M., and the entire populace turned out to witness drills upon the Common or parades through the streets. The Forty-fourth went into camp at Readville on the 29th of August, and began at once the regular routine of camp life. The men were mustered into the service of the United States on the 12th of September, and left Battery Wharf for Beaufort, North Carolina, on board the transport *Merimac*, Thursday, October 23.

Beaufort was reached Sunday, October 26, and the regiment immediately proceeded by rail to Newbern, North Carolina, ninety miles up the Neuse River, and thence by transports to Washington, North Carolina. Private Crane participated in the campaign against the Wilmington Railroad, in November, the objective point of which was Tarborough. The forced marches and unusual hardships of this expedition proved a severe trial to the young soldier, but served rather to enhance than abate his enthusiasm. On Wednesday, November 12, the Forty-fourth returned to camp at Newbern. On Friday, December 5th, he was detailed for

special service in the "contraband" branch of the Quartermaster's Department at Newbern, and was also selected to play the organ on Sunday in one of the churches of the town. He remained on detached service about three months, when he was relieved at his own request, and returned to the regiment on Tuesday, the 17th of February, 1863. His position and surroundings as a clerk had been more congenial to him than life in camp, but he rejoined his comrades from the conviction that it was his duty to share with them all the hardships and perils to which they were exposed.

On the night of Friday, March 13, a large body of Rebels took position opposite Newbern, and the next morning they opened an artillery fire upon the defences of the town and the barracks of the garrison. They were at once driven back by Union gunboats in the Neuse River, and before night of the 14th retreated into the interior. It was subsequently reported that the Rebel force had marched north to attack the town of Washington, which had been captured by our forces soon after the taking of Newbern. The Forty-fourth Massachusetts was despatched by steamer to relieve the garrison, and remained there until March 22d, when the siege was raised. Lieutenant Crane accompanied this expedition, and has left a minute and careful narrative of the siege.

When it was decided to recruit a second colored regiment in Massachusetts, commissions were offered to several non-commissioned officers and privates in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, of whom Crane was one. This was precisely what he had most desired. He was an uncompromising opponent of slavery, a sincere friend to the colored race, and felt confident that, if negroes were allowed a fair trial with other soldiers, they would prove themselves worthy of the trust. While acting as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department at Newbern, he was continually brought in contact with colored men and their families, most of whom

had been slaves before the occupation of the place by Union troops; and in letters to various friends, as well as in private conversation, he had repeatedly expressed faith in their military capacities.

He was commissioned on the 7th of June, 1863, First Lieutenant, and on June 19th Captain, of Company H, Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, and at once entered enthusiastically upon the work of preparing his men for the field. He occupied every hour of his time in regular and extra drills, and, for six weeks previous to their departure for Newbern, labored incessantly to bring them into a soldierly condition.

In this endeavor he met with perfect success, and the appearance of his company was most creditable alike to him and to the men. The record of events subjoined, most of them subsequent to those already narrated, has been kindly furnished for these pages by Captain Charles C. Soule, one of Captain Crane's former playfellows in East Boston, and like himself a graduate of Harvard College, a member of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and an officer in the Fifty-fifth; and by Brevet Brigadier-General Alfred S. Hartwell, under whose command Captain Crane served to the moment of his death. Captain Soule's account is as follows:—

“Some months after graduation, in 1862, I enlisted in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and found there my old friend Crane, a private in Company D. During our nine months' campaigns we saw little of each other, as he was for some time a clerk in the Freedman's Bureau at Newbern, and our companies were for a long time separated. On returning to Boston, however, at the expiration of our term of service, we both entered the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers. He was first commissioned as a Lieutenant, but gained his captaincy before muster-in, by hard work and soldierly aptitude. We were barracked together in July, 1863, and from that time until his death were rarely separated. It was a pleasure to be with and watch him, square, sturdy, fresh, and

handsome soldier that he was, through the desert heats of Folly Island, the toilsome fatigue of the trenches before Wagner, the malarious picket details on marsh and sand-hill, the fervid drills upon the sea-beach, the sickness and weariness of the autumn of 1863, the mingled rest and activity of the succeeding winter, and the toilsome Florida marches of February, 1864. Here we were separated for two months, to meet again in May, when he recounted in glowing terms his adventures at Pilatka, among the orange-groves and flowers of Central Florida.

“With the regiment, sullen, turbulent, and mutinous at the neglect of government to give them their just pay, we returned to our former position on Folly Island, taking new ground near the fortifications at Stono Inlet. Here we erected comfortable tents, and solaced ourselves in the intervals of drill and duty with frequent games of chess and such vocal music as we could muster. Captain Crane was the best chess-player of the regiment, and his sweet, clear voice made him a cherished member of our little glee club.

“In July, 1864, we had our first brush as a regiment, on James Island, where we charged and captured a small field battery. I well remember the Captain's appearance as he came up to me after the charge, glowing with exercise and exultation, and the weary expression of his face later in the day, when he had but just come in from a terrible tour of skirmish duty in the open field, under a torrid July sun. He had nearly received a sun-stroke, and, careless of the enemy's shell, lay down on the top of the bushy bank behind which we were sheltered, and slept quietly for two hours. On our final retreat from the island, several days afterward, he returned to the command of Fort Delafield, and we to our old camp near by. He was selected to act as Judge-Advocate of a court-martial, and satisfied his superior officers so well in that position, that he was fast rising to places of high trust. On his table could always be found the standard works in tactics of all arms, in strategy, or in military jurisprudence.

“Just before Thanksgiving, in 1864, I visited my parents, then living on St. Helena Island, South Carolina. As an old friend he accompanied me, and during our brief stay on the plantation won the esteem and affection of all whom he met, by his courteous manners, his cheerful temper, and his musical tastes. When about to

return, we were startled to hear of a new expedition in progress, and found our regiment at Hilton Head. Captain Crane's company, however, had been left in garrison at Folly Island, and, dreading lest he should be ordered back, he volunteered to act upon the staff of Colonel Hartwell, commanding the brigade of which the Fifty-fifth formed a part. To his great glee he obtained an appointment as acting aid and chief of staff, and we parted at Hilton Head; he with vigor and spirit forwarding the embarkation of the brigade, I on the way to join my company.

“After landing at Boyd's Neck, and while marching up to the miserable failure of November 30th, Captain Crane rode along, as we were halted by the roadside, listening to the first shots in the advance, and made a few entries in his note-book, where he said all the events of our campaign should be minutely recorded. An hour or so afterward we were marched in column across a field of burning grass, and halted for nearly another hour upon a rise of ground, under the direct rays of a burning sun. During this pause Captain Crane and myself sought what shade we could under a dwarf pine-bush and beneath our handkerchiefs, and looked at some photographs of friends at home. He was in good spirits, and said that he was hopeful of our success. At the order to move forward we separated, never to meet again. The regiment went up the road at double-quick, became entangled in the woods, and while three companies, of which mine was one, became engaged on the right, the main body, headed by Colonel Hartwell and Captain Crane (on horseback), charged directly through the narrow gorge of the road toward the enemy's batteries. The charge of three hundred men, cramped and broken by the narrowness of the path, exposed to canister at close range from seven guns, and in the focus of an infantry fire from over a thousand rifles, was utterly vain, and those men who escaped death fell back into the woods, leaving the brook which filtered across the road piled with slain, among whom was the gallant Captain. I have heard that he was instantly killed by a shot through the head, and attracted the attention of the Rebels, who held the field after the battle, by his fine, handsome face and touching attitude. He was honorably buried,—so we learn from participants in the battle,—both out of respect for his bravery and because of his being a newly made Freemason. In a recent search over the battle-field, however, I was unable to find any sep-

arate graves. In probity, singular purity of life and conversation, in upright manliness and military talent, I know of no young man who could surpass the brave soldier who thus met death and an unmarked grave, not in victory, but in defeat. It was a sad loss to us who remained. The men of his company almost idolized him."

Brevet Brigadier-General A. S. Hartwell thus describes the same occurrence:—

"In November, 1865, he took a few days of rest, to spend Thanksgiving with some friends at Port Royal. On his return he found his regiment at Hilton Head starting upon an expedition, but his company left behind at Fort Delafield on Folly Island. He volunteered to go in any position where his services were needed, and was assigned to my staff as aid. While going up Broad River in a dense fog, with no pilot and with uncertainty whether the vessel was approaching the enemies land batteries or not, he urgently requested to be allowed to land with a small force sent ashore to reconnoitre, but was refused, as his services were likely to be more needed when the entire command were landed.

"The troops landed at Boyd's Neck, and marched out on the morning of November 30, 1865, to the disastrous field of Honey Hill. Captain Crane rode at the head of the column, dressed, as I recollect, with his usual neatness and precision, and appearing to be in a very serene and cheerful mood at the prospect of hard fighting. Just as the command got under fire I remember giving him an order to carry to Major Nutt of his own regiment. The fire was rather severe at the time, and the formal military salute with which he received that last order was noticeable. Shortly afterwards he fell, shot in the head, directly in front of the enemy's battery, cheering and urging on the men, he himself being on horseback. His gallantry was conspicuous to the enemy, who gave his body an honorable burial. Colonel Colcock, commanding a portion of the enemy's force in that action, says that he saw his body about three hundred yards from their guns after the battle, and that he was struck by his beautiful appearance, and ordered a party to bury the remains. Thus fell this true Christian gentleman and soldier. No purer offering has been laid on the altar of freedom."

HORACE SARGENT DUNN.

Second Lieutenant 22d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), October 1, 1861 ; died at New York, May 22, 1862, of disease contracted in the service.

HORACE SARGENT DUNN was the son of James Cutler and Sophia (Paine) Dunn, of Boston, Massachusetts. He was born in Williamstown, Vermont, at the residence of his maternal grandfather, the Hon. Elijah Paine, on the 12th of June, 1842. Much of his early years was spent among the green hills of Vermont. At the age of twelve years he entered the Boston Latin School, where for five years he pursued his studies diligently. Gentle and unselfish in his nature, truthful and conscientious, he was a general favorite both at home and at school. The resolutions passed by the Everett Literary Association of the Latin School, after his decease, testify the esteem in which he was held by his associates.

His summer vacations were usually devoted to pedestrian excursions, with a few of his youthful friends, in the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. These served to invigorate his constitution, and prepare him for the fatigue and privations of a soldier's life. As the time for his leaving the Latin School drew near, he expressed an earnest desire that his friends should apply for his admission at the Military Academy at West Point, but as this scheme was opposed by his parents, he yielded a cheerful acquiescence to their wishes, and entered Harvard College in July, 1859. There he pursued his studies for two years, and received the approbation of his teachers ; there also he formed many warm friendships, and engaged zealously in the athletic exercises of the Gymnasium and the Boat-Club. At the outbreak of the Rebellion his desire for a military life returned, and after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and the earnest call for soldiers, he again appealed to his parents for permis-

sion to offer his services to his country, and they did not feel at liberty to withhold their consent.

In October, 1861, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, which was then raising by Senator Wilson. He left Boston with the regiment, and proceeded to Washington, where his captain was transferred to General Butler's department, in Louisiana, and his first lieutenant placed on General Porter's staff. He was thus left in command of his company, and being the only commissioned officer, his duties were exceedingly arduous. For three months he devoted himself to them so faithfully that, although stationed within seven miles of Washington, where some of his immediate family were spending a part of the winter, he visited the city only twice, and then in the performance of his official duties.

Early in the spring of 1862 the Army of the Potomac was suddenly transferred to the Peninsula, in front of Yorktown, which place it was hoped might easily be captured, and thereby an easy road opened to Richmond. But the country and army were doomed to disappointment. After a series of delays it was determined to begin a regular siege. While stationed on the Potomac Lieutenant Dunn had borne cheerfully the fatigues and dangers of a soldier's life, and had enjoyed uninterrupted health; but now his regiment was in front of the enemy's works, and so near that the men were compelled to lie flat in the daytime and to work in the trenches in the night. The situation was peculiarly unhealthy, and in a few weeks more than half his company were ill with the typhoid fever. About the 5th of May, 1862, he was himself violently attacked with that disease, and immediately sent to New York, and placed in the New York Hospital, where he received every attention which the most skilful physicians and kind friends could bestow. But the disease had taken too strong a hold of his robust frame for human skill to avail. A few moments before his

death he called his nurse to his bedside, and pointing to Heaven with an exclamation of great joy, gently went to his rest.

His most intimate army companion wrote thus of him: —

“ Having been his military associate for the first four months of his service in this campaign, and living alone with him in daily companionship in the circumscribed limits allotted to soldiers when serving in the field; I had the best opportunity to observe and to form a correct judgment of those qualities, the possession of which in him commanded my respect, admiration, and esteem.

“ Correct in his habits, conscientious and just in his dealings with all, — adding to the advantages of his education a natural ability, a good, clear common sense, and the thoughts and judgment of a man far beyond his years, — cool, kind-hearted, and brave, — genial and cheerful in his companionship, considerate of the faults of his associates, — I do not feel that my partiality has over-estimated Horace Sargent Dunn.”

SAMUEL SHELTON GOULD.

Private 13th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September, 1862; killed at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.

SAMUEL SHELTON GOULD was born in Boston in the year 1843. His parents were Samuel L. Gould, at that time master of the Winthrop School, Boston, and Frances A. (Shelton) Gould. He was educated in the Boston schools till the twelfth year of his age, passing two years in the Latin School. His parents then removed to Dorchester, and he finished his preparatory course at the Roxbury Latin School.

He entered College when he was fifteen years old, in 1858, and remained there one year, after which, for reasons of his own, but with the consent of his parents, he left College and went to sea as a common sailor in the Peabody, a vessel engaged at that time in the Australian trade. His journal, which he kept regularly and minutely during all his voyages, records a growing dissatisfaction with the hard work and poor fare which he then supposed to be unusual, especially as the old sailors kept even pace with his grumbling, and he had not yet learned that that was their trade. He was dissatisfied, too, with the drudgery that was imposed on him there, and the slight opportunity that he had of learning anything of the more difficult parts of the work; and these things, together with his desire to lengthen this episode, and see more of the world, which he would not probably do if he made the return voyage, led him to leave the Peabody; and within a few days he shipped again, in the Commonwealth, an American vessel bound for Callao. He carried out with him from Boston several Latin and Greek text-books, and other books for reading and study, intending to use them in his spare hours, so as to re-enter College on his return with as little delay as pos-

sible. And during the passage to Melbourne, strange as it may seem in view of all his disadvantages, he really did devote his spare time to this occupation.

On the Commonwealth he found the work harder and the fare worse. In sailor phrase, it was an "all-hands ship," instead of "watch and watch"; that is, all hands were required to be on deck during the day. This left him only a half-hour out of the hour allowed for dinner, and a half-hour in the dog-watch; and of this short time a good part had to be given to the care of his clothes, etc. But even then he found time to keep up his familiarity with the languages and begin the study of natural philosophy. In spite of the hard and continued work on this vessel, it was pleasanter to him than the mean tasks imposed upon him on the Peabody, since he had shipped as ordinary seaman, and had thus more opportunity to learn and do the more intricate parts of the work.

On arriving at Callao, he found that the crew had been shipped under false pretences, and that the ship was bound for the Chincha Islands for guano, — a place to which sailors will never go if it can be avoided, as the work is of the most repulsive kind. He therefore went aft with a shipmate to procure his discharge from the captain. Failing in this, he demanded to see the American consul at the port. This, too, was refused with an oath, and high words passed between the captain and him. The captain finally struck him, and with the assistance of the second mate beat him badly. This determined him to leave the ship at all hazards, which he did that night. After a stay of a few days at Callao, he shipped again as ordinary seaman on the *Rival*, a Boston vessel, bound for Cork. The first twenty-five days of this passage were pleasant. But by that time they had arrived in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and the rough weather began for which that region is proverbial. This lasted about twenty days, and as its commencement found him without proper clothing, he suffered unusually.

The work, too, was incessant and severe ; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was none of it unnecessary, and he had pleasant relations with the officers, in remarkable contrast with his experience on the Commonwealth. When fairly in pleasant weather again, he took up his studies and reading, necessarily intermitted during the passage round the Cape. A leaf from his journal will show what he was doing in that respect : —

“ *Tuesday, June 26th.* — Forenoon below ; finished the first volume of Macaulay’s England. I am glad to say that, in spite of the contrary predictions of my friends before I left home, I have not as yet neglected my reading and study, though my time has been much more limited than I expected, and consequently I have not accomplished nearly all that I could wish. Greek and Latin I have kept at with a constancy of which, under all the circumstances, — hard work and scarcity of rest, — I think I may be justly proud. I find that I have lost none of my ability to read them easily, but from the want of grammars I feel that my knowledge of them is not nearly so exact as it once was. The Holy Bible, — the reading of which has been a daily duty and pleasure to me, — John Foster, De Quincey, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Dickens have formed my leisure reading, if that time which I have stolen from my sleep can be called leisure. I can fairly say that they have been my greatest pleasure ever since I left home. I hope that a year’s time, and possibly less, will see me again so situated that the bulk of my time, and not the spare minutes only, may be given up to them. I have been like the mother in Tom Hood’s ‘Lost Child,’ who did not know the love she felt for her child till she lost it. I only hope that I may not, like her, forget it as soon as I find it.”

“ *July 7, 1860.* — Relaxed my rule to-day, and neither studied nor did any other useful thing, but enjoyed my pipe and *dolce far niente*, reading ‘Verdant Green,’ &c., the first instance of the kind aboard the Rival ; I thought that I was entitled to a single holiday.”

“ *July 10.* — Did not continue my Latin this P. M., having finished *Cicero de Amicitia* yesterday, but spent the afternoon in my bunk reading Herschel’s Astronomy.”

“*July 11.* — Read my regular four pages of Demosthenes this A. M.”

“*July 27.* — Have dropped Latin and Greek for a while, having got hold of Bowditch’s Navigator.”

I have given prominence to this fact, because it well illustrates his perseverance and his real love for study, that he should pursue it so persistently under circumstances so unfavorable. It is needless to say that he did not neglect other duties for this, because that would be impossible aboard ship. It was not mere reading that he performed, but hard study. Nor could this occupation have been always an absolute pleasure in such surroundings, but must frequently have been done for its future rewards alone. It will be noticed, too, that he speaks of his pleasure in reading the Bible; and he frequently but modestly alludes to his regard for religious observances and moral requirements, showing a firmness and solidity of character rare in one so young and so unfavorably situated.

From Cork he sailed directly for New Orleans, and there took passage in a coasting schooner for home. He narrowly escaped shipwreck and death in one of the most violent storms ever experienced on our coast, off Hatteras in March, 1861, but reached home in safety in April, after an absence of nearly two years.

It was now his desire to re-enter college in the Class next below that which he had left; and he had therefore the studies of the Sophomore year to make up. For the next three months he therefore gave himself up to that work, and in July, 1861, re-entered College in the Junior Class. During his absence his character seems to have gained much in manliness and stability, and there are very few who work harder than he did during the following year, with little thought of immediate honors and an earnest sense of duty.

Meantime the war was in progress, with varying results, but constantly assuming such proportions, and bringing into view principles so important, as to press upon all our

young men the question of personal duty in regard to it. Samuel Gould was one of the last to shirk such a question as this. He gradually arrived at the conviction that, if at any time the call for men should become particularly urgent, it was his duty to answer it and go. And once during the year that time seemed to have come, when Banks's retreat in the Valley seemed to expose Washington. The Fourth Battalion offered its services to the government, and a college company was raised for it, which he joined. But its services were declined, and he returned to his studies.

But in a very short time came the call for additional men and the great war-meetings of 1862. Now, indeed, the time had come. He at once enlisted in the Thirteenth Massachusetts; and during the time before he was sent into the field, he attended and addressed several of the war-meetings in Cambridge and Boston, where the force of his example and the fire of his words were inspiring. He did not seek glory, for he enlisted in the ranks; his object was work, for he joined a regiment already stationed in the hardest part of the field,—the great battle-ground of the war. And he refused all entreaties to enter other regiments, saying repeatedly that he must be where the most work was to be done.

Within a fortnight of the time that he joined his regiment, it went into the battle of Antietam. He had no musket and was consequently detailed with the stretcher-bearers. Before many minutes, however, he picked up a musket and joined his company at the front, and very soon fell, shot through the heart. His remains were brought home and buried from his father's house in Cambridge. At prayers, on the day of his funeral, the President announced that the Senior Class would be excused for the day to attend the funeral of their classmate; and the entire Class, without exception, walked in mournful procession behind his remains. Dr. Peabody assisted in the funeral ceremonies.

The Gazette of Sunday morning, September 28, 1862, says : —

“ Among the fallen at the battle of Antietam was Samuel Shelton Gould, of the Senior Class, Harvard College, a young man of fine promise. Some three weeks since we heard him address a meeting at the Meionaon, and a more earnest appeal we never listened to. He addressed himself particularly to the more respectable young men, who were holding back from enlistment, he feared, on the ground of not wanting to mingle with the common classes, saying, that if such were their motives, ‘ they were not fit to have their names borne on that immortal roll of honor, the list of killed and wounded.’ Impatient for service, he would not wait to join a new regiment, and in two weeks after joining the Thirteenth, his name took its place in the situation he coveted.”

In an oration before the Cambridge High School Association by Mr. George H. Whittemore, he said : —

“ As I thought on the agony concentrated in the walls of Mount Auburn Chapel, that day we followed him to the grave, — a stricken father and mother, a wounded cousin slowly succeeding the body of his companion in the fight, the representatives of four related families, to a member of each of which that battle brought death or painful wounds, — as I regarded the whole scene (one of hundreds in the land), my heart cried out for a consummation worthy of the costliness of the struggle.”

EDWARD LEWIS STEVENS.

Private 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 12, 1862–June 18, 1863; Second Lieutenant 54th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), January 31, 1864; First Lieutenant, December 16, 1864; killed at Boykin's Mills, near Camden, S. C., April 18, 1865.

EDWARD LEWIS STEVENS was born in Boston, Massachusetts, September 30, 1842. His father, Silas Stevens, at the time resided in Boston, but afterwards removed to Brighton. His mother was Jane, eleventh child of Nathan Smith, who fought in the battle of Lexington. She was descended from Thomas Smith, who settled at Watertown in 1635.

Stevens was fitted for Harvard University in the public schools of Brighton, and entered the Freshman Class in 1859. He left College, however, at the end of the Junior year, to join the Forty-fourth Massachusetts (Colonel F. L. Lee), a nine months' regiment. He returned at the expiration of his service, in time to study for and receive his degree, and to write in the Class-Book his autobiography, of which the principal part here follows:—

“During the vacation of the summer of 1862, I enlisted as a private in Company E, Forty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. For a long time previous to enlisting I had felt it a duty to be doing something to save my country in this terrible civil war. The captain of my company was Spencer W. Richardson of Boston. I went into camp at Readville, Massachusetts, August 29, 1862; was mustered into the service of the United States, September 12th. The regiment left camp October 22d, for Newbern, North Carolina, arriving on Sunday, A. M., October 26th. I was with the regiment in every march, bivouac, and skirmish. The regiment had been in North Carolina but four days before General Foster began what is called the Tarborough march. We went to Washington, North Carolina, on the steamer George S. Collins. From Washington we marched towards Tarborough. I

was in the skirmish at Roll's Mills, November 2d. We entered Williamston, November 3d; Hamilton, November 4th. We pushed on towards Tarborough by rapid marches, hoping to surprise the enemy; but on the morning of November 6th, General Foster, hearing that the enemy were in force at Tarborough, decided to retreat. His men were very much exhausted, his provisions almost gone, his force inadequate. He prudently withdrew to Plymouth, North Carolina. We left this place for Newbern on transports, November 11th. For a month we were in camp on the banks of the Neuse River.

"December 11th, we began the Goldsborough expedition, undertaken for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Goldsborough and Wilmington. December 14, 1862, I was in the battle of Kinston; December 16th, in the battle of White Hall, where the regiment suffered severe loss. December 17th, we reached the railroad, which was destroyed for a considerable distance, the bridge over the Neuse destroyed, and the telegraph wires cut. After a hard march we reached Newbern, marching nearly seventy miles in three days. We remained in Newbern until February 1, 1863; we then went to Plymouth, North Carolina, on the Roanoke River. We marched out from Plymouth on a provision-destroying expedition, marching all night, making nearly thirty miles, destroying a lot of pork and bacon. This was called the 'ham-fat' expedition. We reached Newbern, February 10th. On March 14th, the anniversary of the capture of Newbern, the Rebels made an attack on the place, but finding it too strong they retired. General Foster, expecting them to attack Washington, North Carolina, immediately sent the Forty-fourth Massachusetts to reinforce the Twenty-seventh, then stationed at Washington. The Rebels did not make their appearance for two weeks after our arrival. General Foster arrived at Washington, March 30th, and immediately sent out a scouting party, who discovered the Rebels in large force around Washington. The force at Washington was so small that the Rebels expected, on the appearance of a large force, the surrender of the town. They blockaded the river by planting batteries along the shore, where the current of the river was near the shore. For seventeen days we were thus besieged, cut off from all help. For a considerable part of this time we were on half rations, six hard-tack and a small piece of salt pork

constituting our daily fare. All this time we were almost sleepless, as the force of the place was so small that we were constantly on guard or digging. On the night of April 13th, the steamer *Escort*, with the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment on board, ran the blockade, reinforcing with some four hundred men, and bringing provisions and ammunition. On the 15th, General Foster ran the blockade on the same steamer, and reached Newbern, and started a relieving force immediately. The Rebels, hearing of it, withdrew from Washington on the following day. We reached Newbern April 23d. The regiment did provost duty in Newbern from April 25th until the day of its leaving Newbern, June 6th. It arrived at Boston, and received a hearty welcome, June 10th; went into camp at Readville, June 15th, and was mustered out of the service June 18, 1863. I was mustered out of the service just in time to be present at Cambridge on Class-day. During the autumn of 1863 I studied, and made up the studies of Senior year, passing my examinations the last of October. I received my degree January, 1864. On November 12, 1863, I commenced business in the store of Messrs. Sabin and Page, 92 and 94 Milk Street, Boston, in the saddlery hardware business, where I continued until March 15, 1864. I then left, in consequence of being commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. I leave Massachusetts to join my regiment, now stationed in Florida, in a few days. My plans for the future are very unsettled. I shall probably remain in the army, if life and health are spared to me, until the war is over. Heaven only knows what is before me. Whatever is before me, I hope never to disgrace the Class to which I am proud to belong, or the State which sends me to fight for the nation's life and freedom."

The career of Lieutenant Stevens, after he joined the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, is identical with that of the regiment. He was killed at the battle of Boykin's Mills, April 18, 1865, near Camden, South Carolina, during an expedition to Camden under Brigadier-General Potter, which left Georgetown, April 5, 1865. The Fifty-fourth was ordered to cross Swift's Creek, about eight miles from Camden, at a point to the right of the road, in order to

flank the enemy, (who were opposite the head of the column,) and, after considerable opposition, succeeded in crossing at Boykin's Mills, ten miles from the creek. The enemy vigorously resisted the movement, but began to fall back on the appearance of a piece of artillery, and five companies of the Fifty-fourth charged across the stream, when the Rebels fled. Lieutenant Stevens fell in the action, and was buried on the spot.

In the words of the obituary drawn up by his fellow officers : —

“ He fell so near the enemy's works, that it was not deemed right to order any one forward to recover the body ; but men promptly presented themselves, on a call for volunteers for that duty. The body was recovered, and buried near the spot where he fell. Lieutenant Stevens's death caused a more than ordinary sense of grief among his brother officers. He was respected and beloved by every one in the regiment. His simplicity and frankness of disposition, his social and generous temper, combined with strong principles and an earnest devotion to what he believed just and right, made up an unusually pure and noble character. With perfect simplicity and modesty, he united firm convictions and an unhesitating openness in avowing them. As an officer, he was efficient and faithful in the performance of his duties in camp, and fearless and daring in action ; and though he disliked the military profession, and longed for peace and a return home, he had no thought of leaving the service until the success of the cause was decided. His comrades lament the loss of a brave soldier and a true friend and gentleman.”

GORHAM PHILLIPS STEVENS.

Second Lieutenant 70th New York Vols. (Infantry), January 2, 1862; First Lieutenant, May 5, 1862; died at Harrison's Landing, Va., August 12, 1862, of disease contracted in the service.

GORHAM PHILLIPS STEVENS was born at North Andover, Massachusetts, December 7, 1841. He was the son of William and Elizabeth (Barnard) Stevens; and the younger brother of Colonel William O. Stevens, whose biography appears earlier in this work. His name unites those of families prominent in Eastern Massachusetts, and his birthplace was in the district where the influence of his mother's family has been specially felt in such institutions as the Andover Seminary and Phillips Academy. In October, 1849, his father removed to Lawrence, where he still resides. There Gorham passed through the successive stages of the public schools. While in the Grammar School he commanded for three years a military company of twenty boys, most of whom were older than himself, and every one of whom ultimately took part in the war for the Union.

He entered Phillips Academy in 1857, in his sixteenth year. His career there was like the college career that followed it, quiet and genial, yet active, and showing much maturity, finding its freest expression in the debating societies and in the verses he wrote. It is worth while to quote one passage on "Free and Slave Labor," written at fifteen:—

" May these tides never meet, the one so black
It poisons all it meets upon its track;
The other crystal, from the throne of God,
Pure as the stream brought forth by Moses' rod,
But as it is, let us our duty do,
Although our opportunities be few,
And let us labor that our feeling then
Shall be 'content on earth, good-will to men.' "

Dr. S. H. Taylor, principal of Phillips Academy, thus described the character of this young pupil : —

“He at once gave evidence of superior talents, a well-balanced mind, and sound judgment. While his mind did not act as rapidly as that of some others, it had unusual symmetry, breadth, and grasp. He did not study for rank, but for the mastery of the subjects which came before him; hence his knowledge of these was often broader and more thorough than that of many whose recitations were prepared merely for the class-room. As might be expected, therefore, when he left the Academy, he had more discipline and more ability to investigate subjects than is usual with students at his stage of education. He excelled as a writer, and was for a time one of the editors of the literary paper conducted by the students of the Academy. He was likewise president of the literary society.

“He was remarkable for purity and simplicity of character, as well as for high moral principle. In his intercourse with his teachers he was a model pupil, securing their entire confidence by a manly and courteous deportment. He had, too, the love and respect of all his fellow-students.”

His classmates testify that he left behind him the impression of joyousness and purity, with great facility in debate and an especial taste for all the social exercises of the Academy. In College (which he entered in 1859), the same tastes and associations remained; he took great interest in the literary societies. He was once unanimously elected President of the Institute of 1770, — though he declined the post, — and once delivered its annual poem. The following extract will show the earnest spirit of this composition : —

“For I believe that each with zeal
May build a broad and solid way,
To summits which his hopes reveal,
By the endeavor of to-day.
Would I might show in proper light
How much there is that ought to woo
Our minds to truth, our hearts to right,
In these fair scenes we travel through.”

In College he was a faithful though not a brilliant student. He had always looked forward to the profession of the law, and all his studies tended to prepare him for that. The study of Cicero's pleadings, so tiresome to many, he heartily enjoyed; and his favorite reading was in such works as Brougham's *Statesmen*, Campbell's *Chancellors*, Sheil's *Irish Bar*, Burke, Clay, and Webster. In the Presidential election of 1860 he showed an interest in public affairs which was made more intense during the last Sophomore term by the actual commencement of civil war. He then took an active part in College drill and in guard duty.

In July, 1861, he had been unanimously elected the first editor of the *Harvard Magazine* for his Junior year; and his last vacation was spent in preparation for his duties, and in a pleasant service with other students in making surveys upon Concord River. This stay near Concord made him many friends, prolonged his vacation, and furnished him with a bright reminiscence, as its graphic record in the *Harvard Magazine* of October, 1861, will show. But after his return to Cambridge, his interest in the war grew more intense, and when a commission was offered in the New York Excelsior Brigade, in which his brother was Major, his decision was taken at once to engage in the military service. On the day of his departure he received a sword from his Class. He writes at this time: —

“ I consider it not only a duty, but a privilege, to throw my aptness for arms and my determination to be useful into the more pressing duties of the day. Besides, I shall not regret, if at the end of the year I can say that I too have sacrificed something in the great struggle.”

What this sacrifice was can be best shown by these few words of Professor Child: “ In my eleven years as Professor, I have scarcely known half a dozen that gave equal hope of intellectual excellence, few that seemed so likely to *grow* in a healthy way.” And the spirit in which he made it is best shown in his last verses, written in October, 1861: —

“Tell us not of our reverses, for to us they seem to be
But as irritable pebbles thrown against a raging sea ;
And as ocean waves sweep backward to return with grander swell,
So the tide of human freedom shall sweep over these as well ;
Till the nations listening vainly for a vaunting that is gone,
Hear alone the rising chorus of the “mudsills” marching on ;
Till the class that built the nation from their energy and skill,
Shall be free to mould its progress by the edict of their will.”

The regiment he was to join was the Seventieth New York, or first regiment of the Excelsior Brigade, attached to Hooker's division, then on the Maryland side of the Lower Potomac, and under the command of Colonel William Dwight of Boston. Leaving Boston, December 23, 1861, he awaited his colonel at the camp of his brother's regiment, — the Third Excelsior, — upon whose arrival he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company C, January 2, 1862. He writes : —

“I supposed I should have to be Acting Lieutenant for a while, but the Colonel said he wanted to put some energy into this company, and so I am regularly installed. My company is composed of stalwart Michiganders, recruited in Paw Paw, Michigan, — large, fine fellows, full of fight, the left flank company, and the best target company in the regiment.”

Then follows the busy winter, of which he wrote : —

“I have felt here, as I have in other places, that no part of my experience will be worthless ; and especially, I think, the study which is part of an officer's duties will be such discipline, that instead of breaking up my habits of reading and study, the war will confirm and systematize them. I think the course of military study will tend to make me a careful student of law.”

Thoughts of his student and home life continually attended him. He writes : —

“I like to sit here, or lie awake, thinking when you get certain of my letters, and where you all read them, and I often forget the abominations of this mud-hole in thinking of home.”

The simple strength of his character appears in his immediate power of command. His Colonel's testimony is : —

“He was youthful in appearance, even for his years, and without experience in the world, but his character was formed on the best and firmest principles. The dignity with which he bore himself to both officers and soldiers soon won him respect, while his clear intellect and intuitive sense of justice kept him free from mistakes.”

So his humorous account of the “panic with which I first stood behind my platoon,” is followed soon by “I think I have control over my men now. I see I can do good here. They are getting used to my voice, and have confidence in me.” He used every power and device to promote their “comfort and efficiency.” After obtaining books and newspapers for them from friends, he writes, “I have gained completely the affections and confidence of the company by just such schemes as this, and now I think I could get them to do anything.” And in the same spirit of mutual confidence, he describes with pride the superior skill of his backwoodsmen in various ways, his care for them, and his watch over their *morale*. His life among his brother officers was very pure. He would ask, “Shall we countenance in our companies by our example those vices which are more dangerous than bullets?” In these winter quarters, therefore, he was at once recognized, and intrusted with many a duty beyond his rank. Speaking of his mediation between two regiments, Colonel Dwight says : “I had occasion to know his character even thus early, from a special duty which called for all his ability, energy, and judgment, and in which he acquitted himself to my entire satisfaction.”

In March began the first whispers of the Peninsular campaign. It was preceded by a short march to Dumfries, Virginia, on which he acted as Aid. Later he writes : “I would rather feel you were all hoping than fearing for me. I shall be careful, our force is overwhelming, and I am

under God's care in all danger." Just previously to his regiment's embarkation, he accidentally wounded himself with his own pistol in his ankle, and was very reluctantly persuaded to remain in charge of convalescents in Maryland, with whom he rejoined the regiment, April 8th, before Yorktown.

Suddenly Yorktown was evacuated, and the army poured through, May 4th, to its first battle-field at Williamsburg, Hooker's division moving to the left against Fort Magruder. Colonel Dwight, considering Lieutenant Stevens's wound still painful and dangerous, detailed him to come on with the regimental train. This becoming stalled in the mud, he, hearing the first guns on the morning of the 5th, resigned his charge to a non-commissioned officer, and in the mud, the rain, the dark early morning, struggled to the field on his wounded foot, a distance of seventeen miles. And not alone, for by encouragement and authority he turned stragglers from different regiments, and collected and organized them as he pushed forward. He says simply, "I felt I was needed, and that it would cheer my men to see me there. A sense of God's care decided me, not recklessness of danger." He found and joined his brigade in their unavailing struggle against superior numbers. "Unable to act with the regiment to any considerable extent," his Colonel writes, "with his rallied force he rendered service beyond his rank and expectation." He was soon wounded above the right knee, "but he did not permit his second wound to drive him from the field which the first had not prevented his reaching."

After leading his comrades from the tangled abatis, he learned that a battery on the left was in danger, dismantled, mud-bound, and unsupported. Soon he had collected, by the impulse of his words and bearing, in spite of his wounds, man by man, squad by squad, two or three hundred men scattered from various regiments. This "little army" he posted in support, threw out skirmishers, formed

his line of defence, held his centre firmly, and resisted every effort of the enemy. "O how long the hours were!" he said. "I never knew before what it was to 'watch and wait.'" But no help came save scattered troops, among whom finally came Lieutenant-Colonel Wells of the First Massachusetts, to whom Stevens offered his little force, and hurried for new supplies of cartridges. The little band was saved by Kearney's force, at half past four, P. M.; and in the reaction he was first sensible of his exhaustion and wounds, and was then carried to the hospital. Such was the scene in which his whole life seemed to culminate. Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, in delight at his disposition of his force, which he afterward described as "worthy a major-general," warmly recommended his promotion, and a commission as First Lieutenant was sent him, to date May 5, 1862.

The following is the narrative of this transaction, as given by Rev. Mr. Twichell, Chaplain of the Second Excelsior:—

"As nearly as I can recall the words of Colonel Wells, they were as follows. Hooker's division, to which they both then belonged, led the attack, and became hotly engaged in the woods directly in front of Fort Magruder, the principal work of the enemy at Williamsburg. There for several hours Hooker held his own against large odds, expecting help every minute, till a full third of his command was killed or wounded, and his ammunition began to give out. The enemy perceiving our fire slacken, made a sudden onset that broke our line and forced it back in confusion. The troops were new; this was their first battle to most of them, and for a little while it looked as badly as could be for our side. No reinforcements were at hand; Kearney's division was coming, but not yet near enough to do any good. The Rebels seemed bent on pushing their advantage to the utmost; they came on yelling and shouting 'Bull Run,' and it was the general feeling that for that day and field it was all up with us. To crown all, it now appeared that our artillery—three batteries, I think—was so sunk in the mud as to be almost inextricable, especially as a great many of the horses had been shot, and that it must be lost unless the

enemy could be checked and considerable time gained. A few of the most experienced and bravest officers determined to accomplish this if possible, and so set about rallying the men and forming a new line,—a most difficult and perilous undertaking, for the fire was very hot, and the men discouraged by a long, fruitless fight. It was while engaged in making this attempt that Colonel Wells first noticed Lieutenant Stevens. ‘I saw a fine-looking young fellow,’ so his narration ran, ‘standing with his face the right way, the very picture of pluck and resolution, his whole manner showing that he utterly disdained to give it up so; and it was an inspiring thing to see and hear him stopping the retreat.’ Then the Colonel would jump up from his seat, and with much voice and action show how the Lieutenant did it. For some time they worked side by side together, too intensely occupied to exchange even a salutation, but the Colonel’s admiration of the brave youth increased every minute. When, at length, however, the new line was formed, he went up to him and said, ‘Excuse me, but I would like to know who you are!’ ‘Stevens,’ he answered, ‘of the First Excelsior; don’t you think we can hold them here?’ Just then, while speaking with him, the Colonel noticed that one of his legs was drenched with blood, and exclaimed, ‘You are wounded! Why don’t you go and find a surgeon?’ ‘That’s nothing,’ he answered, as if impatient that it should be mentioned. ‘Any how, I shall not leave here till this artillery is safe.’ Nor did he. A fierce fight followed, but they succeeded in checking the enemy and saved both the artillery and the day; for Kearney came up at last, and who could stand before the ‘one-armed Jerseyman,’ as he called himself on that occasion, and Joe Hooker, at once? . . .

“If I remember rightly, Colonel Wells went to see the Lieutenant when the battle was over, and assured him still further of his pride and interest in him; but I am quite sure that he saw him no more than two or three times afterward, for his (the Lieutenant’s) wound kept him several weeks from the field, and he returned to the army on the James after the seven days’ battles had gloriously ended the inglorious first siege of Richmond, only to sicken and die; and sad enough it was that he should thus fall, who had so well deserved a soldier’s death.

“But the Colonel did not forget him, and, as I have said, often paid the tribute to his memory of telling how splendidly he did at

weakness of numbers, except as prisoners; and those prisoners, several times trying to aid and inform their fighting brethren, were knocked down with clubbed muskets."

Carried to Fortress Monroe, he found his own way to Boston a week later, upon his mattress. May was passed at the house of his uncle at Boston, where with equal zest he would speak of his own experiences, or hear those of society and college life from his numerous Cambridge visitors. June was spent at his home in Lawrence, following the progress of the war and enjoying the quiet of his home. With convalescence, early in July, began the irresistible anxiety to return. "After the news from Richmond I shall rejoin my regiment at the earliest moment," he wrote; and not appreciating the loss of strength by his wound, he returned upon the 9th of July, arriving at Harrison's Landing on the 18th. He had barely time for a few minutes with his brother, then going North upon recruiting service, to write sadly of the company ranks thinned to seventeen, tenderly of his reception by his suffering men, and bravely of their future. But his letters soon ceased. It was not a fortnight before he was himself fever-struck. He lay sick in his camp for a week, where he wrote his last few lines, still hopeful, and on August 7th he entered the hospital at the Landing. A glimpse of his last days was given through the account of Dr. S. Sargent of Lawrence, also confined at the hospital: —

"There was no murmuring or repining. He mentioned his home and friends with much feeling and fondness; but there seemed a doubt that he should ever see them again. He wished me to remember him in love to them all, and kiss his dear mother for him. It was very consoling to witness his devotion to his country, and Christian resignation. I pressed a fervent kiss on his emaciated lips, and left, never to see him more. This was truly a painful parting. It was very trying to leave the noble-hearted young officer and true patriot to die in a strange land, without a single friend to smooth his dying pillow."

He died on the 12th of August, five days before the entire abandonment of the Peninsula. He had returned from home with its fresh memories upon him, to die alone. His Captain says: "During his sickness his mind was calm and peaceful. He showed the utmost fortitude; and I know his last moments must have been peaceful and happy, and enjoying a full love of his Saviour." His remains reached Boston upon the 17th. They were followed to the grave upon the 21st, in the cemetery at North Andover, where they rest near his birthplace.

The following testimony to his merits was given by Colonel William Dwight, Jr., his regimental commander: —

"Lieutenant Stevens was dear to me. I recognized him as one of the very best officers of my regiment, while his character as a man endeared him to all connected with him. Though he died by disease, instead of at the hands of the enemy, and, as he would have preferred, face to face with the foe, his name will ever be remembered, by those who knew him, for the distinguished services he rendered on the field of Williamsburg. Those services were beyond his rank and station, and were appreciated beyond his regiment, and through the whole division, which contended so resolutely and suffered so severely on that day."

His short life yielded results which, so far as they went, were worthy of its early promise, and remain as fit memorials of that spirit which nerved the slight figure and lighted the open, earnest features we knew so well.

1864.

EDWARD STANLEY ABBOT.

Second Lieutenant 17th United States Infantry, November 10, 1862; First Lieutenant, April 27, 1863; died July 8, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.

EDWARD STANLEY ABBOT was fitted for college partly at the Boston Latin School, the private Latin School of E. S. Dixwell, Esq., and Phillips Exeter Academy, and partly by an older brother. He entered Harvard College in July, 1860, after passing an excellent examination. In September, 1861, he was absent from College a short time on account of his health, and soon after his recovery began to devote his whole time to military study, with the design of becoming an officer in the Regular service. He closed his connections with the College in March, 1862, and went to the Military School at Norwich, Vermont, where he stayed about four months. On July 1, 1862, he enlisted at Fort Preble, Portland, in the Seventeenth Infantry, United States Army, having previously declined to accept a commission in the Volunteer service, because he chose to take what he deemed the shortest road to a commission in the Regular service. The absence of his brother, now General Abbot, then an engineer officer on General McClellan's staff in the Peninsula, had occasioned some delay in obtaining the commission he wished for. He therefore took this manly way to earn one for himself, under a promise from Lieutenant-Colonel J. Durell Greene, of the Seventeenth Infantry, that, if he showed himself fit for a commission, he should be recommended to the War Department to receive one. "In four months and ten days I was enabled," he says in a note-book, "to regain the position of a gentleman, which I had voluntarily resigned; — a few days? an infinity of time!"

He once remarked to a friend, in reference to this period of his life, that he thought nothing but the music of the band and the magnificent ocean view down Portland Harbor had enabled him to endure it. On the 11th of November, 1862, he received the commission of Second Lieutenant, and, at his own request, was at once assigned to duty with a company of the battalion then in the field with the Army of the Potomac. Early in December, 1862, he left his home for the last time, taking on a party of recruits, about fifty in number. Though the only officer with the party, and himself so young, he carried the entire number through Boston, New York, and Washington without the loss of a single man. For this service, an unusual one, he received much commendation at the time from his superiors. He became First Lieutenant on April 27, 1863.

He never came home again; and indeed, during his whole military career, he was absent from duty only three days, which he spent in the defences of Washington on a visit to General Abbot, whom he had not seen for two years. He rejoined his company in the Chancellorsville campaign, having walked twenty miles in one night to overtake them before the battle, in which his regiment took gallant part, and lost one man in every ten. He shared in the terrible forced marches by which the army reached Gettysburg, — unsurpassed, if they have been equalled, during the whole war. His regiment reached the battle-ground on Thursday morning at dawn, and was stationed on Little Round Top, near the extreme left of our line.

The attack of the Rebels began about four in the afternoon. Early in the fight, while leading his men in a charge down a hill across a marsh and wall and up a little slope, Stanley was struck in the right breast by a minié-ball. The shoulder-strap on the light blouse he wore had worked forward, and the ball, just stripping off some of its gold-lace, passed through the right lung and lodged near the spine. He fell senseless to the ground, and for some hours

was unconscious. He was at once borne to the rear, though not expected to survive long. He afterwards rallied, however, and lived until about noon of July the 8th, when he died in the field hospital of the Second Division of the Fifth Army Corps. His regiment lost fearfully in this battle, fourteen out of the nineteen officers who were there present being wounded.

The Class-Book, in a sketch intended, when it was written, for Stanley's classmates only, contains the following narrative of his last days:—

“On Tuesday forenoon, 7th July, I was sitting in my office in Boston, when I received the following telegram from Baltimore, the last words I ever received from my brother: ‘Wounded in the breast. Doctor says not mortal. I am at corps hospital, near Gettysburg. Expect to be in Baltimore in a few days. E. Stanley Abbot.’ I started at once, by the next train, to take care of him; but, though using the utmost possible speed, I could not, so impeded was communication, reach Gettysburg until Friday, the 10th, two days after his death. A brother officer, who lay by his side until he died, told me that Stanley, when he first became conscious, sat up, and spoke in a full, natural tone. He lay in a hospital tent on some straw. The tent was pitched in a grove on a hill, around the foot of which a beautiful brook flowed. On Tuesday morning, when the surgeon, Dr. Billings, of the Regular service, came in, Stanley asked the Doctor to feel his pulse, and desired to know if he was feverish, since the pulsations were at one time strong and quick and then slow and feeble. Dr. Billings, a most excellent surgeon and a very prompt and straightforward man, felt of the pulse, and then, looking Stanley in the eye, slowly answered, ‘No, Mr. Abbot, there is no fever there. You are bleeding internally. You never will see to-morrow’s sunset.’ Captain Walcott, the officer at his side, who related these circumstances to me, says that he then looked at Stanley, to see the effect of these words. But Stanley was entirely calm. Presently he said, with a smile, ‘That is rather hard, is n’t it? but it’s all right; and I thought as much ever since I was hit.’ Dr. Billings asked him if he had any messages to leave for his friends. Stanley said he would tell Walcott

everything; saying, too, that I should come on there, and that everything was to be given to me. Dr. Billings then left him.

“As Stanley lay without speaking, Captain Walcott, who is a deeply religious man, spoke to him, and inquired if Stanley had any messages to leave with him. Stanley replied, ‘No.’ Walcott continued, ‘Have you a father and mother living?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Are they church-going people?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Then,’ said Walcott, ‘if your mother knew how you are, she would wish you to pray.’ Stanley turned his face toward his comrade, very quietly, and then answered slowly, ‘That point was settled with me long ago.’ He did not talk much, but lay quite still. The officers who were there told me they never saw any one more quiet and free from agitation. His right arm was disabled, so that he probably could not write. He was among comparative strangers, and no word so transmitted would have been much for him to say or for them to receive. He knew it was too late to say he loved us, if we did not know that before. He rightly chose rather to trust to our understanding how he felt, without attempting to put his feelings into words, than to lay his heart bare before those who knew him so little, and whose own troubles were enough for them to endure. And so life slowly passed away. He lived long enough to understand that he died in victory, and that his blood was not lost. He spoke pleasantly to those about him, and to the last took a kindly interest in their welfare. On Wednesday morning, about eleven o’clock, when he was very near his end, and probably had lost distinct knowledge where he was, some of the other wounded officers were speaking of being carried to Baltimore by private conveyance, and, when Walcott proposed that they should all do so, Stanley spoke up clearly, and said, — they were his last words, — ‘Walcott, I’ll go with you.’ Soon after he died without a struggle, and his warfare was over.

“The condition of things at Gettysburg after the battle beggars description. One fact alone is enough to indicate it. For five days after my arrival, I could not obtain, in any way, a coffin in which to bring his body home. At last I succeeded, by a happy chance; and hiring two men, a horse, and a wagon, I started about two o’clock for the camp hospital. It was situated about five miles from the town, off the Baltimore pike, on the cross-road, at the white church. It was a dull, rainy, very warm afternoon, and on

every side was the mark of dreadful devastation. Surgeon Billings, who was in charge of the field hospital, a mere collection of huts, sent a soldier to guide me to my brother's grave. It was on a hillside, just on the outskirts of the grove in which the camp was pitched. The brook rolled round its foot in the little valley, while in the distance was Round Top, and the swelling landscape peculiar to that portion of Pennsylvania, — a family of hills, stretching far and near, with groves dotting their sides and summits. Here was the spot which, ten days before a lonely farm, was now populous with the dead.

“My brother's grave was marked carefully with a wooden head-board, made from a box cover, and bearing his name, rank, and day of death. It was so suitable a place for a soldier to sleep, that I was reluctant to remove the body for any purpose. But the spot was part of a private farm; and as removal must come, I thought it best to take the body home, and lay it with the dust of his kindred. When my companions had scraped the little and light earth away, there he was wrapped in his gray blanket, in so natural a posture, as I had seen him lie a hundred times in sleep, that it seemed as if he must awake at a word.

“Two soldiers of the Eleventh Infantry, the companion regiment of the Seventeenth, had followed me to the spot, — one a boy hardly as old as Stanley, the other a man of forty. As the body was lifted from the grave, this boy of his own accord sprang forward, and gently taking the head, assisted in laying the body on the ground without disturbing it, a thing not pleasant to do, for the earth had received and held it for a week. I told them to uncover the face. They did so, and I recognized the features, though there was nothing pleasant in the sight. I then bade them replace the folds of the gray blanket, his most appropriate shroud, and lay the body in the coffin. They did so; but again the boy stepped forward, and of his own motion carefully adjusted the folds as they were before. When we turned to go, I spoke to the boy and his companion. They said they knew Stanley, and knowing I had come for his body, they had left the camp to help me, because they had liked Stanley. ‘Yes,’ added the boy, ‘he was a strict officer, but the men all liked him. *He was always kind to them.*’ That was his funeral sermon. And, by a pleasant coincidence, as one of the men remarked to me on our way back, the sun shone out during the ten minutes we

were at the grave, the only time it had appeared for forty-eight hours.”

His body now rests in the family burial-place in the churchyard at Beverly, — a pleasant place among the trees on a sloping hill, where one can see the sea in the distance, and at times hear the waves upon the beach, — a spot he had often admired in former times, and such as he would himself have chosen. It was a lovely summer afternoon at sunset when his friends gathered at the grave to leave the body in its last resting-place. The sky was full of sunshine and white fleecy clouds. The earth was green after a storm, and the distant sea blue as the heavens above; and it was impossible to resist the cheerful consolation which even Nature seemed to give. Rev. James Reed, my old schoolfellow and college chum, who had known Stanley from the day he was a little child, spoke the last words at his grave; and so the short story of his life was ended.

I have designedly dwelt upon the pleasant things which then and now threw around the death of my brother an atmosphere almost of happiness, and certainly of peace. He had lived faithful, and he died in his duty. He is safe forever. He never will be less good, less true-hearted, less loving than we knew him; and life is well over when it is a good life well ended.

I will now say something of the last three years of his life, and quote a little from notes found among his papers and from letters. His cherished plan from boyhood up was to become an author. I now have many manuscripts of his, — stories, plays, songs, and the like, — and it may be that among them there is something worth preservation. For this purpose he went to College, carefully guarding from almost every one his secret. This was his ulterior design in entering the Regular Army. In February, 1862, he writes: —

“After the war ends, supposing I survive it, I should be stationed in some fort, probably, which would give me ample time to prose-

cute my plans in writing. I should have a settled support outside of literature (an inestimable blessing to a *littérateur*), and should be admirably placed to get a good knowledge of character and affairs, so necessary to a writer in these days. . . . My objects remain the same, and I shall always pursue them while I live ; but the means of obtaining those objects I wish to seek in a different way from the one I had marked out for myself. *I must be a man, and fight this war through. That is the immediate duty*; but that accomplished, — as a few years at furthest must see it accomplished, — and I can honorably take up once more the plans I have temporarily abandoned. It will be too late to return to college ; and the army is the only place for me. . . . When I shall have served enough to support me, then I will resign, and give my whole time to my beloved plans, which in the mean time I shall not have been compelled wholly to neglect. May I have such a fate before me, if I live ! Such a one as Winthrop, if, more happy, I should die !”

In December, he writes again : —

“I certainly believe that I have a talent for writing. I actually think that, if I live to be thirty-five, I shall have written the greatest and noblest novel that ever was written. And yet I submit that is an open question as yet whether I am an ass or not. If I write the book, I simply appreciated myself. If I fail to do so, why, I will be content with a pair of long ears instead of a laurel crown. I think that is fair, so I won't begin to call myself names yet. . . . I have satisfied my personal ambition completely. I am a gentleman in station, with a sufficient income to keep the wolf from the door. That is all I wanted for myself. I don't care for rank or money, or anything of the sort. I will be a good officer, and as long as this war continues I will use every power God has given me to make God's cause triumphant ; but still all this is the preface to my real work, — is simply putting coal into the engine. If I am really going to do a great work in the world ; if, in fine, I am to be a worker in God's vineyard, I must do my work by writing. I know this, am sure of it. If I live and don't accomplish it, I shall have buried my talent.”

And once more he writes : —

“Alas ! what a contemptible thing is enthusiasm to one who

does not sympathize in its object! I hope my enthusiasm is wiser and more manly; but then, one can have more impartial judges than one's self. O, for a measure to measure things by! What would I not give to know whether I am an ass or a genius, a coward or a hero, a scoundrel or a saint! Ah, Mynheer, the Country Parson, would smile at that last sentence. I seem to hear from his half-sneering, half-pitying lips, 'My dear fellow, please steer between Scylla and Charybdis.' A fig for such philosophy! It is a priceless happiness to aim at the highest mark, and never dream of missing it. To be sure, if we fail, like the archers that strove for the hand of the Fairy Princess, death is the penalty. Well, who would not run the risk of hell for a simple chance of heaven? Every one but a craven. Down with mediocrity and its laudators. It is better to live a day than to vegetate a century. Enthusiasm, ambition, conflict, and victory, — these make life. All the rest are but the wearisome ceremonies of the soul's funeral."

These words I quote from his private papers, seen by no eye but his own while he lived. They are enthusiastic, for they are written by one quite young. They were visions in the air, for the wisdom of Divine Providence had allotted to him that which he speaks of as "the greater happiness." I have copied these words because they show what was the secret of his life, and because his ambition was a generous and noble one, of which no one need be ashamed. He practically trained himself for an author's work, as is shown by a little incident of which he told me in almost the last conversation we ever had. While he was in the Freshman year, a former friend had fallen into temptation, and embezzled fifty dollars from his employer. In despair, he told Stanley. Stanley at once, without saying anything of his design, wrote some stories, sold them, got the fifty dollars, and gave them to the boy. He mentioned this casually to me as a piece of Quixotry, which had caused some neglect in his college duties, for which I had blamed him at the time. What his future would have been, we may not say. I speak of these things to show what were his day-dreams, before his short and active life of manly duty ended.

At Cambridge he was reserved, and lived much alone. He was poor, and was dependent upon aid which he trusted to repay in the future. Such a position often engenders some bitterness even in a true spirit of independence. He would not accept aid, except on the condition of being allowed to repay it afterwards. Still, being unable to do all which he liked to do, he chose rather to withdraw from companionship than to enter it on any terms which he thought would not suit this spirit. And if in this desire to stand alone he went too far, time would surely have ripened and mellowed the fruit.

He was thoroughly alive to the elements of romance in a soldier's life, as appears in the two following passages from his private notes : —

“On Christmas night (1862) I crept into my bed, and floated off into the fairy-land of dreams and fancies, until sleep threw its spell over me, as is my boyish and absurd wont. But suddenly my waking dreams seemed almost to haunt my slumbers. The softest music sounded through the stillness of midnight; and it was long before I could persuade myself that the strains were real, and not imaginings. The band of the Second Infantry was playing Christmas anthems in the midst of the sleeping army. The dreamy music, soft and low as a mother's prayer, floated over the camp, and stole like a benediction into the half-unconscious ears of the rude soldiery around. First it was a dead march; then a beautiful variation on ‘Gentle Annie,’ and last, ‘Do they miss me at home?’ The effect was unequalled by anything I ever heard, except that wonderful death chant which breaks in upon and hushes the mad drinkers of the poisoned wine in ‘Lucrezia Borgia.’ That is the beauty of a soldier's life. There are such touches of purest romance, occasionally breaking through the dull prose and bitter suffering. It is, after all, the only profession which rises above the commonplace. In it beauty and effect are studied and arrived at; and the most delicate refinement and heroism are necessary to the true soldier. It is that which is so charming, I believe, in the profession, that which renders it a fit place for a dreamer and a writer.”

In the second passage he describes a contrivance for comfort in the winter.

“To-day we have had a squad of men at work in our tent. We have dug a cellar about two feet down in the ground, and have scraped a deep hole in one corner, with an opening outside the tent for a fireplace and chimney. The arrangement is a great success. We have more room; and then, too, it is a pleasure, for it is a novelty, *ποικίλον τε καὶ εὐδαιμονία*, one remembers. It is not a bad thing to be a troglodyte. It is attacking the very citadel of death and terror to live in a grave and build a fire at one end! According to Bayard Taylor, I shall take the most luxurious repose possible to-night. He somewhere sillily remarks: ‘There is no rest more grateful than that we take on the turf or sand, *save the rest below it.*’ To be sure, I do not put much confidence in what he says, for I can testify that a very mean straw mattress even is far preferable to the bare earth. Faith! there is little to choose between that and a grave. Indeed, the one is uncommonly apt to lead to the other. But, dear me, what a jumble of demi-puns. Well, mother Earth and daddy Clouds have been hard at work all day turning Virginia into a mortar-bed, and the army will have to stay in camp awhile, if it does not wish to get stuck in the mud.”

I could wish to say something of the tenderness of affection with which he loved his friends, and to quote something from those words which were a last precious legacy to the friend to whom they were sent, and to whom he says that he understands him so well that “I don’t know how, it seems as if I *were* you somehow.” But over that part of his loving nature and his true, manly heart we will drop the veil.

In the short year of his military life he lived a lifetime. Experience shows that the war has made men go upward fast or downward fast; but the progress was *fast*. Stanley grew into maturity. His letters read like those of a man of middle age; and with this growth came a child-like simplicity and gentle trustfulness which it is now inexpressibly pleasant to recall.

In the middle of August his valise came home. It contains one unfinished letter to that friend to whom his heart had always been open. Although written some months before his death, it contains his last words; and none could be more touching. He thus quietly speaks of his religious faith, that "point which had been settled long ago": —

"When the lesson of submission has been so completely learned that regretful thoughts *never* steal into our hearts, why should we live longer? Is not our appointed work accomplished then? Yes, I think I believe that now. I think I understand that submission is the only real virtue. I have often puzzled my head to get at some unselfish motive for being good, and now I am quite sure that I recognize what religion taught — long ago. I have not got to the point from which — started long years ago by the same road that led — thither. Mine has been longer and dustier and more perplexing. I have groped thither through Heaven only knows how much of darkness and doubt, and scepticism almost. But I am quite certain that we are journeying now upon the same track, — hundreds of miles ahead and yet wonderfully near me too. — is Great Heart, I think, who has come back to show me the way. . . . We must remember the beautiful saying of Massillon: 'On n'est pas digne d'aimer la vérité quand on peut aimer quelque chose plus qu'elle.'"

FITZHUGH BIRNEY.

First Lieutenant 23d Penn. Vols. (Infantry), November 29, 1861; Captain and A. A. G. (U. S. Vols.), August 1, 1862; Major, September 15, 1863; died at Washington, D. C., June 17, 1864, of disease contracted in the service.

FITZHUGH BIRNEY was the youngest son of James G. Birney, the distinguished Kentuckian, who, born and bred a slaveholder, emancipated his slaves in 1835, and, in the distribution of his father's estate, took the negroes for his portion, that he might set them also free. When a young man he had been Attorney-General of Alabama. His ability, virtue, and sacrifices made him the candidate of the Liberty Party for the Presidency, in 1844.

By a first marriage with a relative of General McDowell, Mr. Birney had five sons and one daughter. In 1841, he married Elizabeth P. Fitzhugh, a daughter of the New York branch of an old Maryland family. Fitzhugh Birney was born at Saginaw, Michigan, January 9, 1842. The following April his parents removed to Bay City, near the mouth of the sluggish Saginaw River.

In 1842, the site of the town had been cleared of pine forests, but the only buildings yet erected were the warehouse, the hotel, and the bank. In the hotel Mr. Birney and his family temporarily lodged. In the bank he had an office and a Sunday school. The settlement was much visited by the Ojibway Indians, with whom the boy became a favorite. The first words he learned to speak were in the Indian tongue.

Fitzhugh was an athletic and adventurous child. He could not remember when he began to swim. Once, before he was five years old, having pushed out on the river in a sail-boat with two little companions, he was discovered at the helm, assuring them that there was no danger, and

promising to take them ashore if they would "stop crying." At seven, he skated by moonlight from Saginaw to Bay City, a distance of twelve miles.

At four he had learned to read well. From five to eight he was taught by an excellent New England teacher, Miss Berry of Belfast, Me. In September, 1851, he was placed in Theodore D. Weld's family school at Belleville, New Jersey, where he remained until, in 1854, Mr. Weld removed to Eagleswood, Perth Amboy. Hither Mr. Birney came, being then in bad health, and here he lived until his death in the fall of 1857. During these invalid years Fitzhugh was a nurse to him, as tender and gentle as a girl.

He was a thorough and ambitious student. He unconsciously exerted over his mates a powerful personal influence which they were glad to feel and acknowledge. If others rivalled him in some feats of the play-ground and gymnasium, none excelled in so many, none threw over all sports such a fascination as he. In his seventeenth year he had the happiness to save the life of a school-girl too adventurous in learning to swim. She had sunk once; the tide was running rapidly to the sea. Without taking off hat, coat, or shoes, Fitzhugh, who had watched her from the pier, plunged in, seized her as she rose, and supported her till help came.

Among his companions at this school was one subsequently known as General Llewellyn F. Haskell, whose rapid promotion was the reward of equal talent, valor, and good fortune. Another was that brave Quaker, Captain Hallock Mann, whose gallant rescue of General Kilpatrick at Aldie Gap, Virginia, was one of the memorable deeds of the war. Kilpatrick was in the hands of the enemy. Mann, seeing his men hesitate, shouted, "Are you heroes or cowards? Follow me! Charge!" and, without looking back, dashed into the fight. His troop, fired by the example, rallied, dispersed the Confederates, and carried him, severely wounded, with the General, from the field. Captain Mann was killed in a subsequent battle.

In the spring of 1859, a wrestling match with his young friend Mann brought on bleeding at the lungs, which obliged Fitzhugh to abandon his purpose of entering college that year. The following July he sailed for Europe, arriving there shortly after the peace of Villafranca. The Continent was in a ferment; and he was sufficiently well informed to take an excited interest in the questions of the time. From a balcony on the Boulevard, looking down the Rue de la Paix, he saw the triumphal entry into Paris of the Emperor and the army of Italy. "I suppose war is a great evil," he said, "but it is so splendid that I am half sorry we can never have one at home."

A week later he was in Chamouni in Savoy. On the Mer de Glace, his party came to a place where two large masses of ice, sloping towards each other, left between them a dangerous crevasse. An Englishman, named Haskin, went from the upper edge of one of these inclined planes, intending to cross it obliquely and join his friends on an ice-mound at the end of the opening. He was beginning to slide helplessly towards destruction, when Fitzhugh ran upon him from the elevation with an impetus sufficient to carry both along the edge of the abyss to a place of safety beyond it. Of course the story was told in Chamouni. Prince Humbert of Italy, a youth of about the same age, then visiting the Valley, sent an aid with his compliments; and during his stay Fitzhugh was annoyed by the curiosity of travellers and guides.

He was in Berlin at the time of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry. He was fascinated by the generosity of the deed, but shocked by the fatal miscalculation which seemed almost to clothe it with the attributes of crime. "You condemn, then, the enterprise, my son," said the American Minister to him, "while you justify John Brown." In the third year of the war he wrote, "I have passed over the scene of John Brown's adventurous raid. He was our leader, after all. We shall finish his work, and that 'perturbed spirit' may rest in peace."

He remained at Berlin three months, studying German and music. His health seemed re-established; he was the best skater on the ponds of the Thier-garten. Once, after he had performed an evolution of peculiar grace and dexterity, the crown-princess, Victoria of Prussia, witnessing the sport from her carriage, gave with her own hands the signal of applause. He was at Rome during the Carnival; in Paris, at Easter. He landed at Boston in July, 1860, and a few days afterwards entered Harvard College without conditions.

Few allusions to public affairs occur in his letters from Cambridge during the first term. Two days after the attack on Fort Sumter, he wrote, "If the South is in earnest, I shall be in the fight." But he was ill, — "tired of being sick every spring with a cold." His letters to his mother are now devoted by almost alternate sentences to his health and the war.

"A very little study affects my head. Boston is splendidly excited. What a horrible war, — fathers against sons, brothers against brothers! Yet the grass in the College yard is green and the buds are coming out."

"April 20.

"We have ninety signatures to a petition to the Faculty for a drill-club in our Class. If the Faculty refuse, we shall appeal to the Governor!"

"April 26.

"Thank you for the Union badge and the violets. All the students may belong to the club by getting permission of their parents and signing an agreement to obey all the rules. My cough hangs on as coughs will."

"April 28.

"Last evening Governor Andrew sent a message to President Felton, that, having no company ready to guard the Arsenal here, he wished the students to take charge of it. The boating fever has abated; everything is fight now. Yesterday was the anniversary of the day when Washington first drew his sword as commander of the American Army. An immense war meeting was held under the Washington elm. Governor Banks spoke, a band played; a regiment which goes off Tuesday paraded. I shall probably pay you a short visit — till I am better."

He was quite feeble during the most of the summer, but in August grew rapidly stronger. On the 17th of August, at the house of his uncle, Gerritt Smith, in Peterborough, New York, he received a letter from his brother David, who said, "I am now colonel of the regiment called 'Birney's Zouaves.' If you can get your mother's permission, you may go with me as lieutenant." On the envelope is written in pencil, "Would you give me leave to go, if I were intent on it?" "Yes," is the answer in his mother's hand, "if you were well."

At the end of August, Fitzhugh, now a Sophomore, rejoined his Class. October 27th, he wrote:—

"I have the war-fever again. That fight at Edward's Ferry!—in it six from Harvard that I knew, or knew of, were wounded or taken prisoners. And I am not strong! I might get along in a cavalry regiment. The riding would do me good. What if I did not get along? I should have done what I could."

To another:—

"I must go to the war. My father sacrificed all for freedom. My brothers are already in the field. Am I not dishonoring my name and the cause with which it is identified?"

These reflections weighed on his spirits. His physician shut up his books, recommending some active out-of-door employment. November 28, he wrote from Camp Graham, near Washington: "I am now First Lieutenant, Company A, Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel David B. Birney."

He was soon detached from the regiment for signal duty. "On the battle-field," he wrote, "our position is dangerous. But the greater the danger, the better the service." He acted on the signal corps seven months, and was considered one of its three most able and accurate officers.

A friend once found him on the Chickahominy, with two attendants, far from any Union force. In this position,

very dangerous but favorable for watching the enemy's movements, he had been several days. A hostile scouting party might have come upon him at any time; but the advantages, he thought, overbalanced the risk, and he stayed.

In February he had an attack of cough and fever, during which he wrote: "I do not like to think of the country. Its situation saddens me. The war is the price of slavery. I hope it will prove to be the price of liberty." He returned to duty towards the middle of March, but shortly fell sick again, and was nursed by his mother till near the end of April. On the 12th of May he was on the steamer *City of Richmond*, at Yorktown, bound for West Point and General McClellan. On the 21st of May he wrote: "Eight miles from Richmond! in shirt-sleeves, trying to catch the breeze; tanned quite brown; not now the pale, thin, sick boy you nursed so tenderly. General Stoneman and I have seen Richmond from the balloon." May 23. "To-day, at the crossing of the Chickahominy, at last I was under fire, and do not think I showed fear."

In the midst of the seven days' battle at Richmond, Lieutenant Birney found time to write his mother: "The nearest shot to me passed under my arm, cutting the body and sleeve of my coat and shirt. I was in the hottest of the fire at Mechanicsville. The fight is still going on. If anything happens to me, let it console you that I am doing my duty in a just cause. You will not be the only sad one." General William Birney gives a picture of him in this battle: "In the afternoon of the disastrous affair of Gaines's Hill, as my regiment was marching into the fight, I met Fitzhugh. 'Ah, brother Will,' he cried, 'we have the Rebels this time!' 'What makes you think so?' said I, 'it looks the other way to me.' 'They say so at head-quarters,' he answered, 'and I know they are in high spirits about it. They say we shall bag at least ten thousand.' In a few hours the Rebels had bagged many of us, myself among the number."

Colonel David B. Birney having become Brigadier-General, Lieutenant Birney wrote, "I hope soon to be brother's Aid." August 1, 1862, he was commissioned as "Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Brigade, of Kearney's division, with the rank of Captain." He added to the duties of this position those of Aid in the field. "His delivery of orders under fire was clear, concise, and correct."

In the second battle of Bull Run, Captain Birney's collar-bone was broken by the falling of his horse. This was the only hurt he received in two years and a half of dangerous service, during which he participated in more than twenty engagements.

After the battle of Fredericksburg he wrote : —

"You at home must suffer more from anxiety than we do from cold, exposure, and battle. It was hard for you to know that so fierce a fight was raging, and that we three were in the hottest of it. You ask me how I felt. There is intense excitement as the tide of battle ebbs and flows. If one's own party are advancing, there is a glow of exultation; if retreating, a passion to turn the enemy back. 'T was so the other day when Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves, to which we were support, advanced in a long, magnificent line of battle, as if on parade. All was quiet when they started, but in an instant the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry were deafening. Twenty minutes it lasted. Then from the woods directly in front of us came out a shattered mass of troops in perfect disorder. It seems to me that I could have died a hundred deaths to turn the scale. . . . One of our colonels well describes our position that day, 'The Rebels were in the boxes and we in the pit.' It was a Roman amphitheatre, and we were the poor beasts exposed on the arena."

"April 28, 1863.

"We expect a great battle all around Fredericksburg. Should I fall, remember the cause I am fighting for, and forget your grief in consoling others. God will protect me. Your beautiful flowers will be in my pocket."

"May 5.

"In the field, Chancellorsville. I am safe. My horse Prince

was shot in the leg. He threw me off, vanished in the war-cloud, and I have not seen him since.

“So you wondered what the same moon shone on that night by the Rappahannock. On the Third Army Corps, cut off from the rest of the army, massed on the field, its lines of battle facing both ways, to the front and to the rear; pickets all around us, for we knew not whence the attack might come; our brigade lying behind the batteries as support in case of attack; the other two brigades moving silently forwards into the black woods. A stillness like that of the grave! Suddenly a crash of musketry all along the line, and the fierce opening of cannon! This was half an hour before midnight. In fifteen minutes all was over, and the bright, beautiful moon shone on the piles of the dead and dying.”

“May 14.

“Although the General is my brother, I must praise him. I have tried to do my duty for his sake. Saturday night, after we had made the night attack in which Stonewall Jackson was killed and Kearney avenged, he had no blankets. I got him one, and we lay down together and slept. It was pleasant for us both to be there unharmed. The next day I was sitting by his side on horseback, when a shell exploded close to us. A piece passing under my arm struck him a severe blow on the belt.”

July 5, he wrote from Gettysburg: —

“Yesterday our band played the national airs amid the shouts of a victorious army.”

The promotion of his brother David to the rank of Major-General was followed by the promotion of Captain Birney. His commission as Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major, is dated September 15, 1863.

November 30, he sent a pencilled note from Mine Run: “We assault the enemy’s works at eight, A. M. We are to charge up an open slope half a mile long.” December 3. “Back at Brandy Station. No defeat, but disgraceful failure.”

On Christmas-day, 1863, Major Birney married Laura, youngest daughter of the late Jacob Strattan, of Philadelphia, — a lady with whom he became acquainted when both were pupils at Eagleswood. It is harder for him “now to

be away from home than it ever has been before," but he will "stay till the good work is done."

In April he says: —

"Since my marriage life seems to me doubly precious and doubly uncertain. I need more than ever true Christian resignation to bear with composure whatever lot. I glory in being the soldier of a noble cause. If it is God's will that I fall, — well, I do not complain."

From Chancellorsville, May 4th, he writes: "With what humiliation we left this place a year ago to-day! The graves are very many. Violets do what they can to cheer the desolation."

Through the spring of 1864 he suffered from cold and cough; towards the end of May it became evident that he was breaking down. The General's confidence in him invited constant over-exertion. He was too sensitive to accept the proffered assistance of his friends. He positively refused to go on the sick-list, "when so many able-bodied men were shirking their duty." He "determined to stay with the old red diamond" (the division badge) "till it reached Richmond, or die on the road." The last two days of May he suffered severely from want of sleep, coughing violently whenever he lay down. Unwillingly he allowed his tent-mate to hold him in his arms that he might rest. All this time, studiously concealing his condition as far as possible, he performed his official labors. June 2d, he wrote to his wife, "I shall, perhaps, have to give up duty for a day or two. Nothing but a spasmodic cough." It was pneumonia. June 5th he wrote, on board the steamer, "Here I am on my way to you, — not wounded. I shall rest a day in Washington, at Duddington." (Duddington is the old Carroll mansion, still inhabited by members of the Carroll family, cousins of Major Birney's mother.) He reached Duddington on the 6th of June. Though very sick and travel-worn, he wrote with his own hand the tele-

graphic messages that summoned his wife and mother to his side. He bore his physical sufferings with cheerfulness and patience, and looked forward with resignation to the end; but he showed a soldier's sensitiveness at dying of disease. The day he died he said to a wounded cousin, "I wish I had that bullet through my body." Once he asked, musingly, "Who will care for mother now?" An hour after his death came the invitation to attend the exercises of his Class-day at Cambridge. It was the 17th of June, 1864, — the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill.

Fitzhugh Birney was an uncommonly handsome man, tall, athletic, and apparently robust, but unable to endure long-continued hardship and exposure. He was an excellent horseman and a passionate hunter. He never got lost; his knowledge of place was instinctive and unerring, like an Indian's. Courage, truthfulness, and generosity, which distinguished his boyhood, were yet more conspicuous ornaments of his brief manhood. He was always helping others; but others rarely found it possible to help him. The gentleness of his manners veiled from most observers the singular decision of his character. He was little influenced by the opinions of others; but, having formed his own, he adhered to them without obtrusion or argument. Genial in temper, fond of society and mirth, he maintained strictly temperate habits. When the circle of his friends was hilarious with wine and revel, this boy with the beardless chin and the steady, brown eyes, the gayest of the company, was never flushed. Genuine self-respect and principles deeply implanted kept him pure amid the extraordinary temptations to which his beauty, kindness, and universal popularity exposed him. Thus richly endowed with bright faculties and instinctive virtues, still further recommended by the charm of fine demeanor, of him the impartial judgment becomes spontaneous praise.

He was buried by his father's side at Hampton, the old homestead of the Fitzhughs, near Geneseo, Livingston

County, New York. A posthumous daughter, born in November, bears his name.

Of the five sons of James G. Birney living at the outbreak of the war, four entered the Union Army, of whom three died in the service. *Noblesse oblige.*

Major-General David B. Birney, long commander of the famous Kearney's division of the Third Corps, promoted to the command of the Tenth Corps, won a battle, October 7, 1864, and died eleven days after, in Philadelphia.

Brigadier-General William Birney, as Inspector-General of Colored Troops in Maryland and at Washington, sent seven thousand into the field. He served with distinction in Florida, and was in Virginia, commanding the Third Division, Twenty-fifth Corps, at the time of the surrender of Lee.

Lieutenant Dion Birney died of exposure in the Peninsular campaign of 1862.

By his father, Major Fitzhugh Birney was first-cousin of the Confederate General Humphrey Marshall; by his mother, a more distant relative of the Confederate General Fitzhugh Lee.

EDWARD CHAPIN.

Private 15th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 6, 1862; Sergeant; died at Baltimore, Md., August 1, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.

EDWARD CHAPIN, son of Nicholas Baylis and Margaret (Fletcher) Chapin, was born at White Pigeon, Michigan, May 15, 1841. He was the youngest son in a family of four sons and four daughters. His father and mother were both born in Worcester County, Massachusetts, — his father in the town of Sutton, and his mother in Northbridge; and his ancestors on his father's side, for seven generations, were natives of Massachusetts, and directly descended from Deacon Samuel Chapin, who came from England about the year 1640.

His parents removed to Michigan in September, 1831; and at White Pigeon in that State his father died the 6th of July, 1845. In September of the same year his widowed mother, with her two youngest sons, returned to her father's home at Whitinsville, in the town of Northbridge. The next summer Edward Chapin began to attend the district school in Whitinsville; and he completed his preparation for college at the academies in Plympton and Andover, Massachusetts. In September, 1860, he was admitted to the Freshman Class of Harvard University.

In July, 1862, at the end of his Sophomore year, he went home for the college vacation. Soon after, at the close of the Peninsular campaign, came a call for more men, to fill up our armies. Chapin determined to enter the service, and accordingly enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteers.

On August 6, 1862, he wrote in his diary: —

“I have this day solemnly sworn to bear true and faithful allegiance to the United States, and to assist in maintaining its laws

against all its enemies. I am now in the service and under the pay of 'Uncle Sam,' as a private in Company H, Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment. After bidding good by to the dear ones at home, Ira Parkis, Henry Ainsworth, and I came up to Worcester and were sworn into the service of the United States."

In this same company were three cousins of Chapin's from Whitinsville, — Samuel, James, and George Fletcher, three brothers, who are several times mentioned in this sketch in the extracts from Chapin's diary and letters. On the 13th of August the recruits left Camp Cameron in Cambridge, to join their respective regiments in the field. On the 14th they arrived in New York, and on the 15th were embarked on board the Steamship Catawba for Fortress Monroe, where they arrived next day.

Here the news came that McClellan had evacuated Harrison's Landing. Accordingly the recruits remained at Camp Hamilton, near the fort, till the 24th, when they marched to Newport News, where the recruits for the Fifteenth joined that regiment, and were distributed into their respective companies. On the 23d the regiment was embarked on board the transport Mississippi, and it arrived at Alexandria on the 28th. Soon afterwards the recruits received their arms and equipments, and the Fifteenth Regiment marched to the neighborhood of Fairfax.

The Rebels were now advancing with a strong force into Maryland, and our army was ordered into that State to meet them. The Fifteenth Massachusetts crossed the Potomac by the Chain Bridge, and, by rapid marches, arrived in time to take part in the battle of Antietam. Chapin gives in his diary, under date of September 17, his experience in that battle.

"We were called at half past two, A. M., and ordered to be ready to move at daybreak; but it was seven o'clock before we left camp. We forded the Antietam Creek, and crossed the fields in the direction of the enemy. Our artillery kept up a continual firing from the opposite side of the creek, and were replied to by the enemy.

We halted beside a fence, and by the left flank and over was the work of a minute. At this place the Rebels threw some shells among our generals; one of the recruits, Shoules, was killed instantly. Double-quick, and we were soon ahead of this piece of ground. It was very hard travelling over ploughed ground, and that, together with the exertion of keeping in line, tired me very much. The shells continued to follow us, and it was very evident that the Rebs could see all our movements from where they stood. We passed by a stone house and barn which were used as a hospital, and entered the woods. Here the broken guns, the dead and dying of our men, showed plainly that the battle had raged but a short time before.

“In front of these woods was an open field where the Rebels had formed their line of battle. In this lot the enemy lay thickly. It seemed as though every third man must have fallen before the aim of our men. We passed over this line, and I suppose my heart was hardened by the excitement; for I could look upon them with the utmost indifference. We obliqued to the right, and soon saw a body of our troops lying in the edge of the woods, who received a volley as we came in sight. We marched into the woods in great disorder; and before we had time to form a line of battle, the bullets flew like hailstones, and many a brave comrade laid down his arms and went to a soldier's reward. I saw Murphy as he died; Hayden lay beside him, and a third was at my feet. I loaded and fired as fast as I could, but aimed at something every time; for I was not so excited but that I knew all that was going on, and realized my situation. We were on a rise in the ground, on a ledge of rocks, in full view of the enemy, who lay below us in a cornfield. They fired in deadly volleys, and the bullets flew thick and fast. Georgy [his cousin, George Fletcher, mentioned above] was struck and slightly wounded in the first fire, in the lip; another ball passed through his breast-coat-pocket. One ball struck my gun and tore the wood as I was putting on a cap, but passed by without touching me. We remained in this place for three quarters of an hour, the officers said, though certainly it did not seem more than fifteen minutes, when we had orders to cease firing. Just at this time a ball passed through Jimmy [his cousin, James Fletcher], just between the eyes, killing him instantly. He had stood there, bearing

up bravely and doing his duty nobly during the whole fight; and then, just as he had almost finished his work, he died. Sam and Georgy stepped up to him, but seeing that he was gone they left him. I saw him just before he fell and just after, but did not see him fall. I stood the third from him back and to the left of Ed Tanner; Sam Batcheler fell near by, and Ike Marshall was also left there. The Rebels flanked us, and made it absolutely necessary for us to retire. I did not see many of the boys, and tried to keep with one or two, but when I got back to a house used as a hospital I lost sight of them all. As we were falling back it seemed as though the balls flew thicker than before; but perhaps I noticed them more. I gave nearly all my water to a man wounded through the lungs, and oh, how eagerly he grasped my canteen as I knelt down by his side!

“I went back, trying to find our men, but not seeing any except Dunn, I went back to the house that we passed in the morning and got some water, and I never found any that tasted better than at that moment. I then found Dixon and a few of the boys; but none knew where the regiment lay. We went back towards the battle-field, and after some inquiries we found the brigade; there were thirteen of the company present of sixty-three who had gone out with us in the morning. . . . We went in with five hundred and seventy-four men, and now number two hundred and fifty. Four commissioned officers were killed and five wounded.”

Soon after the battle of Antietam the Fifteenth Regiment moved with our army towards the Potomac, and forded the river near Harper's Ferry. The army remained in camp at or near Bolivar Heights till about the middle of November, when it moved to Falmouth, opposite to Fredericksburg, and there went into camp. In the first Fredericksburg battle Chapin's regiment was in the reserve. The Fifteenth Massachusetts at that time was in the Second Division, Second Corps; General Hancock commanding the corps, and General Gibbon the division. The regiment crossed over the river on the first day (December 11), late in the afternoon, and passed the night under the river's bank. Early the next morning it advanced without opposition into the city of

Fredericksburg, and during the following night was out on picket duty. In a letter to his cousin, dated December 19, 1862, he thus narrates the further part taken by his regiment in the battle: —

“About half past eight (in the morning of December 13th), heavy firing, both musketry and artillery, began on the left of the line, and the battle had in reality commenced. The Fifteenth fell in and was rapidly marched to the scene of action, about two o'clock, P. M. As we were passing through one of the streets, *crash* came a shell through a building a few feet in front, and bursting killed the doctor and one of our company, severely wounding others. Another compliment of the same sort was paid us a few minutes after, and we started double-quick for the battle-field. The Major was soon after wounded, and we took up our position behind a hill as a reserve. During all this time the firing had been terrific; and as we saw regiment after regiment advance over the hill behind which we lay, and some of them come falling back in disorder, not being able to stand the murderous fire of the enemy, our hearts almost failed us. Twice the Eighteenth Massachusetts made a charge upon their works, and twice were driven back, cut almost to pieces. Thus the battle raged until about five o'clock, when we saw a long column of men coming into the fight. Cheer after cheer went up, and they advanced boldly over the hill, and we surely thought that the day would then be ours. The firing then became, if possible, more terrible than before, and to our dismay the troops came falling back; some of them without hats, guns, or anything else. Then the Fifteenth advanced to the second line, and on the plain where the battle had raged. Darkness came on, and the battle ceased. As we filed into line and lay down, we received a volley; but it was too high, and but few were injured. We lay out on picket again that night until one o'clock. I shall long remember those hours. They did seem long, as men wounded and dying called for help when we could not assist them.”

At some time during the winter or spring of 1863, Chapin became Orderly Sergeant of his company, of which his cousin, Samuel Fletcher (mentioned above), was then First

Lieutenant. During the winter and following spring our army remained in camp near Falmouth, until the battle of Chancellorsville, in which the regiment was again in the reserve. The army remained in the camp opposite Fredericksburg until the enemy, in June, 1863, began their movement north into Maryland, when our forces left their camp, and by long and sultry marches, by way of Dumfries and Fairfax Station, advanced into Maryland, and finally met and conquered the Rebels at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. In this battle Chapin received the wounds which eventually proved mortal.

He was wounded as the Fifteenth Regiment, driven in by the superior force of the enemy, was retreating across an open field. The first shot brought him to the ground, and while lying on the field he was shot twice again, — once in the left thigh and a second time in the right knee. He lay on the field of battle from the afternoon of July 2d, when he was first wounded, till Sunday, the 5th, when he was removed to Newton University Hospital, Baltimore. July 8th he wrote to his mother from the hospital at Baltimore, informing her that he had been wounded and was then in the hospital. This letter is here given almost entire, as it is so characteristic of the man, showing as it does his courage and cheerfulness, and that tender regard and love for his widowed mother which leads him to under-estimate the danger of his wounds, lest she should be unduly anxious for his safety. The letter is written with a pencil, and the characters are so faint as to be almost illegible. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could write at all; he could not sit up, neither could he draw up his limbs to rest his paper upon, and he could only write a few lines at a time: —

“BALTIMORE, July 8, 1863.

“MY DEAR MOTHER, — We left Union Town the 1st of July, and reached Gettysburg about nine, P. M. Early Thursday morning we marched to the battle-field, and lay in line till afternoon.

A little before three, P. M., the batteries on both sides opened, and the Fifteenth then took its position further in front and behind a fence. Here we lay for about an hour and a half, listening to and watching the fight going on to the left. About five o'clock our skirmishers were driven in. The Second New York Regiment, on our left, was flanked by the Rebels, and fell back. The Fifteenth followed them, and then the men began to fall. We had to cross an open, level plain about three hundred yards wide before reaching any place of shelter. While crossing this the enemy were advancing and pouring into us a heavy fire. I fell just about ten yards from the wall, on the back of the field; the enemy passed over me, but very few of them returned. While lying there the bullets came from every direction, and the wonder is that I was not killed. The first ball struck me in the right knee and brought me to the ground. As I lay there, another struck me again in the right knee and passed out at the same place as the first one. A spherical-case shot entered my left thigh and hip about an inch and a half from the joint, and I had it cut out and now have it in my possession. I am too tired to write much more. I cannot tell you of my journey to this hospital. Suffice it to say that I only reached this place last night, the 7th. Of course I have suffered some in the mean time. My wounds are doing finely, and I shall soon be able to walk with crutches. I was fortunate in not having any bones broken. There is nothing dangerous in my wounds; so do not be anxious about me. I have received every kindness and attention since I came into this city, and you may rest assured I am in good hands. The Lieutenant [Lieutenant Fletcher] was wounded at the same time I was, — shot through the head. The doctor said he could not live; but when I last saw him, day before yesterday, he was looking much better, and I am confident he will, with good care, recover. At all events his old love of fun has not left him, for he made my sides ache with laughing.

“Glorious news from Vicksburg, is n't it? Much love to all. Send your letter as this letter is headed. Have n't heard from any one since the 19th of June.

“Ever your affectionate son,

“ED.”

His wounds, though severe, were not considered danger-

ous at first, and were not so reported by the surgeons. But towards the end of July his case became very critical, and his friends, learning of his failing strength, hastened to be with him. At this time it was thought that to save his life amputation of the right leg must be made. Amputation accordingly took place, but he survived the operation but a few hours, dying the next morning, August 1, 1863.

His mother and brother were with him during the last two days of his life, and in this brief interview were cheered by his unshaken trust in the Saviour, and his assurances that he felt not the least regret that he had given himself to his country. His funeral took place from the house of his grandfather (Samuel Fletcher, Esq.), in Whitinsville, from whose dwelling two other grandsons who fell in battle within that year had been borne to their graves, while two others were there yet suffering from wounds received in battle.

Any sketch of Edward Chapin which omitted to notice his religious character would be essentially incomplete. He early became a professed disciple of Christ, and to the end of his life he proved the genuineness and sincerity of his belief by his consistent Christian walk and conversation. In the hour of death his faith and hope did not fail him. A friend, writing of his last hours, says : —

“ He met death, not only with entire resignation, but apparently with triumph. A few hours before his departure he engaged in audible prayer, which was listened to with deep emotion by the hospital attendants and the wounded men about him. He prayed for the surgeons of the hospital, for the nurses, for the sick and suffering men, for the soldiers in the army, for his country that it might be delivered from its dangers, and for himself that he might be fully prepared for the change before him.”

In person he was of medium height, strongly built, with broad shoulders and full chest. His features were regular; his hair and eyes were light; his mouth well shaped, with his lips firmly shutting; his whole face indicating a firm and

resolute character. Chapin was modest and unassuming in his manners, and perhaps somewhat reserved in his demeanor towards strangers, but thoroughly manly and independent in spirit. He usually held a high rank in his Class, whether in College or at the Academy; but he was a careful and thorough scholar, rather than a showy one. As a soldier he was resolute, patient, and faithful; thoroughly convinced of the justice of the cause for which he fought, and unwavering in his confidence in its success.

FRANCIS WELCH CROWNINSHIELD.

Second Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), December 25, 1861 ; First Lieutenant, August 10, 1862 ; Captain, March 30, 1863 ; mustered out, July 14, 1865 ; died May 21, 1866, of disease contracted in the service.

FRANCIS WELCH CROWNINSHIELD was born in Boston, May 12, 1843, the son of Edward Augustus and Caroline Maria (Welch) Crowninshield. Never a robust child, he yet was not absolutely delicate, though brought near death in boyhood by two successive fevers. In 1856 he accompanied his father, who was at this time rather an invalid, to Europe, — having for the three years previous attended the public Latin School in Boston. They passed one winter at Pau, and another on the island of Madeira, returning home in 1858. Frank immediately resumed his studies at the Latin School, remaining there until July, 1860, when he entered Harvard College as a member of the Freshman Class.

Previous to this he had thrice broken an arm and once a leg ; but these accidents, like the fevers already mentioned, had not affected his general health. At this time he was tall and slender, with small and delicate features, a fair complexion, and light blue eyes. He was not muscular, but he was the possessor of great nervous strength. Whatever he did, he did with his whole soul, seeming to forget himself in what he had undertaken ; and it was only when that was accomplished that he appreciated his own exertions. He was of enthusiastic temperament ; and this distinguishing trait in his character, so often and so fully displayed in his army life, was very noticeable in his short college career. His enthusiasm was not seen, but rather felt ; it did not show itself in hasty action, but rather furnished strength for protracted effort. He was not a stu-

dent, for he was not fond of study; his temperament was too ardent; he was too eager for action, to be content with quiet reading and reflection. His college life, however, was very pleasant, and he made many warm friends during the short year he spent in Cambridge. Among these was George Washington, a grand-nephew of the first President, and, curiously enough, also born on the 22d of February.

As the winter vacation of 1861 drew nigh, the Southerners in the Class, feeling that it was very doubtful whether they should return to Cambridge in the spring, gave a farewell supper to a few of their Northern friends. During the evening both Crowninshield and Washington replied to a toast expressive of the hope that all the party would meet again, to continue their college life as pleasantly as they had begun it. The evening passed agreeably, and the friends separated, — these two to meet again, but under widely different circumstances. A year after this, Crowninshield, having been detailed to bring in the wounded after the first battle at Winchester, was walking through the hospital, when he heard a feeble voice say, “Crownie,” “Crownie.” He stopped, and recognized his college friend. Washington had been shot through the lungs, and, being too weak to talk, could only press the hand of his friend. His release was speedily obtained, and he was sent home to his mother. Nothing has been heard from him since, but there is every reason to believe that he died, soon after, of his wound.

The second term of Crowninshield’s college life was passing quietly, when Fort Sumter was fired on, and immediately all was excitement in Cambridge as elsewhere. Many of the students determined to go to the war, and Crowninshield was among the number. He left College in June, 1861; and, being just eighteen years old, expressed his determination “to fight out the war, provided his life and limbs were spared.” His course once adopted and stated to his friends, without saying anything more upon the subject (for he was a person of few words, and of very few

when speaking about himself), he devoted his whole time and energies to obtaining a commission. He suffered many vexations, and was often disappointed; but was always hopeful, and never relaxed his endeavors. Earnest efforts, combined with patient waiting, at length obtained for him the appointment, which was received in February, 1862, bearing date December 25, 1861. He was immediately mustered into the United States service as Second Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts, and proceeded to Frederick, Maryland, to join this regiment, which had left Massachusetts in the July preceding.

Soon came the disastrous battle before Winchester, in which Crowninshield received several slight contusions; but he seemed unconscious of them, and remained cool and collected. His company was slowly covering the retreat, when he was wounded in the leg. Then came the long retreat, the return home, the protracted confinement, and the slow recovery; but he was patient through it all. What he suffered will appear in the following extract from an account of this wound by Dr. J. Mason Warren:—

“The case is given somewhat in detail to show to what extent the soldier is exposed, independently of the danger from his wounds. That a young man scarcely nineteen should be able to march thirty-five miles with his regiment, constantly fighting and without food, keep guard all night and engage in a battle lasting four hours the next morning, be wounded, and, while suffering and bleeding, lie thirty-six hours with a man on his swollen limb, and with nothing to sustain him, except on the second day a swallow of whiskey given him by a woman who saw his head hanging out from the ambulance with his pale and fainting face, show how much the human frame will bear when assisted by spirit and determination.”

Crowninshield, though not fully recovered from his wound, went through all the hardships of Pope's disastrous campaign, though his regiment was not actively engaged. Before this he had been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, his commission bearing date August 10, 1862. Then followed the battle of Antietam, where he was again

wounded in the leg. This wound, though severe, healed more readily than the preceding, and after a short furlough he went into winter quarters with the regiment.

He was promoted Captain, March 30, 1863, and passed through the battle of Chancellorsville without a wound, though badly bruised by a spent ball which struck him in the chest. He was next present at the battle of Beverly Ford. At Gettysburg, which soon followed, the regiment was exposed to a very hot fire. In a few moments half his company, and he among the number, were shot down. His wound proved very serious, and he was unable to return to the army until October, when he rejoined the Second Massachusetts in Tennessee.

Early in December following, the question of re-enlistment became a subject of grave consideration to the officers and men of this regiment. Captain Crowninshield's opinion was quickly formed, and he urged the measure with the whole force of his enthusiasm; being, it is said, the first officer who addressed the men on the subject. Many of his friends will remember the scene which Beacon Street presented as the Second Massachusetts marched up the street upon its return home on a furlough of thirty days. Probably no one in the regiment had more friends watching for his appearance, and anxious for a recognition from him. But he marched straight forward, turning his head neither to the one side nor to the other, and keeping his eyes to the front. Once only, when he passed the window where he knew his mother was standing, did he suffer his eyes to wander for a second, and to show what he could not then speak.

Crowninshield returned with the regiment to Tennessee, where he was on guard duty until the 1st of May, when the campaign of Atlanta commenced. He was in the actions at Resaca, Cassville, and Dallas, and was subsequently, while on escort duty, shot in the leg by a guerilla, as he was preparing to bathe in Raccoon Creek, after a hard day's march. Then followed another long illness. The hard-

ships of two long years were telling on his constitution, and he did not easily rally from this wound. But his sense of duty was such that even before he had fully recovered he hurried to the West. Prevented by Hood's campaign from joining his regiment, then stationed at Atlanta, he was placed in command of some provisional troops at Chattanooga for a time, but at length joined his regiment at Atlanta early in November, a few days before it set out on the grand march.

We cannot follow him through this campaign. His leg was very painful when he left Atlanta; but, to use his own words, "he soon walked it well." He participated in all the marches, skirmishes, and battles of the long and glorious march from Atlanta to Savannah, and from Savannah to Raleigh. He took part in Sherman's grand parade at Washington, where he remained for several weeks on provost duty. He returned to Boston in July, 1865, and was mustered out of the service.

He was now once more a civilian, and, in outward appearance, very little changed by his army life. Yet the exposure and privations, the numerous and severe wounds to which he had been subjected, the very enthusiasm which had nerved him for every hardship while the emergency lasted, had told severely upon his constitution, and all his friends rejoiced with him in the prospect of rest. Having spent the summer quietly at home, he went abroad in the fall with two of his classmates, and, with the exception of slight attacks of illness, everything passed pleasantly until the middle of the winter, when he had several severe hemorrhages. His friends became alarmed, and sent for his mother, who joined her son at Rome on the 18th of April. There was hope almost to the last, but his shattered constitution could not bear the strain; and, after enduring great suffering without complaint, he died on the 21st of May, 1866, upon the heights of Albano, of enlargement of the heart occasioned by the fatigues and excitement of his army life.

JAMES NEVILLE HEDGES.

Volunteer A. D. C., Staff of Colonel Cradlebaugh (114th Ohio Vols.), commanding brigade, 1862; died at Circleville, Ohio, of disease contracted in the service, February, 1863.

JAMES NEVILLE HEDGES was born at Circleville, Ohio, October 11, 1843, and was the son of Mr. H. N. Hedges of that town. He entered Harvard College as a Freshman in 1860, and during the two years of his stay made himself exceedingly popular among his classmates. A universal adaptability seemed the most marked trait of his character, and this he showed not merely in his personal relations with his classmates, but also in his literary tastes, which were very varied. He had a great love of general literature and of the modern languages; was a ready writer, and at the end of his Sophomore year was chosen to the somewhat doubtful honor of editing the Harvard Magazine, then approaching its last days. He left College, however, soon after this; and after forming and abandoning a project of entering the navy, he returned to Ohio to seek a commission in the army. This failing, he obtained a position as volunteer aid on the staff of Colonel John Cradlebaugh, whose regiment, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio Volunteers, left the State on the 26th of November, 1862. Having taken part in the battle of Arkansas Post, and in one other engagement, he was obliged by severe illness to go home and recruit. After reaching Circleville, he seemed at first likely to regain his health, but soon suffered a relapse. He died in February, 1863.

SAMUEL STORROW.

Corporal 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 20, 1862 – June 18, 1863; First Lieutenant 2d Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 22, 1864; killed at Black Creek, S. C., March 16, 1865.

SAMUEL STORROW was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 24, 1843, the youngest son of Charles Storer and Lydia (Jackson) Storrow. From his earliest years he showed great quickness of apprehension and readiness to apply practically whatever he acquired. As he grew older he displayed much manliness of character and a perfect independence of judgment, the free expression of which savored perhaps of forwardness and over-confidence in a boy, but became more and more tempered by modesty as he grew to be a man and came more in contact with others. He entered College in the year 1860, at the age of seventeen. When the war broke out in the following spring, he took great interest in public affairs, and felt a strong desire to join the army. His wish naturally met with objections from his parents, who considered him much too young for such service. He at once, however, began to read military works, with a view to fit himself for whatever might in the future be required of him.

In the spring of 1862, suffering from an affection of the eyes, which rendered it necessary for him to refrain for a time from their use, he obtained leave of absence from College, and sailed about the 1st of May for Fayal, Azores. This little journey was agreeable and useful. Thrown among entire strangers and left to his own resources, his character was developed, his bodily strength increased; and he returned about the 1st of September, much better fitted either for study and improvement in his College Class, or for that service in the army which he had so greatly desired.

But he found, on his return, that his father was absent in Europe, and that his elder brother, Charles, had just entered the army with a commission as Captain in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, which regiment was then being filled up for immediate service. He rejoined his Class at Cambridge; but other thoughts than those of quiet study were uppermost in his mind. He wrote immediately to his father to ask his consent to his entering the service. That consent was instantly given, with an assurance of full sanction and approbation, even should he have been impelled to take the decisive step before the answer could reach him. Such had, indeed, been the case,—his mother having, with unflinching loyalty, assumed the responsibility of the sacrifice; and before he could hear from his father he was mustered in as Corporal in Company H, Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, September 20, 1862.

His own letter of October 12, written just before the regiment left Boston for North Carolina, is here given at some length, because it unconsciously narrates the experience of many besides himself. Perhaps nothing has been printed which depicts more clearly the mental struggle through which multitudes of young men were then passing; and it singularly recalls the celebrated passage in Alfred de Vigny's reminiscences, describing the state of mind among the students of Paris during the last days of the Empire.

“BOSTON, October 12, 1862.

“MY DEAR FATHER, — Before you arrive here our regiment will have reached Newbern, to enter at once upon active service. I feel, therefore, that it is right and proper for me, before going, to state to you plainly, and as well as I am able to by writing, the circumstances under which I have taken this step in your absence, and the various motives from which I have acted. It is very hard to do this satisfactorily and completely without a personal interview, which, for a thousand reasons, I hope may take place before long.

“On the 10th of August I left Fayal to return home. I had

heard no news later than that of the long-continued and fiercely-contested battles of the last week in June, which resulted in a change in the position of our army before Richmond, and the adoption of a new base of operations, which, as it then seemed to me, was likely to result in the speedy capture of the Rebel capital and downfall of the Rebellion. During our homeward voyage we all felt certain that these joyous tidings would greet our ears as we again set foot upon our native shore. You, who witnessed the gradual change from victory to defeat, can scarcely imagine the sudden revulsion of our feelings, on hearing from the pilot who boarded us that the scene of active operations had been shifted from before the enemy's capital to within a few miles of our own; that our troops were being beaten back upon Washington; that six hundred thousand new levies had been called for by proclamation of the President; and that now, fourteen months after the commencement of the war, thousands of armed men were rushing to the defence of the national capital. As soon as I landed I heard of the formation of the Forty-fourth, and C——'s commission. I at once wished to join this; but mother and C—— both opposed it, saying that it was your intention and desire that I should rejoin my Class at once, and expressed themselves so strongly against my enlisting, that on the following Monday I went to Cambridge, and resumed my studies with what zeal I could. During that week we heard that the Rebel forces were pushing forward and northward in every point along our borders, and that the points at which they were now aiming were no longer Washington and Nashville, but Philadelphia and Cincinnati and St. Louis. . . . The excitement and intensity of feeling, the daily agony of doubt and suspense, is a thing scarcely to be appreciated in full by one who was not here at the time, and who did not pass through it. I assure you, my dear father, I know of nothing in the course of my life which has caused me such deep and serious thought as this trying crisis in the history of our nation. What is the worth of this man's life or of that man's education, if this great and glorious fabric of our Union, raised with such toil and labor by our forefathers, and transmitted to us in value increased tenfold, is to be shattered to pieces by traitorous hands, and allowed to fall crumbling into the dust? If our country and our nationality is to perish, better that we should all perish with it, and not survive to see it a laughing-stock for all posterity

to be pointed at as the unsuccessful trial of republicanism. It seems to me the part of a coward to stay at home and allow others to fight my battles and incur dangers for me. What shame, what mortification would it cause me years hence to be obliged to confess that, in the great struggle for our national existence, I stood aloof, an idle spectator, without any peculiar ties to retain me at home, and yet not caring or not daring to do anything in the defence of my country. It was impossible for me to carry on my studies with any degree of interest or of profit to myself. I would read in Tacitus of the destruction and dismemberment of the mighty empire of Rome by internal feuds and civil dissensions, and my mind would be brought to the thought of another nation, equal in magnitude and power to that which issued its decrees from the seven-hilled city, which was to be saved from a like fate only by the timely aid and support of every one of its sons. I felt that, if I remained at College, I could derive no benefit whatever while my mind was so entirely interested in another quarter. The only reason which could at all deter me from enlisting was your absence. I felt reluctant to take so important a step without your advice and consent; and yet I felt that, had you been here, you would have given me your blessing and bade me go.

“Here was a regiment formed and commanded by friends and kinsmen, and surpassing others in the material of which it was composed. If I embraced this opportunity, I should be among friends and equals, instead of being forced to accept as my associates any with whom I might be placed. If I did not make my decision quickly, the chance would be lost; and I knew that if I went, you would agree with mother in much preferring that C—— and I should be together in the same regiment. At that time, too, a draft seemed almost certain; and, as several thousand were said to be wanting to complete the quota of Boston, the chance of being drawn was by no means small. I confess that the thought of leaving mother alone while you were away was very unpleasant to me; but, in reality, since I was at Cambridge all the time with the exception of Sunday, she would be left alone very little more; and since we have received the letter in which you say that you sail on the 11th, I feel much more easy about it, as you will arrive a week after our departure.

“Poor mother, she has had a hard time during your absence, especially in coming to a decision about me. . . . Assure her fully of your approval of the course she has taken, and I shall be happy too. . . . Everybody thinks that she has acted nobly, and that you have reason to be proud of your wife as we have of our mother.

“I have tried as well as I can, and I find that it is but poorly, to give you some idea of my feelings on this subject. I feel well satisfied that I have done what, upon careful deliberation, has seemed to me most in accordance with all my duties. I have looked at the matter from every point of view; and if I shall seem to you to have arrived at a wrong conclusion, believe me, it was not from any hasty impulse of the moment, but from the sober dictates of my best judgment. If I have unwittingly made the wrong choice, God forgive me; I did what I thought was for the best.

“Ever your affectionate son,

“SAMUEL STORROW.”

The Forty-fourth Massachusetts was at once ordered to North Carolina, and remained there during its whole term of service. During this period Corporal Storrow wrote constantly to his parents, describing frankly and graphically all chances and mischances. Finding many discomforts in his place in the ranks, he yet never wavered in his expressions of pleasure at being there. Thus, after describing the hardships of a forced march (November 26, 1862), he adds:—

“I can honestly say that there has never been a moment since my enlistment when I would have accepted a discharge from the service, however honestly obtained. I feel satisfied now with what I have done; and I never could have, had I remained at home.”

Again he writes, December 4, 1862:—

“When we parted, I was a free man; now I am not far from a slave, for a soldier comes the nearest to that of anything. However, it is a voluntary servitude; and, though it may be a little irksome at times, it is one never to be regretted for a single moment. The more I see of the hardships of this sort of life, the more I

think what a coward I should have been to have stayed at home and suffered another man to take my place.”

In another letter, written three days after this, he describes very vividly his emotions at the most critical moment of the advance on Kinston : —

“ As I saw the glorious stars and stripes of the Tenth Connecticut way ahead, dancing in the sunlight, I felt a sudden thrill shoot through me, a sort of glow in every vein, making me feel that it would be glorious to die, if it were necessary, under that flag. I suppose every soldier has this feeling ; and a splendid one it is, — it makes one ready to do or dare anything. It is a sort of mental intoxication. I can appreciate the idolatry of an old soldier for ‘ the old flag ’ beneath which he has fought, and can understand how easy it would be to protect and uphold it with one’s life.”

Nearly two months after this he wrote a letter to his father, stating a desire which he had formed for obtaining an appointment in the Military Academy. This project (which ultimately led to nothing) was, perhaps, the only thing which prevented him from accepting a commission which was tendered to him, under Colonel Shaw, in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. He thus describes this offer : —

“ NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, February 27, 1862.

“ While upon compliments, I should not fail to speak of that very great one paid us by Governor Andrew. I refer to his sending to Colonel Lee for some of his warrant officers to take commissions in the Fifty-fourth. I am proud to belong to a regiment of such a composition that officers may be drawn at will from its ranks, and with perfect confidence in their abilities. I don’t know what people at home think of making soldiers out of negroes, but I have the most perfect faith in it. You who know negroes — real ones, not barbers, waiters, and the like — only by books, may think them too ignorant and cowardly ; but no man of sense, who has had the opportunities we have for judging of their capabilities, can have any doubt upon the subject. I have been very strongly tempted to take a commission in the Fifty-fourth ; and but for my last letter, I

should probably have done so. I predict a glorious future for the Fifty-fourth, and lots of promotion for the officers who were bold enough first to try the experiment at the risk of failure. One thing is as sure as anything in this changeable world can be, that I shall come back again, if I don't go to West Point. You may make up your minds to that. I could no more stay at home than I could fly. It will be splendid fun to go again as an officer. The roughest things then will seem a great improvement on former times. No *man* can stay at home now any more than six months ago. There is just as much, nay, far more, need of men now than then; for the volunteering fever has, I fear, abated. This war has got to be fought out to the end, be that two years or twenty distant. Victory *must* be the result."

The regiment was mustered out of service on the 18th of June, 1863, and the young soldier still felt a great desire to continue in the service. His parents and friends, however, desired that he should rejoin his Class in College, and complete the studies of the Senior year. It was thought that this would better prepare him for usefulness, even if he should ultimately re-enter the army. He consented to this course with some reluctance, but ultimately admitted that it was the better plan. His mind had strengthened, and his love of knowledge had become developed, during his brief military career. He now enjoyed the intellectual companionship which college life offered, and went more into general society. His favorite books were, however, those which treated of military science, and he watched with eager interest the progress of the war.

On graduating, he determined that, unless he joined the army, he would study law. But after full reflection, and acting solely upon his own convictions, he deliberately decided for the army, and applied for a commission in the Second Massachusetts Volunteers (Infantry), a regiment already in the field, among whose officers he had a number of friends, especially his classmate, Captain Francis W. Crowninshield, who had permanently left College for military service, early in the war. In order that no time should

be idly spent while waiting for an answer to his application, he entered the office of H. W. Paine, Esq., of Boston, as a law student, informing him, of course, of what he had done, and that, if successful in obtaining a commission, he should accept it at once.

On the 22d of September, 1864, upon nomination by Colonel Cogswell of the Second Massachusetts, and the strong recommendation of his previous commanding officer, Colonel Francis L. Lee of the Forty-fourth, he received his commission as First Lieutenant in the former regiment, and in two or three days set out for Atlanta, Georgia, where his regiment was then stationed. After a series of delays occasioned by the partial destruction of the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, during Hood's march to the North for the purpose of cutting Sherman's communications, he reached his regiment and was mustered in October 25, 1864.

The Second Massachusetts formed part of the Twentieth Army Corps, in the left wing of Sherman's army, which left Atlanta about the middle of November, on its march to the sea. Lieutenant Storrow, in his Captain's absence, commanded his company through the whole campaign, until after the fall of Savannah. His letters, after communication was reopened, gave vivid pictures of the great march.

“ARGYLE'S ISLAND, SAVANNAH RIVER,

CAMP SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, December 18, 1864.

“DEAR MOTHER,—The long-wished-for mail reached us yesterday; there were twenty tons for the whole army, and great was the rejoicing over it. We have been cut off from all communication with God's country, as the North is styled, for six weeks; our only source of information being the Rebel papers, not the most reliable possible. We have had a nice little walk of three hundred miles, straight through the heart of the richest State in the Confederacy, and are now in front of Savannah, with our water base established, and the 'cracker line' open. Atlanta *has* been evacuated, but the evacuating army left in a different direction from what some people imagined, I won't say hoped, it

would. The army has met with but trifling opposition up to the present time, and I think Savannah will be ours soon. . . . We have lived almost entirely upon the country, and very fat living it was ; no end of chickens, ducks, turkeys, beef, pork, sweet potatoes, molasses, honey, flour, and meal. For the last seventy or eighty miles, however, it fell off very much, and for a week before the 'cracker line' was opened, we lived on little or nothing ; rice, threshed and shucked by ourselves, being the chief of our diet. This caused much joy on receipt of the news of the capture of Fort McAllister in fifteen minutes, by the army, after having defied the utmost attempts of the navy for two years. The greatest defence of Savannah is the belt of swamps with which she is girdled. The gaps of dry land which occur here and there are covered by works. Madam Rumor hath it that the garrison consists of but eight or ten thousand men, mostly raw."

He gives an exceedingly graphic picture of the way in which Sherman's army reduced the destruction of railways almost to a branch of scientific engineering.

"CAMP SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY,
NEAR SAVANNAH, December 24, 1864.

"That afternoon we struck the Macon and Savannah Railroad at Ten Mile Station, and commenced tearing up track at that place. The next day we went to Davisborough, the Second Division being on the track. The morning of the 28th (November) saw us at work on the railroad. We began at the one hundred and twenty-first mile-post from Savannah, our division alone (about five thousand strong) working, and destroyed seven and a half miles ; then, leaving the road, we marched to Spier's Station. The next day was a repetition of this, only, becoming more expert, we destroyed ten miles. There are several ways of destroying track, more or less effectual. The track was the best I have ever seen in the South, the rail being laid on a long sleeper, which rests on ties, and is fastened to them by tree-nails. The quickest way is to form a regiment in single file on one side, all taking hold of the rail ; then all lifting together, the whole thing, sleeper, ties, and all, is raised from the road-bed and tipped right over, bottom side upwards. As soon as the left of the regiment have raised their part to a perpendicular position, they rush down and form on the right, and lift, and

so on *ad libitum*. It is very curious to see a track raised and thrown over in this way like a pile of bricks, one part following another rapidly. Then to make the destruction complete, after the track is thrown over thus, you can separate the ties, pile them up and set them on fire, piling the stringer and rail on top, either in one long piece extending from pile to pile, or chopped into lengths. All this we did without any tools but our hatchets, three or four to a company. The engineers followed, and twisted the rails while red-hot. Another way is to simply light fires all along the stringers, which bends and warps the rails considerably. But the neatest of all is to cut levers, and pry one stringer and rail up from the ties, and roll it over alongside of the other, then fire both effectually; the rails, expanding with the heat, have got to bend out of line, as their ends are laid close together. It's hard work, though, to tear up track, and do your ten or twelve miles a day beside. Our regiment, two hundred strong, tore up on the second day about one thousand yards of track, and made twelve miles. The worst part was marching along the burning track. The road ran through an impassable swamp, so that we were brought into unpleasantly close contact with the flame and smoke. At a steam saw-mill on the road was an immense quantity of stringers and bridge timber, all sawed and fitted for use, in readiness, doubtless, to repair any damage done by raiding parties; and this went the way of all things railroady."

At Savannah he was detailed for staff duty on application of his regimental commander, who had just been brevetted as Brigadier-General. The order was dated January 16, 1865, and he acted as Aid to General Cogswell during the march across North Carolina, and until his career ended. In the last letter he ever wrote, four days before his death, he gave some sketches of this final march.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, 20TH ARMY CORPS,
TWO MILES WEST OF FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA,
Sunday, March 12, 1865.

"DEAR ONES, — We've struck daylight at last, and a mail goes in half an hour; pleasant words to greet our ears after two months' isolation from the world. Well, we've just walked through and into the little State of South Carolina, and I don't think she will

ever pass another ordinance of secession. But my time is short, and I must n't waste it in crowing. First of all, everybody that I know of is well and hearty, and best and heartiest of all am I. Second, we got here last night, making a burst of twenty-five miles to do it. It was n't until just now, though, that we heard that a gunboat had come up, and that communications were opened. We had heard from deserters that Schofield had come up from Wilmington, and were a little disappointed at not finding him here. Our bummers captured the town, driving the Johnnies across the river. This was yesterday morning; and as I understand it, the gunboat did not arrive till to-day. This campaign has been harder in every respect than the last. We have marched farther, had many more swamps and rivers to cross, — many of the latter very large, — had much more trouble with regard to subsistence, and, above all, the weather has been much more unfavorable. We have had fourteen wet days, and at one time it rained steadily for nearly a week. Of course at such times we could advance no faster than we could lay corduroy, making sometimes two, sometimes ten miles a day. But old Tecumseh has come to time at last. The four corps of our army were concentrated here all on the same day, without jostling or delay. This army is a cheap thing for the government: it boards itself. We have n't had five days' rations since we started."

The circumstances of his death are perhaps best described in the following letter from the officer on whose staff he served: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS, 3D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, 20TH ARMY CORPS,
GOLDSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, March 24, 1865.

"TO HON. CHARLES S. STORROW.

"DEAR SIR, — I regret that I am obliged to inform you of the sad loss that has fallen upon you and your family in the death of your son, Samuel Storrow, First Lieutenant Second Massachusetts Infantry, and personal Aid to myself.

"Mr. Storrow died of wounds received in action, March 16, 1865, about twenty miles from Fayetteville, North Carolina.

"My brigade had been engaged with the enemy at that place nearly all day, and at about four o'clock, P. M., Mr. Storrow was

wounded while carrying an order to the left of the brigade, and died in about fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards.

“I did not see him after he left me with his orders until that evening, when I went to his remains at the hospital.

“He received two wounds, one in the leg, the other in the arm, neither of them fracturing the bone. . . . He was not insensible when first wounded, and he had the coolness and self-possession to send word to me that he was wounded, that he had carried out my instructions, and also sent me the information that I had wished for. Immediately after that, as reported, he fell fast away, and in a few moments died. . . .

“The fact that he was a brave, faithful, intelligent, and most promising young officer, together with the fact that he died nobly in a just cause, may, in part, console you in your great loss. Allow me to claim in part this loss as my own, for neither in my old regiment nor in my present command can I replace him. He joined my regiment in Atlanta in October. I was pleased with him at once, and can say that in all my experience I never saw a new and young officer take hold of his work so well. In my own mind I selected him at once for the place which I afterwards asked him to accept. He became eminently popular in this brigade; and not until after I had lost him did I fully realize of how much actual service he was to myself and my command.

“Let me offer to yourself and family my deep feeling of sympathy in this loss to ourselves and to our country. . . .

“WILLIAM COGSWELL,
Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers.”

Lieutenant Storrow was buried near the battle-field, beside Captain Grafton of his regiment, who was killed in the same engagement, and whose memoir is also contained in this volume. In the following winter his remains were recovered, and reinterred (January 6, 1866) in the family tomb at Mount Auburn.

There were many to whom it seemed peculiarly mournful that a young man whose career had shown such traits of consistent nobleness should thus fall at the very end of the great national struggle, when a few weeks more of service might

have brought him safely home. Perhaps, however, the parents who had so promptly devoted him to the nation's cause may have felt this peculiar circumstance less than those who viewed it from a greater distance. As there was nothing else for them to regret in the career of their son, so they could hardly find a special source of sorrow in this. They knew that, as there was a first victim in the great contest, so there must be a last ; and to those called upon to make for their country a sacrifice so vast, it could make but little difference whether it came early or late. The offering being once consecrated, God might claim it in his own good time.

ANSON GRANDCELO THURSTON.

Private 6th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), August 31, 1862; died at Franklin, Va., May 17, 1863, of wounds received at Carrsville, May 15.

ANSON GRANDCELO THURSTON was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, August 5, 1841. He was the son of Joel Miller Thurston and of Sophia, daughter of Mr. Richard Bean, of Brentwood, New Hampshire. After the birth of this son the family removed from Lowell to Belfast, Maine, the father's birthplace, then to Pelham, New Hampshire, and finally returned to Lowell. At the High School in that city Anson was fitted for college, sustaining in that school an excellent reputation.

He entered Harvard College as a Freshman in 1860. On joining the Class he was a stranger to almost all his associates, but soon became a great favorite with all. He was soon recognized as one of the wits of the Class, and as such was deputed to act as chairman of the committee on "mock parts." His personal appearance was nevertheless quiet, sober, and striking; and one would hardly have imagined at first sight what a genial spirit lay hid within.

He remained in College until the end of his Sophomore year, when he enlisted (August 31, 1862) as a private in the Sixth Massachusetts, Colonel Follansbee, the first nine months' regiment. He shared the fortunes of this organization until his death. In a letter received from him dated March 21, 1863, in which he spoke of certain rumors which were then prevalent, that his regiment would soon move forward, he said, "I know it will be bloody work," but continued by expressing his earnest conviction that he should come off unharmed.

In the battle of Carrsville, near Hebron Church, Virginia, on the afternoon of the 15th of May, 1863, he was wounded in the hip and thigh. He was then on the skir-

mish line, and remained on the field until nine, P. M., — nearly six hours. He was then taken to a deserted house in Franklin, at that time in possession of the Rebels. His father, who had fought in the same regiment, remained with him on the field, and fell into the hands of the Rebels at the same time. Anson lived till seven o'clock, P. M., on the 17th of the month, having no medical attendance till the last few hours. He retained his senses to the end, saying to his father, but a little before his death, "Father, I am going." Immediately upon the son's death, the father was hurried away to Richmond, and was granted no consolation save the promise that his son's body should receive becoming burial in a graveyard which was just in sight of the house in which he died.

1865.

SUMNER PAINE.

Second Lieutenant 20th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), April 23, 1863; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

A BRIEF sketch of Sumner Paine is all that will be of general interest, as his life was short and he was in the service of his country only two months. He was born May 10, 1845, son of Charles C. Paine of Boston, and great-grandson of Robert Treat Paine, a patriot of the Revolution. His mother was Fanny C., daughter of Hon. Charles Jackson.

When eleven years old, he went with his family to Europe, and even at that age explored with great interest all the ruins in and around Rome. The summer in Switzerland was an intense delight to him; he accompanied his brothers in two pedestrian excursions among the Alps, exploring most of the passes of central Switzerland and the valleys of Zermatt and Chamouni, and climbing some of the highest mountains without the least fatigue. Twenty or thirty miles a day over a high mountain pass was to him the height of enjoyment. At the end of his last day's walk, over the Gemmi, from Lenkerbad to Interlachen, a good forty miles, he was fresh and brisk. His letters to his young friends at home described vividly these different scenes, in boyish but graphic words.

He returned to Boston in 1858, at the age of thirteen, and re-entered the Latin School, where he soon regained the ground he had lost in his two years' absence, ranking there as first scholar. He entered Harvard College in July, 1861. He learned with great ease, and took a high stand in his Class; but he had a strong desire, from the very beginning of the war, to take part in it, and this prevented his feeling such an interest in his college studies and duties

as he would have felt in more peaceful times. He entered the army in May, 1863, as Second Lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers. He well knew the history of this regiment, and its reputation for discipline and gallantry, as proved by the unusual losses among its officers; but instead of deterring him, these facts were his chief attraction. He received his commission with pleasure; and with high resolves to make himself a thorough soldier, — a career for which he was admirably adapted in *physique* and mental power, — he hastened instantly to his post. Just eighteen years old, he joined his regiment at Fredericksburg, late on Saturday evening, May 2d, receiving a warm welcome from his brother officers. Early on the following morning began the battle of Chancellorsville. Captain O. W. Holmes was very soon wounded, and Lieutenant Paine took the command of his company, which place he held through that terrible day; and he was, according to all statements, calm and cool.

Then came the forced marches which carried our army to Gettysburg, and the battle that followed. Wednesday and Thursday had left the fortunes of war trembling in the balance. On Friday, July 3, 1863, the Second Corps, under Hancock, held the left centre of our line, midway between the Cemetery and the Round Top, — the lowest part of our lines, left by nature the easiest to assault, and thus the key to our position. It was here that General Lee ordered Pickett's division, composed in good part of veteran Virginia troops, and supported by another column, to make their last terrible assault. Not a shot was fired by the Twentieth Massachusetts till the enemy were near, and Lieutenant-Colonel Macy gave the order. Then its fire was quick and deadly. Though directly in front of them, the enemy did not reach them; but ten or twenty rods to their right, the weight of the enemy crushed through our line, passing over it, perhaps thirty or forty yards, up a little hill. It was the crisis of the day, if not the turning-point

of the war. General Hancock, in command of the corps, and General Gibbon, in command of the division, had both been wounded. Colonel Hall, commanding the brigade, was hurrying up his men. Lieutenant-Colonel Macy received orders from him to lead the Twentieth Massachusetts against the enemy. He gave his orders to Captain Abbott, who commanded the right company, and to his Adjutant, but before they were repeated to any one else, both himself and his Adjutant were shot down. Captain Abbott led his company, and the other companies seeing the movement, and with the instinct of assault, followed. Other troops came up. It was in this attack, in the thickest of the fight, and exposing himself in front of his men, that Lieutenant Paine was struck by a ball which broke his leg. Falling on one knee he waved his sword, and urged on his men, and was at that moment struck by a shell, which caused instant death. His last words, just before he fell, were, "Is n't this glorious?"

The Twentieth Massachusetts mustered that night only three officers and twenty men. But of Pickett's assaulting column, a still smaller proportion was left, for there were few who crossed our line without being killed or captured.

The fittest record of Lieutenant Paine's bright promise as an officer and of his heroic death is in the following words of the lamented Major Abbott: —

"There is one thing I can bear testimony to, and that is his wonderful talent in making himself one of the most accomplished officers I knew in the army in two months' time. His memory and application were so great that in a month's time he knew the whole book of tactics and regulations, and commanded a division in battalion and brigade drill as well as any old officer, besides doing all his guard and police duty with an exactness, a rigor, an enthusiasm, that the commanding officer in vain tried to stimulate in some of the older officers, sparing neither himself nor his men. When Lieutenant Paine was officer of the guard, his influence was felt by the remotest sentinel on the outskirts of the town. His intelli-

gence and discipline and indomitable resolution were so fully recognized by Colonel Macy, that he often spoke of promoting him. Besides Lieutenant Summerhays, who saw him as I have described, he was seen by Lieutenant Perkins during the action, his face, according to both, actually glowing with pleasure, as it used in Falmouth when he had the best of an argument. He used always to be asking me how an officer should bear himself in battle, when he should be behind and when before his men. I had always rather understated than overstated the amount of danger it was necessary to incur, because I had seen at Fredericksburg that he would be rather disposed to expose himself too much than otherwise. He certainly carried out to the letter the duty, as he used to describe it, of an officer charging at the head of his men, and he evidently felt all the joy he supposed he should. His body was found close to the fence where the Rebels made their last desperate stand."

CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL.

Sergeant 44th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), September 12, 1862; First Lieutenant 54th Mass. Vols. (Infantry), March 23, 1863; Captain, May 11, 1863; killed at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL was born in New York on the 21st of July, 1844. He was the son of William C. Russel, a lawyer of that city, and Sarah Cabot, daughter of Patrick T. Jackson of Boston. His mother died a few days after his birth, and for the first nine years of his life his home was in the house of his grandmother, Mrs. Jackson, in Boston. In 1853 he removed to his father's house, and attended school in New York.

During these childish years his family remember his passion for playing knight-errant, wounded soldier, Mexican volunteer; his untiring interest in Apollyon's fight with Christian, and in all stories of battles; also the number of copy-books he filled with his compositions of warlike adventure by land and sea. These last are very spirited, and exhibit remarkable power of combination. And it is worth our remembering that, after John Brown's death, his picture always hung over this boy's bed.

He remained with his father until 1860, when he returned to Boston and entered the Latin School. After one year's study, he was admitted to the Freshman Class in Harvard University. At that period he was a very attractive boy, and among many whose hearts he won was the writer of these pages, who, though his superior in years, and at first merely a casual acquaintance, soon felt for him that intimate esteem which sterling and lovable qualities insure. His person was handsome, and his features, especially his eyes, were most expressive. His buoyant spirits animated a simple, confiding heart, and with the sweetest temper

he combined manners so winning that life seemed brighter for his presence. Only a few words were necessary, perhaps only a glance or a smile, to excite a friendly feeling; for both old and young liked to breathe his fresh life, and even the rough fishermen of Beverly, with whom he made frequent excursions in his summer vacations, were always glad to help him in his plans.

But his pleasant qualities were not the only attractions to those who knew him well. He had a persistency and force of character which, although not fully brought into action except under the pressure of responsibility, were readily felt by those intimate with him. His impulses sprang from a basis of character which was felt to be solid, and he never seemed to be influenced by small or ignoble motives. He possessed, too, the magnetic art of infusing his own spirit and energy into the minds of others; and the qualities which were most highly appreciated by his superior officers, when he was in the service, endeared him to the companions of his boyhood.

His perfect health of body and temperament made life very delightful to him. "It flowed gayly on like some rejoicing stream," and it was natural that an existence like his, "full, warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping," should at first show but little of serious purpose.

Thus endowed, rich in the love of friends and in the delights of his young life, Cabot unsuspectingly approached the struggle with himself. His first experience ended in mortification. His gay and social temperament led him away from his duties, after his entrance into College. He remained there only a few months, and was then suspended, in consequence of inattention to his studies. It was a necessary lesson; and he never spoke of this time, and of its wasted opportunities, without expressing deep regret.

He returned to New York, and devoted himself to his Greek and Latin. While thus engaged, it was proposed to him, in the spring of 1862, to join a party of scientific men

in a trip across the Western prairies, by way of Salt Lake. The prospect of such a journey was very fascinating, and the advantages of it seemed to his friends very great. He was allowed, therefore, to undertake it; but only upon the express stipulation that he was to return and resume his studies by a certain day.

There were, as usual, great delays in starting, and the expedition was by no means one of ease and comfort. The party incurred all the risks and hardships of emigrant trains, yet no trial cast a cloud over Cabot's cheerfulness, and his companions bear witness to his unflagging spirit and sweet temper. "Whoever else," one of them says, "might be discouraged or out of humor, Cabot was always bright and ready to help." His natural humor found infinite fun in the various little *contretemps* of the journey, and from every small disaster he managed to extract some pleasure. Adventure was his element, and he found an attraction in the Western desert, which, as he fancied, would determine his choice of an occupation. But no Western ranches or droves of horses were to justify his dreams.

At Fort Laramie, on his journey out, he heard of the seven days' battles before Richmond. In a letter dated Fort Laramie, June 10, 1862, he says: "The officers gave us their telegrams, which told all they knew, and these said McClellan fought seven days, retreated, and lost twenty thousand men. We do not know whether that is true or not, and I don't know about Jim or Charley (Lowell). If anything has happened to either of them, father, I shall want to enlist as soon as I get back." While at Fort Bridger, he received a letter telling him of Lieutenant James Lowell's death. He forwarded the letter to the companion from whom he had just parted, writing across it, "Now I shall certainly go."

In another letter speaking of the late battles and of his sad loss he writes, "Since then I have wanted doubly to go, and I wish — how I wish — father would let me."

At Fort Bridger he learned that, if he went to Salt Lake, it was doubtful whether he could return by the day fixed. He was within a few days of the most interesting object of their journey, but the opportunities for returning were uncertain. He therefore gave up the trip, and turned his face eastward. What he saw in passing through Missouri confirmed him in his wish to help to put down the Rebellion. He reached home before the time appointed, and upon his arrival his friends were struck with the great change in him. He himself felt like a different person. He had become very athletic, and his clear eye and bronzed complexion testified to his rugged health. He had not lost his winning ways, and they evidently came from a heart grown more manly. But the change was more radical. His whole soul was now bent on joining the army. It was not merely the death of his cousin nor his sympathy with heroic enterprise that seemed to influence him, but an earnest wish to perform a worthy part in the contest. He was not appalled at the prospect of losing his life or of being crippled, nor did he appear ambitious of military fame, or anxious to join a crack regiment. He thought the artillery was the most dangerous and honorable post, and preferred it on that account, but he was willing to take the position of private in any regiment in any arm of the service.

Mr. Russel did not at once yield to his son's entreaties. Though he warmly sympathized with his wishes, he foresaw that his son's whole future would be changed by yielding to them, and he waited some days to assure himself of the character of his motives. When he became satisfied, he consented to his joining the Forty-fourth Massachusetts. This regiment was then recruiting under command of Colonel F. L. Lee, and Cabot immediately went to Readville and asked to be enlisted as a private. His age at this time was just eighteen years. Two weeks subsequently he was appointed to a vacant sergeantey in Company F, Captain Storrow, in which office he served through the Tarborough

and Goldsborough campaigns, and through the uneventful period of the following January and February. He was treated with much kindness by his superior officers, who highly commended his pluck, endurance, and fidelity to duty. His letters at this time are full of hope for the future, and of an eager desire to improve in his military duties. Under date of October 28th he writes:—

“There is good prospect of fighting for the nine-months men, so we feel very *bully*. When we get under way in drill we shall have a battalion drill every morning and a brigade drill every afternoon. So I shall learn something of big manœuvring, if I could only get the smaller ones. To know and to execute are very different things.”

Under date of November 1st, he writes with much simplicity:—

“We are all in splendid spirits and very jolly, and I cannot bring myself now to think of the fight to-morrow in a religious light, though I feel very earnest and determined. I hope I and the regiment will behave well. I think we shall.”

On the next day the regiment set out on an expedition. While marching in the dark they were attacked, and a short but sharp action took place, in which our sergeant was for the first time under fire. He bore himself bravely and with a coolness that was creditable to so young a recruit.

A few days later he writes:—

“The interest of our life has fizzled out, and we are not to go on the expedition which is now at Morehead. . . . We and the Fifth Rhode Island are left behind. Is it not rough to lose the honor of having Charleston on our flags?”

And again:—

“O, do not think of giving up! How can one? I had rather fight forever than go back and be what we must be.”

As the winter wore away it became evident that he would

not be willing to leave the service; and as the term of his enlistment drew towards its close, his appeals for a place in the artillery or cavalry became more earnest. In response to them an effort had already been made to obtain a commission for him, when on the 4th of March, 1863, he suddenly made his appearance in Boston. The cause of this was soon explained.

During the last few months the question as to the employment of colored troops had often been discussed by him while in camp, and especially with his friends Simpkins and Sergeant James. The former was several years older than his two young companions, and of so noble a character that Cabot's friends acknowledge with gratitude their obligation to him for his good influence over their absent soldier-boy. The result was, that when Governor Andrew wrote to Colonel Lee, requesting him to send from his regiment a certain number of young men as officers for the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, Cabot was among those to whom the offer was made. It was a question of duty against inclination, but he did not hesitate. His decision gave great pleasure to his friends, who knew his previous anxiety to join a different service, and who had refrained from expressing their wishes in this respect, because they would not interfere with the freedom of his choice.

He entered the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, commanded by Colonel Robert G. Shaw, in company with Adjutant Garth Wilkinson James, to whom he was deeply attached, and his very kind friend and adviser, Captain (afterwards Brevet Brigadier-General) A. S. Hartwell. Captain Simpkins joined the regiment at a later period. Cabot served at first as Second Lieutenant in Captain Hartwell's company, but soon received the command of Company H, then newly forming. He found the men neither so awkward nor so dull of apprehension as he had supposed, and the ridicule he had expected did not annoy him. "After the first burst of laughter was over," he says, "I have had nothing

to stand against, and sympathy from a great many quarters where I did not expect it."

And yet he saw great difficulties in the future, and, under the new responsibility, was doubtful as to his fitness for his office. This stimulated rather than impaired his efforts, and notwithstanding his youth he became noted for careful drill and discipline, so that his men improved rapidly under his instructions, and appeared well in camp and on parade. Still, much was wanting to their complete efficiency as soldiers; and in the performance of his duty their young Captain obeyed his own conscience and the kind and wise counsels of his Colonel, the bright exemplar of fidelity to whom he looked in his moments of doubt.

On the 3d of June the Fifty-fourth reached Hilton Head, and on the 10th took part in an expedition to Florida, under command of Colonel Montgomery, in the course of which they burned the deserted town of Darien, "by order of the commanding officer." He writes: "This is not the sort of work I came for, nor do I believe it good work, but it is not for me to criticise. Colonel Montgomery, I think, has caught some Kansas ideas about retribution which hardly belong to civilized warfare."

On the 15th of July the regiment was at James Island, and early on the next morning the three companies on picket duty, of which Company H was one, were attacked by a considerable force of the enemy. They behaved very well, and were complimented by the commanding general. The following letter gives an account of the action.

"OFF MORRIS ISLAND, July 17, 1863.

"DEAR FATHER, — We have had an engagement on a small scale; all officers safe, but alas for my poor men! Simpkins, Willard, and myself were detailed for picket on the 15th instant, with our companies. We went out, Simpkins's and my companies on the line, Willard's in reserve. We went out at six, P. M. All night the Rebel lines were uneasy, and my men kept firing on their

scouts. Just at daybreak Simpkins's line was violently driven in, the enemy thus turning my flank and getting behind me. . . . They had a large force, and we had to retreat, firing as we went; it was a double-quick run all the way, but the Rebels were at the reserve-house as soon as we. Then we had to get to camp, fighting as we could. My right was entirely cut off and driven into a marsh, where they were slaughtered, but fought like demons. One of my sergeants, named Wilson, was surrounded, but killed from three to six before he went under. A man named Preston Williams saved my life. As we reached the reserve-house, the reserve was driven in, and a cavalry officer charged at me and cut twice at my head. The first time the blade missed, and the second Williams caught on his bayonet, and shot the man through the neck and head. The most wonderful part was that I knew nothing about it till I was told after the fight was long over. I was very sorry I had not known of it at the time, as I could have shot the officer with my revolver, which I held in my hand ready for close fighting. . . .

“My loss was very heavy; out of about seventy men I had on picket, the total loss, killed, wounded, and missing, was forty-five men, — pretty heavy for three companies. When we reached our line it was in order of battle, the batteries ready, and the gunboats. Then the Rebels caught it. They were sent back double-quick. The whole regiment then went on picket, was relieved that night, and marched by causeways to the neighborhood of Folly Island. . . . My men report three to have surrendered, and then to have been shot; but wounded men were often kindly treated, and told not to be alarmed, as they should not be harmed. This last was where officers were. In the marsh, where my men were, there were no officers, and, of course, no restraint. Wilson was a splendid fellow: he died like a hero. Where he lay was tramped in a circle of twenty feet or so where he had kept three cavalry men and some infantry at bay. Good by, dear father; my men did nobly.”

This was the last letter that his friends received from Captain Russel. His fellow-officers relate that he was very much gratified by the good behavior and spirit of his men, and that during the march of the next two days he seemed

very happy and pleasant. A short sketch of those days is added from the pen of his friend, Adjutant James, who was himself severely wounded, and barely escaped with life from the assault on Fort Wagner: —

“ Captain Russel took part in the sharp skirmish on James Island on the 16th of July, where his company bore the brunt of the battle, and he showed distinguished ability and courage. When the skirmish line was driven in by an overwhelming force of the enemy, he was ordered to regain the old position, and to hold it at all hazards. Accordingly he deployed his skirmish line, advancing anxiously and boldly, with field-glass in one hand and sword in the other, rallying his men by fours and by platoons, as the necessity of the moment required, and capturing himself the first prisoner of the day. He sent back word to his Colonel in less than thirty minutes that his line was formed fifty yards in advance of the old one.

“ On the night of the 17th instant, orders were received to join General Strong’s brigade, then at the front of Morris Island. About three o’clock of the afternoon of the 18th, the Fifty-fourth reported for duty to Brigadier-General Strong, and was placed by him at the head of an assaulting column, then forming on the beach in front of Fort Wagner, which was the objective point. Company H held the left of the second line of the regiment, which position was the most dangerous on account of its proximity to the flanking fire of James Island.

“ At dusk of that night the column was ordered forward, and Russel, with an ardor and devotion which never wavered, threw himself upon his death. When last seen by those who survived, he was lying mortally wounded on the ground, and across him the body of his dear friend, Captain William H. Simpkins, his comrade in arms and in death, than whom the country has lost no nobler and more devoted servant during the war.

“ My friendship with Cabot began with our joint entrance into military life; and from the first moment to the last of that friendship, it presented him full of honor. For one so young he displayed striking ability and strength of character; so that when, at the age of eighteen years, he was placed in command of men of the Forty-fourth, many of them ten years his seniors, graduates

of the University, they gladly recognized his title to their confidence and support. Pre-eminently conscientious in all his military duties, frank, sweet-tempered, manly, handsome, he won the respect and personal devotion of his officers and men.

“From temperament and principle he was an enthusiast for freedom; and no one entered into the war with a greater conviction than he that it was bound up intimately with the interests of liberty. He had no sooner made his choice between the promptings of inclination and those claims he deemed of paramount importance, than his sympathies grew with the enforcement of the negroes’ rights. He would gladly have devoted his life, if it had been protracted, to this cause. As it was, he gave it up in its very flower, with a zeal, a courage, a disinterestedness, unsurpassed even in the annals of the war.”

The darkness of night hung over the sufferings of that sacrifice where the noblest and the best, appointed to lead black soldiers to death, and prove that they were men, had obeyed the order. When our troops fell back from an assault in which they were not supported, hundreds of dead and wounded marked how far they had gone. Among those who did not return was Captain Russel. A ball struck him in the shoulder, and he fell. Captain Simpkins offered to carry him off. But the boy had become a veteran in a moment, and the answer was, “No, but you may straighten me out.” As his friend, true to the end, was rendering this last service, a bullet pierced his breast, and his dead body fell over the dying.

Some of his soldiers offered to carry him off, but his last order was, “Do not touch me, move on, men; follow your colors”; and they left him. He was not quite nineteen, and he was breathing his spirit out in suffering, in the darkness of night, amid the roar of musketry and cannon. But he lay by the side of a dear friend, in the steps where his hero leader had fallen, and surrounded by hundreds whom he had helped to raise to be men and fellow-soldiers. There was no one there to receive his last words of affec-

tion, but his generous impulses in behalf of his country and his fellow-men were becoming through his blood an element of the nation's life. No stone need mark the place where his bones moulder, for future generations will reverently point to the holy ground where the colonel and two captains of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were buried with their soldiers.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

NUMBER OF HARVARD STUDENTS IN THE UNION ARMY AND NAVY.

[From the Roll published with the Triennial Catalogue for 1866.]

	Total.	Died in service.
Academical Department, — Graduates,	475	73
Non-graduates,	114	22
Total,	589	95
Professional Schools,	349	22
Total,	938	117

II.

CAUSES OF DEATH.

Killed in action (or died of wounds received) at

Gettysburg, Pa.,	10
Antietam, Md.,	7
Fredericksburg, Va., }	5 each
Cedar Mountain, Va., }	
Fort Wagner, S. C., }	3 each
Bull Run, Va., }	
Chancellorsville, Va., }	
The Wilderness, Va., }	2 each
Port Hudson, La., }	
Glendale, Va., }	
Honey Hill, S. C., }	
Averysborough (Black Creek), N. C., }	

Aldie, Bellfield, Carrsville, Cold Harbor, Cedar Creek, Deep Bottom, Drury's Bluff, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg, Rappahannock Station, Spott- sylvania, Va.; Boykin's Mills, S. C.; Hartsville, Lookout Mountain, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.; Whitestone Hill, Dakotah,	}	1 each
Total killed in action,		63
Killed by guerillas,		4
“ accidentally,		2
Total died by violence,		— 69
“ “ disease,		26
Total died in service,		95

III.

TABLE OF RANK OF DECEASED.

[Only the highest rank attained by each is here taken into the account.]

ARMY,

Brigadier-Generals	3
Colonels	6
Lieutenant-Colonels	6
Majors	7
Brevet Major	1
Captains	19
First Lieutenants	21
Second Lieutenants	9
Surgeons	2
Assistant-Surgeons	2
Chaplain	1
Volunteer A. D. C., without rank	1
Sergeant-Major	1
Sergeants	3
Privates	10
Total army	92

NAVY,	
Surgeon	1
Assistant-Surgeon	1
Paymaster	1
Total navy	<u>3</u>
Total army and navy	95

IV.

MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS REPRESENTED BY DECEASED.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, — *Infantry*. Second.

MASSACHUSETTS, — *Cavalry*. First (2), Second (3).

“ “ *Heavy Artillery*. First.

“ “ *Light Artillery*. Ninth Battery, Fourteenth Battery.

“ “ *Sharpshooters*. First.

“ “ *Infantry*. First, Second (14), Sixth, Seventh (2), Eighth, Twelfth (3), Fourteenth, Fifteenth (3), Sixteenth, Eighteenth (6), Nineteenth (5), Twentieth (8), Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth (3), Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third (2), Thirty-fifth, Thirty-eighth (2), Forty-fourth (6), Forty-fifth, Fiftieth, Fifty-fourth (3), Fifty-fifth (3), Fifty-sixth, Fifty-ninth.

CONNECTICUT, — *Infantry*. Twentieth.

NEW YORK, — *Cavalry*. Fifth.

“ “ *Infantry*. Seventh, Seventieth, Seventy-second, One Hundred Twenty-ninth, One Hundred Sixty-second.

PENNSYLVANIA, — *Infantry*. Twenty-third, Eighty-third.

OHIO, — *Infantry*. One Hundred Sixth, One Hundred Fourteenth.

MICHIGAN, — *Infantry*. Twelfth.

ILLINOIS, — *Infantry*. Fifty-first, One Hundred Twenty-fourth.

IOWA, — *Cavalry*. Fifth, Sixth.

“ *Infantry*. Twenty-first.

MISSOURI, — *Infantry*. Twenty-fifth.

REGULAR ARMY, — *Infantry*. Sixth, Seventeenth (2).

V.

LIST OF OBITUARY WORKS.

ABBOTT, H. L. (H. U. 1860).

In Memoriam H. L. A. Ob. May VI., A. D. 1864. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis?* Boston: Printed for Private Distribution. 1864. 8vo. pp. 31.

BOYNTON (H. U. 1863).

Memorial Services. A Sermon preached in the Bowdoin Square Church, Sunday, Dec. 25, 1864, by the Pastor, on the death of Capt. Winthrop Perkins Boynton, Co. D, 55th Mass. Regiment, who fell at the battle of Honey Hill, November 30, 1864. "He being dead yet speaketh." Boston: J. M. Hewes, Printer, 65 Cornhill. 1865. 8vo. pp. 16.

DWIGHT, W. (H. U. 1853).

Proceedings of the Suffolk Bar upon the Occasion of the Death of Wilder Dwight, with the Reply of the Court. Obiit 19 September, 1862, Æt. 30. Riverside Press. 8vo. pp. 30.

FULLER (H. U. 1843).

Chaplain Fuller: Being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By Richard F. Fuller. "I must do something for my country." "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company, 245 Washington Street. 1864. 12mo. pp. 342.

GOODWIN (H. U. 1854).

The Recompense, a Sermon for Country and Kindred, delivered in the West Church, August 24, by C. A. Bartol. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 8vo.

HALL (H. U. 1860).

Memorial of Henry Ware Hall, Adjutant 51st Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers. An Address delivered in the First Church, Dorchester, Mass., Sunday, July 17, 1864, by Thomas B. Fox. With an Appendix. Printed by Request for Private Circulation. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1864. 8vo. pp. 35.

LOWELL, C. R. (H. U. 1854).

An Address spoken in the College Chapel, Cambridge, October 28, 1864, at the Funeral of Brig.-Gen. Charles Russell Lowell, who fell at the Battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. By George Putnam. 12mo. pp. 18.

[THE SAME.]

The Purchase by Blood. A Tribute to Brig.-Gen. Charles Russell Lowell, Jr. Spoken in the West Church, October 30, 1864, by C. A. Bartol. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1864. 8vo. pp. 21.

LOWELL, J. J. (H. U. 1858).

The Remission by Blood. A Tribute to our Soldiers and the Sword, delivered in the West Church, by C. A. Bartol. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company, 245 Washington Street. 1862. 8vo. pp. 20.

MUDGE (H. U. 1860).

In Memoriam. Charles Redington Mudge, Lieut.-Col. Second Mass. Infantry, born in New York City, October 22d, 1839, killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Cambridge: Privately Printed. 1863. 8vo. pp. 32.

NEWCOMB (H. U. 1860).

Waiting for Daybreak. A Discourse at the Funeral of Lieutenant Edgar M. Newcomb of the Massachusetts 19th Regiment, who died December 20, 1862, of wounds received at Fredericksburg. Preached in Park Street Church, December 27, by Rev. J. O. Means, Minister of Vine Street Church, Roxbury. Boston: Printed by Alfred Mudge & Son, 34 School Street. 1863. 12mo.

PORTER (H. U. 1845). (*See WADSWORTH.*)

SPURR (H. U. 1858).

In Memoriam. A Discourse preached in Worcester, Oct. 5, 1862, on Lieut. Thomas Jefferson Spurr, Fifteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, who, mortally wounded at the Battle of Antietam, died in Hagerstown, Sept. 27th following. By Alonzo Hill. Published by Request. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son, 5 Water Street. 1862. 8vo. pp. 32.

TUCKER (H. U. 1862).

A Funeral Discourse preached in the Baptist Church, at Old Cambridge, May 8, 1864, by Rev. C. W. Annable, on the Occasion of the Burial of the Remains of George T. and John H. Tucker, who died in the Service of their Country, and were brought Home for Interment under the Auspices of the Irving Literary Association, Cambridge. 1864. 8vo. pp. 23.

WADSWORTH (H. U. 1828).

Memorial of the late Gen. James S. Wadsworth, delivered before the New York State Agricultural Society at the Close of its Annual Exhibition at Rochester, September 23d, 1864, by the Hon. Lewis F. Allen, of Buffalo (Ex-President of the Society). Buffalo: Franklin Steam Printing House. Thomas, Typographer. 1864. 8vo. pp. 38.

[THE SAME.]

Proceedings of the Century Association in Honor of the Memory of Brig.-Gen. James S. Wadsworth and Colonel Peter A. Porter, with the Eulogies read by William J. Hoppin and Frederic S. Cozzens, December 3, 1864. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway. 1865. 8vo. pp. 88.

WILLARD (H. U. 1852).

The Nation's Hour. A Tribute to Major Sidney Willard, delivered in the West Church, December 21, Forefathers' Day, by C. A. Bartol. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company, 245 Washington Street. 1862. 8vo. pp. 58.

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T. W. H.

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